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The Journal

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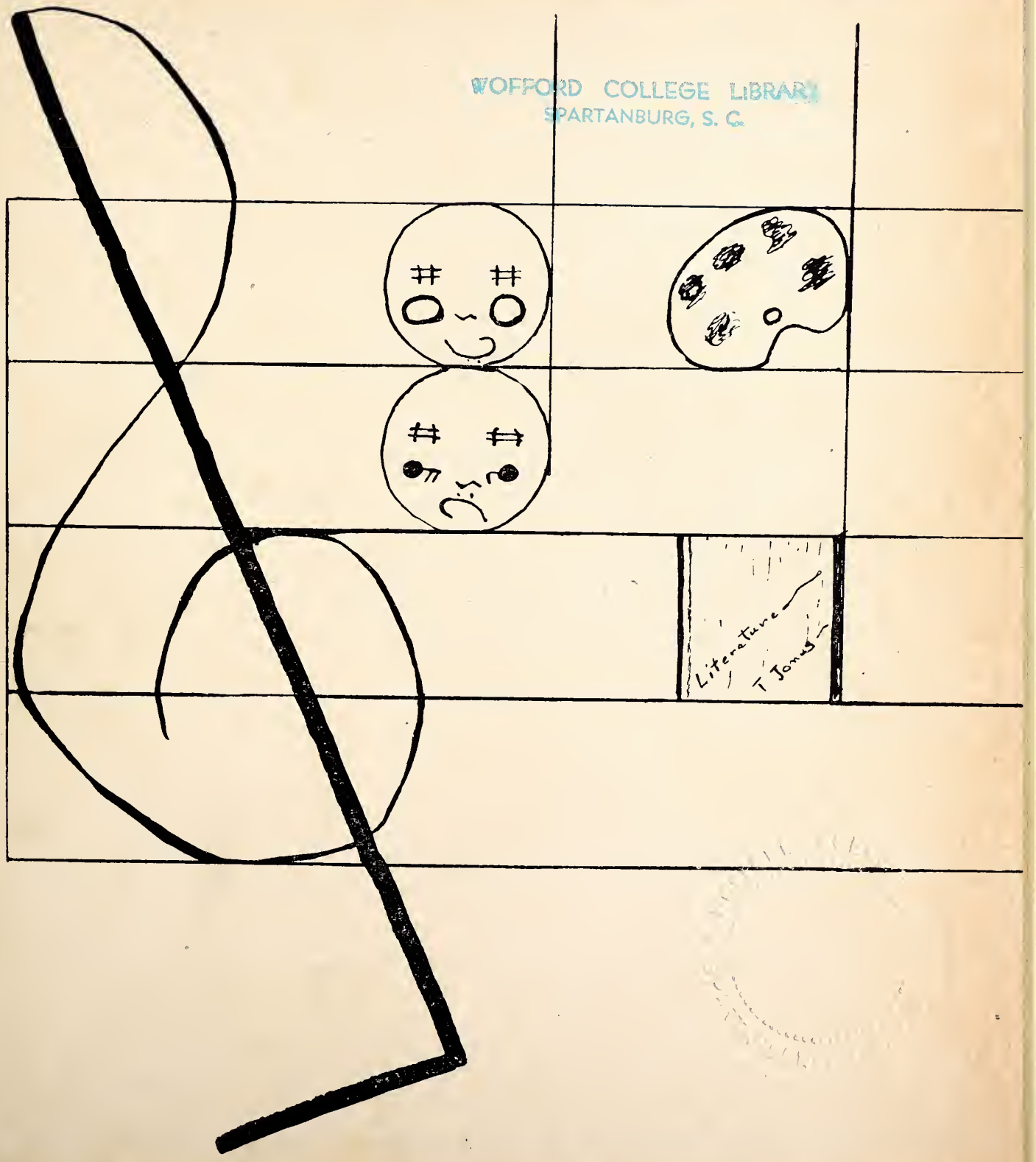

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THE COVER

This issue's cover should need little explanation. The figures represent Music, Drama, Art and Literature, Music dominating the others. Thought shows that music contains all the characteristics of the other arts — or at least the great characteristics.

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EDITORIAL

Each year's first issue of The Journal marks the beginning of the work of new editors and of a new staff. It has become tradition that the new editors announce in this first issue the aims toward which they are to work during the year. Although many of The Journal's valuable staff members wrote finis to their work with the magazine last year at graduation, they left very worthy successors behind them. This year our staff is chiefly made up of new members. We, the editors, feel that this year's staff is a capable and efficient one and we are confident that with their help we may reach a double aim with this year's Journal.

Every college, no matter how small, contains some students who write. These students invariably seem to be in a lamentable minority, so small as in some instances to make the publication of a literary magazine an impossibility. Though Wofford is a small college it is an outstanding small college. It seems only logical to assume that the writings of its students will be of an outstanding quality, a quality which would demand the right of publication. It is our aim to supply these writing students with an outlet for the publication of their work.

For the remainder of the students, our aim is to furnish a variety of interesting and informative reading material. We ask that it be remembered that we are dependent upon the students for contributions, and that for that reason we can hardly be expected to satisfy every taste. Our aim is to provide as much of a variety of material as we are able to obtain.

These are the two aims toward which we are striving this year. We cannot be the final judges of how well we meet them. From the student body, who in this must pass the ultimate judgment, we welcome all criticism and suggestions.

The Editors

In Stockholm, December 10, 1950, William Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. In his speech of acceptance he stated what he believed to be the flaw in the young writers of today and pointed to the fear of being blown out of existence as its cause. He calls this fear the tragedy of our age because it has caused our young writers to forget the basic problems which make up great writing. These problems, according to Faulkner, are "the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself."

Faulkner maintains that our young writers must relearn these problems if they are to succeed. He must learn that fear is the basest of the emotions and forget it forever, restocking his workroom with the emotions of universal truth—love, honor, pity, pride, compassion, and sacrifice. Until these emotions are learned the writer will attempt to write of love, and write of lust, and he will write of pointless defeats and hopeless victories. But worst of all, he will be writing with neither pity nor compassion as though he were an onlooker who watches mankind travel a path which leads only to doom. In short, his writing will be of the glands, not of the heart.

The writers who will eventually become the leading American authors are to be found today in our colleges. In their writing lies the trend which is soon to become the trend of our literature. The fear which is our tragedy is present in their writing, but it is by no means as prevalent as it is in the works of our more mature authors. An apprentice writer can hardly escape the trend his peers have set for him. As he masters his art, he tends to develop an originality. As these young writers are developing they seem to be weaning themselves from fear, and to be turning from the problems of the glands to the problems of the heart. Our younger writers seem far more optimistic than their elders. These are the encouraging factors which lead us to believe that American writing is on the climb to greatness, a peak we have been trying to achieve for sometime.

Faulkner does not believe that mankind is doomed. The fear of our age is a dangerous one, but Faulkner believes that man will not only endure, but that he will prevail, because he has a "spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance." If these are the qualities of man which are to make him immortal, it is the writer's duty to write of them.

When Faulkner accepted the Nobel Prize, he used the occasion to give to young writers a basis upon which to build not only fame but also the hope of their race. The college writers of today are developing the trend which is soon to be dominant in our literature. Their writing will bear careful consideration, for upon them hinges the future of their art. The writers themselves should carefully consider the doctrines which Faulkner has given them. It is our opinion that the truth of his statements can hardly be doubted.

(Continued on page 25)

JOSEPH RUZICKA

BALTIMORE, MD. — GREENSBORO, N. C.

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VALUES IN CREATIVE WRITING

Professor K. D. Coates

FROM MY FRONT PORCH I watched him turn into the walk and come striding briskly toward me with that loose, rolling gait characteristic of men who have spent years at sea. Short, stocky, loose-jointed, he had somewhere—on the football field, I suspect — acquired the nickname of "Rabbit."

He had been an excellent broken-field runner on the freshman team ten years before. Then he had gone away to sea. Now he was back, but not to play football, though he wanted to badly enough. (The rules then would not permit a nine-year lay-off from the game.)

His voice, a little loud as though he were speaking above the sound of a gale, was cheerful as he greeted me, "How are you, Professor! Do you have time to go over this paper with me? You remember you told me that it might be worth printing if I worked on it some more."

"Come in, I said, and let's take a look at it." And we sat down and I began to talk grammar and punctuation and sentence structure in that pedantic way professors have with their students.

After a little of this, "Rabbit" began to fidget and look at the clock. Finally, he blurted out, "Listen, Professor, I've got a date with a cute little trick, and I'm already late. Could we just look at this page where I try to tell what the harbor at Rio looks like and how I felt? That's what I really wanted to talk about. You see, I had been on a rough voyage: Everything had gone wrong—a storm, a man nearly lost overboard, and I got sick. Then that morning when I went on deck ——"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted; "it was like waking up after a siege of fever and pain, and suddenly there isn't any fever and there isn't any pain. You feel light, as though you could walk on air, and the cool wind from the mountain sweeping across the harbor is better than food and drink."

He looked at me eagerly: "Have you been to Rio, Professor?"

"No, except with you," I replied.

"I see," he said, his voice quiet. Then he twisted in his chair, settled back in it with a note of finality and said to me, "She can wait, Professor. Could we go back to the first page? There's a word I want to ask about. Do you mind?"

"All right," I said. And for two hours we talked, with no barrier between us.

Rabbit is now a lawyer in a port city where he can see his beloved ocean and the men who sail it.

But he had an experience that can come only to the creative artist, and I do not think he has forgotten it. For whenever he calls to mind that experience in the harbor at Rio, he is not alone. He is encompassed about by a host of witnesses, nay, better than that, by a host of comrades who read his story and who share his feelings and his thoughts.

This power to communicate something deep within us—a feeling, an idea, an experience—is a rare and peculiarly satisfying virtue. The desire and the effort to achieve this power has driven men to near starvation in lonely garrets. It made Hawthorne live a recluse for a dozen years in an upper room while he wrote, revised and tore up innumerable passages. This labor brought its own reward that night when he read the last chapter of *The Scarlet Letter* to his wife and they both cried a little over the death of Hester Prynne, who never lived except in his imagination and that of his readers.

This same urge caused Keats to disregard the harsh critics of his early verse and write at last that he had written some lines that he thought the world would not willingly let die. After all, he had not forgotten how he and a friend sat up the better part of a night reading Chapman's *Homer* and were thrilled by it so that he could write,

> "*Then felt I like some watcher of the skies*
> *When a new planet swims into his ken. . . .*"

For a brief moment, like Faustus, he saw

> ". . . *the face that launched a thousand ships*
> *And burnt the topless towers of Ilium,*"

And with Homer he had stood and watched the surge of battle

> "*Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.*"

But, though I think it is most important, this is not the only satisfaction that comes to the creative writer. There is, if you will, the much more practical virtue of fog-clearing. How difficult it is to see clearly our own thoughts! How often we say, "I know but I just can't express it." And how vexatious is the feeling! How often do we come to the realization, when we set down our thoughts in words, that we don't really know, that we don't really see, though we may have thought we did!

At sea, when the fog has been thick and danger seems always to be lurking in the near distance in spite of the persistent note of the foghorn and other safety devices, sailors have a cry that is heart-warming and satisfying to them: "She's blowing clear!" It means that the wind is blowing from the right direction, the fog is clearing away, and soon, as far as the rounded ball we call the earth will permit, there is the rolling ocean and the blue sky. The dangers may still be there, but the sailor can steer

away from them, and, what is more important, they become what they are and cease to be what the frightened imagination had feared.

Some of us are in a mental or emotional fog most of the time. All of us are in one some of the time. It is the creative writer's job to clear away this fog not only for others but for himself as well.

What is truth? Pilate said, either in jesting or cynic mood, and he would not stay for the answer. But if we are to lift our eyes from mere "getting and spending" and other aspects of the purely material, we have to stay and search for the answer. In a peculiar sense, it is the writer's duty to find the truth and show it to others. And since time began, the writer has looked at mankind and the world about him in an effort to show us what is true and good and beautiful. Other people, of course, have done the same thing, but it has been the creative artist's function to convince men that this or that is true, or good, or beautiful. Thus, in Beowulf we are persuaded that it is a leader's duty to immolate himself, if necessary, on the altar of service to his people. In *The Scarlet Letter* we are led to believe that the act of sin is less harmful to man than harboring it in his heart in secret till it destroys him. *Macbeth* convinces us that ambition uncontrolled by virtue leads to destruction. The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" tells us that in their finest expression Beauty and Truth are one and indivisible. *Walden*, and "Civil Disobedience," and "Self-Reliance" say to us that the highest and most sacred action of man is doing what he knows to be right in spite of government order or the whim of authority. If these thoughts were not original with the writer—and surely they were not—he at least clothed them in immortal language so that mortal generations to come may read and believe.

I would suggest one more value in creative writing, though this does not by any means end the list. The effort to put our thoughts, feelings, and experiences into words helps to regulate our emotions. Ill-regulated emotions, someone has said, cause most of the ills of the world. What I think he meant was that most of our emotions are base and selfish, and that man is in constant need of something to drive out these emotions and substitute for them the unselfish feelings that have always distinguished man from the beast and have made him somewhat godlike.

Among these higher feelings or emotions, perhaps the one most needed in our own world is Pity. Whatever progress has been made in the general improvement of man's humanity to man has been quickened if not caused by the creative writer's presentation of inhumanity in its stark nakedness for the ugly thing it is. There is not much evidence that the ordinary man looking with ordinary eyes upon cruelty is moved to tears. On the contrary, we can become hardened, and do become hardened to poverty in our backyards, to injustices in our own country, to genocide in far places.

The creative writer, however, more sensitive than the ordinary mortal, sees cruelty for what it is and moves us to action against it. Dick Dana, a college sophomore, described in unadorned prose the whipping of a sailor on shipboard, and ordinary men were moved to outlaw such practices. Who can read *King Lear* without having an almost divine compassion for him? Or who can read *An American Tragedy* (or see the movie version of it) without a deep and abiding pity for all weak men caught, as George Eastman was, in a web of circumstance that destroys them? And who can listen to the cry of David mourning for his wayward and dead son, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" without a consuming pity for a man who for once found that all his kingly power could not serve as an anodyne for his sorrow?

And now, finally, a word to the students who have read this far. Much of what I have said may seem to apply to the reading of great literature. It must necessarily be so. For creative writing is the art of communication, and what the writer feels he must try to communicate to the reader. But, if the reader has these experiences that I have mentioned, how much more so must the writer have them! Moreover, the very act of trying to write creatively awakes and develops these attitudes and thoughts.

This wish to have others share our experiences, this wish and ability to clear the fog from our thinking, this capacity to feel pity does not belong to the creative writer or artist alone. It is universal in all normal people. Moreover, there is hardly a college student who has not had some experience, some thought, some attitude that is unique and that he would like to share with others. Communicating these experiences to others is not as difficult as it seems.

One such as you was on the top of a mountain with me some years ago and wondered whether anyone had stood in that exact spot before. Later he wrote some lines in which he spoke of a "pebble, here untouched, save by the lips of God." And then I knew that he and I understood together a mountaintop experience. Another, seeing man as Non-Conformer and as Disciplinarian, suggested the beginning of a way to "make of humanity . . . an unselfish brotherhood . . . of people with a . . . broad, warm sympathy for those who have been launched arbitrarily upon the swirling panoramic waters of life." And another, thinking back over his mistakes, wrote of the "man I might have been," and concluded that there is yet time to begin again. And still another, looking at a ribboned highway, saw it "Curling,

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FREE RIDE

Ronald Bryant

A FREIGHT TRAIN rocketed through the night drawing a line of harsh song from the tortured rails. Three shadows glided down from the top into a car, like a spider stalking a fly. The rear end clatter of the train drowned a slight scuffling noise. In a few moments the three figures emerged and moved to the next car. There was a similar lapse of time. This continued until they reached the last car.

Two figures materialized from the fog and entered the tavern on the outskirts of the city. Of the two, only one was anywhere near conspicuous, and he, because of the huge diamond on his left hand. Their clothes were those of a lord, rather than those of a hobo. After drinking a beer the man with the diamond asked if Blackie was around.

"He's the big guy over at the corner table," was the answer, "the one with the bushy brows."

Jake nodded, and he and his companion moved over to the table where Blackie and his companions were sitting, busily satisfying their thirst.

"I hear you're in the railroad business," Jake said to Blackie. "Maybe you could use a partner or two."

"Maybe," was Blackie's answer, as he gave the two a close scrutiny, not missing the ring. "That's a big chunk of ice you got there. Sit down."

Blackie argued that rifling the hoboes was a scant income producer for three, but the other two would not be dissuaded. They finally reached an agreement to work the trains together. Blackie had begun to take longer glances at Jake's flashy diamond. The thought of possessing it obsessed him. Getting an idea, he whispered to his comrade.

That night they caught a freight train and began working it from the ends, moving towards the middle. The secret of their success had been the rope ladder. This they used to gain access to the cars. Jake and his companion stopped and crouched in a car to wait for the other three. They drew their revolvers and held them at arm's length over their heads, pointed to the door. There was a swish as the rope ladder came down. The three figures descended to the door and entered. Blackie's voice cut the blackness,

"Now, about that rock of Jake's ——"

The thunder of the two revolvers cut him short. When they were empty there was silence. From out of the car three shapes resembling straw dummies tumbled onto the embankment, coming to rest at the bottom.

EDUCATION

Dry bleached rattles echoed in the wind.
Pallors frozen forever in protesting smiles waited.
Half-rotted skeletons, named only in marble
Listened to the abstractness of the moaning wind.
Into the atmosphere a nameless merged omniscient indistinguishable mass moved.
They listened, seeking some fragment to synthesize into flesh.
Time can be short even in Eternity.
At dawn they were gone.

—STEPHEN WILLIAMS

CURTAIN AT EIGHT

Harry Gall

THIS THING which we have seen tonight cannot be! Only now hours later the reality of it with all its spine tingling horror breaks frightfully upon my still incredulous senses. Alexander Ventnor is dead and has been since eight o'clock. Three reliable witnesses saw him pass forever beyond the pale of death into the dark mysterious valley of the shadow from which cold reason tells us there can be no return. For the peace of my own immortal soul I wish fervently to believe it, but I cannot. The evening would be, I knew, one of momentous portent.

I hailed a cab about 6 p.m. and started for Ventnor's penthouse apartment.

As we threaded our way along the pulsing arteries of a great city, I could not help reflecting upon the singularity of the distinguished man whom I would soon confront under such melancholy circumstances. Did I say singular? Extraordinary is the word.

For ten years, I had been the business manager for the greatest Shakesperian actor of our era. Untold multitudes had wept with Ventnor over a slain Desdemona, or a fallen Caesar. When he played Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark actually seemed to come alive under the artist's touch, and to roam once more among dim, dusky, corridors, and wind-swept battlements. A grateful and admiring public had served as a fountain head for the immense fortune which was his, and yet, with all his fame and with all his riches, the great tragedian was among the loneliest of mortals. There is a saying among the ancients that the price of elevation is solitude. Such it was with Ventnor. From the towering pinnacle of his mighty genius, the world about him seemed a humdrum sea of mediocrity, useful only as a field for his vast talents.

I was aroused at last from my reverie by the driver's peremptory announcement of arrival at our destination, a spacious, fashionable hotel in the heart of the fabulous theatre district. As I made my way across the crowded lobby and entered the elevator, my mind went back across the years to other days and other hours. I thought of the many times I had made this journey across town from my simple three-room flat to receive the great man's instructions before a performance amid the ornate splendor of his palace in miniature above the clouds, and the teeming millions hurrying along life's rocky, sordid pathway toward the golden portals of dim eternity.

It was Ventnor's wont to boast that never in a career which extended over the greater part of three decades, had he missed a scheduled performance. Neither illness nor death itself, he used to say, could drag him from the smell of grease paint and the lure of the foot-lights.

Tonight, however, I had come on a different and far more melancholy errand than usual. The greatest actor of the American stage lay dying. A sudden stroke had brought him to the brink and the end was near.

I walked down a narrow corridor and rapped on a familiar door, soon opened by Henry, Ventnor's aged Negro butler, who looked every bit of his seventy years.

"How is Mr. Ventnor, Henry? How is your master?"

"Mr. Reed," the old man began, with heart-felt emotion, "the doctor says Mr. Alec gwine to see the Good Lawd befo' the next sunrise."

"Yes, I know, and I'm truly sorry. A man can have no finer friend than Alec Ventnor. Where is he?"

"In the master bedroom, sir. He told me to show you in when you got here."

I followed the aged butler through the tragedian's study, a dark, rather gloomy room, and compassed almost entirely by a ring of book shelves piled high with rare old first editions, and tattered, yellow manuscripts, dusty and mildewed with age, to open doorway on the far side of the chamber. Even before I crossed the threshold I could envisage the great four-poster bed of rich brown mahogany and black walnut, overhung with heavy draperies of green damask fringed with gold, which stood in a small alcove situated near a pair of massive French windows overlooking the terrace. I could not, however, visualize the apalling spectacle which was to meet my gaze as I entered the chamber.

Lying inert, with the grim pallor of death already upon his wasted features, the actor lay staring vacantly at the soft green canopy above his head. Upon my entrance, Ventnor turned his head feebly, a glint of recognition lighting his fever-dimmed eyes.

"How do you feel, Alec?" I asked.

A twisted, sardonic smile played feebly across his wan features.

"Well enough," he replied in a thin, hollow voice, scarcely above a whisper. "Help me get dressed. We have just time enough to make the eight o'clock curtain."

The poor fellow was obviously delirious. I placed a cold wet towel upon his fever-burnt brow, grasping at the same time for a pulse almost imperceptible. He began to mumble wild, almost incoherent, phrases — snatches from great roles of the past. Once more Hamlet pondered the mysteries of life and death in immortal soliloquy. Antony declared anew his love for Cleopatra and Lear upbraided an ungrateful daughter. Then, at last, the actor ceased his mad ravings for a long moment. There ensued

(Continued on page 21)

CANINES AND VEILED CANDIDNESS

. . . *Rover*

THE WORLD is going to the dogs! Exactly how this introductory sentence fits in with the rest of this "essay" is entirely up to the reader's discretion. The matter is far too trivial for this writer to be concerned.

Having thus introduced my subject I want to discuss with you (those who are reading this column are either extreme intellectuals, just curious readers, the type who read every word in THE JOURNAL, or morons) an alarming state of affairs on our campus. If something isn't done about the situation soon, I shall be forced to refer you to the introductory sentence, and let you devise a punishment for the ones involved.

Every Monday night, a group of "intellectuals" gathers in a room that could only be contrived from the memories of a biology student's nightmare. Why, no self-respecting "scholar" of the various forms of life existing from the amoeba to man (on second thought, these aren't such extremes on the continum of life!) would even think of invading this place except at the appointed times for lab. Well, as I was saying, before I so rudely interrupted myself, these creatures gather to weigh the mighty problems of the world.

The scientific method, hailed to be so great in this mechanical world of ours, is completely thrown out the window without much ado (no weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth) and these "scholars" commence the rehashing of ideas so old and timeworn that even a respectable moth wouldn't venture near them.

Why, do you know that at the very first gathering of these misguided souls, such an impractical document as *The Declaration of Independence* was considered worthy of discussion? They first decided that to understand a document, one should divide it into its major components, and immediately proceeded to tear it paragraph from paragraph until it had ripped into five, not two or three, but five separate parts. As if this wasn't enough, they then proceeded to rename the document. Imagine, renaming *The Declaration of Independence*. What would happen if the world were to adopt their suggestion? Everyone would be thrown into utter confusion. One wouldn't even know if he were independent, for without a *Declaration of Independence* no self-respecting nation would even for one minute suppose it were independent. The next thing you know, we would find ourselves completely dependent on every nation in the world.

The evening waxed on, and the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth did begin. At least a quarter of an hour was wasted in considering the meaning of the word "unalienable" and what was meant by "certain unalienable rights." Why waste time discussing such a question when the answer is quite obvious? Anyone knows that "unalienable rights" means unalienable rights, and that's all there is to it. Then, by some mysterious means, the character of the King of England was dragged into the fracas, and by the time he was completely mutilated, the enthusiasm of the group had worn off and the discussion ended with no member of the group knowing (in the common vernacular) which end was up.

But, this wasn't the end. Not only must the King of England suffer insult, but two Israelite Kings had to suffer the same fate. Both the gruesome story of Jezebel and her husband (Ahab was his name, but when Jezebel is in the spotlight, no one in his right mind even notices Ahab), and the sexy story of David and Bathsheba were torn to unrecognizable shreds. Everyone has seen the movie of David and Bathsheba, so what more is there to say about the subject?

Now, get this! One Monday, they met and rehashed some old fogie ideas of some fugitive from Greece whose name was Plato. Not only that, but they intend to spend two hours more on his "philosophy".

This is just the beginning. These men, instead of staying home and reading some good books like *Studs Lonigan*, *I the Jury*, and *The Glorious Pool*, are actually going to read and "discuss" (as the old farmer said, "Cuss and discuss") such things as *St. Augustine's Confessions*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Just think. These men will be wasting at least thirty-two hours talking about these men and ideas from the past, to say nothing of the time they will spend reading the "master works."

I wouldn't object to this type of thing so much if only the reactionary students of our campus were doing it, but it seems that "Everybody's Doin' It." They have, in some underhanded method, I'm sure, managed to drag several of our most respected professors into their folly. I won't mention their names, for they would be ruined for life if the word ever reached their wives and society. I understand that over 50,000 adults are also doing the same idiotic thing all over the country, and are forming organizations known as Great Books Clubs. This mass hysteria has even spread to Canada and parts of Europe and Asia.

And they call this Education. I'm telling you, if we don't return our interests to the practical, everyday problems of life, we can surely say, "The world is going to the dogs." . . . and they can have it.

THE GREAT FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE

Bill Duke

. . . a stone, a leaf, an unfound door; of a stone, a leaf, a door. And of all the forgotten faces.

Naked and alone we came into exile. In her dark womb we did not know our mother's face. From the prison of her flesh have we come into the unspeakable and incommunicable prison of this earth.

Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has looked into his father's heart? Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?

O waste of loss, in the hot mazes, lost, among bright stars on this most weary unbright cinder, lost! Remembering, speechlessly we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door. Where? When?

O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again.

—Thomas Wolfe
text of *Look Homeward, Angel*

NAKED AND WITHOUT PROTECTION against elements and alone with neither friends nor consolation. . . . So we came into the world and so some of us shall leave it.

The elements of conflicting ideas rage all about us, and we seek truth to clothe ourselves. Men stand alone in their ideas and we seek to befriend them, only to find them strangers to us in their ideas. Naked and alone we remain, and we vainly seek the forgotten language and the lost lane-end into heaven.

Ideas are storms which rage constantly about us. At birth we are naked because we know no ideas and we have found no truths. Later our minds become developed enough to think and we are faced with a choice. We ourselves must think and thus find clothing to protect us from the storm, or we must spend our lives dodging it and running from place to place to escape it. Far too many of us make the latter choice, and spend our lives running from the storm, to find at last a waste of loss our lives have been. Then we remember the choice we once had to make, and we remember the speech or thought which we chose against. We vainly seek the language we have chosen to forget and we seek them in the stones and in the leaves. Then we have for our search and unfound door a lost lane-end into heaven. For our life we can only show a stone, a leaf and an unfound door—an unsolvable riddle. Where and when do we come to this realization? Where and when do we call upon the lost and wind-grieved ghost? Which of us does not remain forever a stranger and alone?

Wolfe paints vividly a picture of utter desolation. He sees no hope for us. If we remain steeped in the traditions which have become so much a part of us, there will be no hope, there can be none. We are instilled with prejudice, with malice and with trivial thoughts. We spend our lives as far from thought as possible and when we are thrown into conflict with it, we must flee to escape it. We run upon others who are also in search of escape, but they are selfish as are we, and refuse to accept our company for fear that we might be the cause of the storm from which they are fleeing. Naked and alone we remain. And thus we will remain, until we find the great forgotten language, the language of thought.

Thought is the language of the mind. Like any other language, it must be understood by others who speak it if communication is to be achieved. Unfortunately it is a language we must learn for ourselves. There can be no teachers to instruct us. The refusal to learn the language is the tragedy which leads to the desolation that Wolfe pictures. To avoid this desolation we must learn to think. The process of running ideas through our minds is not thinking. Thinking consists in putting our ideas with those which differ with them, and seeking to arrive at the truth by settling these differences. Running ideas through one's mind is but the beginning of thinking; most of us make the beginning but there we stop, and thus we spend our lives running from the ideas which conflict with ours. Ideas must be run through at least two minds before the process of thinking is begun. There can be no true thinking until some difference has been established and settled. We do not need to engage in oral conversation to think, for the greatest minds cannot speak orally, their power is verbal, but not oral. I am speaking of books. Books are minds, for they express the ideas of a man. We can think by putting our ideas against the ideas we find expressed in a book. We sometimes feel inadequate to think with a person for fear he will prove us wrong, and we are too lazy to bother to seek out a mind that has expressed itself in a book so we remain alone and naked, for we have failed to bring our ideas to the consummation of thinking.

Thinking can occur only when a difference of ideas has been found, but the mere discovery of a difference in ideas is not thinking either. The difference must be settled. If an idea is proved wrong, true thinking still has not occurred until the right idea has been accepted. So then, thinking,

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THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA

From The Journal—October 1913

J. E. F., '14

In the midst of unprecedented activities which form the nucleus of modern economic life, the world is reluctant to pause for a single moment in order to gaze at its own bare self in the mirror of present day organization. Indeed, so complex is society and so busily engaged is the individual member of it, that there is little time for him to think of the group or groups about him. Ours is truly a material age—an age in which riches form the supreme wish of the average citizen. Every age has its peculiar characteristic, and for only a few years, or at most a few decades, can any one movement or tendency hold the leading place in the thought and life of the time.

But regardless of the fact that materialism is the principal characteristic of our own age, it is such only from an exterior point of view. It is the great under-current that counts, and with that part of human affairs this paper will briefly deal. Beneath the outward hurry and bustle of the world there is a slow-moving but never failing current, which if it be left undisturbed will swell, and its volume will increase, until finally every opposing institution will be swept away. That current is always concerned with the higher qualities of life; the hopes and aspirations of men and the desire to make things perfect make up its waters. It nourishes reform until the thought of the people is brought to such a point that a reformation is possible. That same current acts as a check upon sensualism and avarice. Every uplifting influence is brought into activity by its movement. Whenever the stream has swollen beyond its bounds, a new age of thought is ushered in—a new era dawns.

Just as truly as ever in the history of the world there is now, in this highly civilized twentieth century, a revolution of thought and attitude toward some of the most vital and momentous forces of life. Hence a new era is dawning. Never again will the world look with the same view upon some of the social and economic problems which confront organized society at the present time. In all countries, no less in America, perplexing tendencies are ever evolving from the sensualistic side of modern life. To check and finally destroy these tendencies is the special duty of the under-current—which is just beginning to swell in volume.

Perhaps there is no one thing that goes further to show that a new era is dawning than the tendencies of democracy. A new viewpoint has been discovered from which to look at this great institution. Rule of the people is no longer considered as having no limits or as being final. Individual responsibility must accompany right. This is true in the wide sphere of government as well as in domestic affairs. Everyone who claims any portion of the products of society must assume his share of the burden which organization necessitates. In that respect we are coming to a new day. Efforts are being made to revise and reorganize society in all its forms. The systems of government are found inadequate to meet the demands. The Democratic party has recently taken the reigns of government, and already a series of reforms are being agitated. The systems of election, the tariff question, and foreign relationships are becoming subjects for popular discussion. To say that no change will come from that is plainly absurd; on the other hand reformation and the removal of evils are inevitable. And these movements are going on in every form of government, from the highest legislative branches to the lowest and simplest executive departments.

Such is a political reform. A new era is dawning also in industrialism. Agriculture has never before been prompted with such zeal as now. Farm experiment stations are being built and every possible improvement is introduced. The breeding of plants and animals is a subject of special study for experts who expect in time to alter the whole process of land tenure and cultivation. In manufacturing centers there is a similar movement. How to make factory life pleasant and sanitary is no longer an idle dream. The ideals of Ruskin are becoming realities, and beautiful, clean mill villages are now practical. That wealth is the supreme ruling force and on it depends the social position is beginning to be looked upon as false, and the poor, ignorant classes from the farms and shops are at last hopeful for a fair chance. They are receiving higher wages and working for a less number of hours each day, which means better food and clothing, and consequently a more healthful and humane existence.

Reform in our educational system is of vast importance. The realization of the fact that an individual belongs to society and is not to be separated from it has brought forward the belief that society can force the individual to perform his function. Thus it is that a system of compulsory education has been instituted. Whether it is entirely practical is another question, but one thing is certain, forced intelligence is far better than ignorance. Several of the States have passed laws requiring attendance upon the public schools for a certain period, and the benefits are found to be inestimable. Indeed, what medium would express the value of an educated citizenship? Our leaders

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WITHOUT ACCOMPLISHMENT

From The Journal—October 1913

F. G. H.

"Well, now, I say, boys," exclaimed Bob Graham to the half-dozen friends in his room, as he finished reading a letter brought by the afternoon mail, "this must be a joke."

The group was silent, waiting for an explanation.

Bob musingly read the letter again and then handed it to the boy nearest. The rest crowded round to see. On a piece of yellow paper, evidently the half of a paper bag, they read the scrawl:

"Deer Mister Bob Graham:

"Yore appelcation for the buffalo run school has been excepted. the school will run to and a half months, and we pay 50 dollers a mont. it begins on June 15. I will meet you at the run on the day before.

"Jacob Curtis."

"Pass me," said Bob, as they finished reading and looked inquiringly at him for an explanation. "I don't know how came him to 'except' my 'appelcation' when I've never made one."

"Why, Bob," interrupted his roommate, "don't you remember answering that advertisement about two months ago, when you laughingly said 'twould be a fine opportunity to put your college training to practical, philanthropic use at once?"

"What ad?" inquired Bob.

"The one with the peculiar spelling—'want a teecher, etc.,'" said the roommate.

"Well, by Jove! I do remember that now," ejaculated Bob. And then a dejected, disappointed look crept into his face. "But I didn't dream they'd take me up."

The boys began to laugh as the situation dawned upon them. Bob Graham, the *magna cum laude* graduate-to-be tomorrow night; the most brilliant, most loved, and most ambitious of a class of two hundred, to "except" a "Buffalo Run" school at fifty "dollers" a "mont"!

Bob grinned sheepishly. "Pshaw! I answered the thing just to see what kind of a correspondence I could work up—thought to get some specimens for my literary museum. But, my! this is the first I've heard from them, and it certainly has a tone of finality, eh?" He picked up the letter and read it again.

The boys were shouting with laughter, as each congratulated him.

"A pearl before swine," laughed one.

"A veritable Knight of Knowledge to storm the stronghold of ignorance," orated another.

"A pioneer of culture."

"Philanthropist."

"A school 'teecher' at fifty 'dollers' a 'mont,'" piped a voice.

Fresh bursts of laughter greeted the anti-climax.

Bob's face became calmly serious. His companions easily detected the irritation their levity had caused, and their mirth became less hilarious.

It pleased them, when the chance presented, to make a mock-hero of Bob. His noble purposes seemed to them so lofty; his ideals were so quixotic. Still they regarded his sensitive nature, admired his intellectual ability, and loved him for his nobility of thought and the sincerity of his motives.

"Boys," he said deliberately, fixing upon them his magnificent eyes, "I'll fill my appointment on June 15."

The group became serious.

"Oh, say, old fellow, don't get sensational here now," said one of the boys, putting his arm in Bob's. "You are not going to give up the trip to the old country with us just for fifty 'dollers' a 'mont?'"

Another ripple of laughter fluttered over the crowd.

His chum continued: "Your father would not get over it soon, to see you give up your trip and the first month of your university course just to keep your appointment to teach a few tow-headed urchins at Buffalo Run."

"Sure! Sure!" echoed the circle of faces.

"Boys," Bob replied calmly, "you know me well enough for me not to have to repeat what I said."

For a few minutes all were silent. They could scarcely believe that their genial, wholesome classmate would deprive the party of his presence for so trivial a matter. They were stunned.

"Well, you sleep over it," said a chum, breaking the silence that was becoming embarrassing, "and give us your answer later."

The boys slowly dispersed, each lingering to try to suggest something to cause Bob to change his mind.

"Anyhow," said the last one to leave, "try to rest well tonight and don't let that worry you. We're counting on you to win that orator's medal tomorrow night."

"I'll do my best, Jim," replied Bob, as they clasped hands. "Good night."

Commencement exercises were over in due time. Bob Graham, the genius of the class, was honored in many unexpected ways. Many were the hearty handclasps and congratulations he received. Small wonder that there crept into his mind a little conceit, though he kept it successfully concealed most of the time.

At home for a few days before June 14, he began to wonder how he could adapt himself to such uncouth circumstances and inferior intellects as he must needs encounter in the mountain school community. Upon mature thought, he half regretted his decision, for it would be hard for him to conceal his intellectual and cultural superiority among people so crude. Still he felt honor-bound to keep the appointment so carelessly

made, and he would make an heroic attempt to "come down" into their region of conception during the next two and a half months.

At 1 o'clock June 14 he boarded the little two-coach train—the only one that ran to Buffalo Run—and, after three hours' crawling, the little engine wheezed to a standstill and the conductor whined out "Buffalo Run."

As Bob stepped from the train, there moved toward him from a group at the far edge of the platform a lank, rugged, bewhiskered mountaineer. Without a word, he took Bob's grip with one hand and extended the other for a shake. Bob met the hard, vice-like grip with a firm, friendly clasp. The mountaineer quickly raised his face in surprised appreciation, and their eyes met. Bob instinctively pressed the rough hand again as he gazed into those quiet gray eyes and into the kindly soul beyond. A faint smile swelled through the face of the rugged man. "Glad to shake yore han', Mr. Grah'm," drawled a low, mellow voice. "This way."

Bob followed, and soon found himself in a buckboard behind two small, shaggy, apparently lifeless ponies, that stood with heads hung low and eyes closed. The station agent brought the trunk, and with a few deft movements, Jacob Curtis had it fastened on behind the seat.

"Sit steady now, Grah'm," lazily murmured the voice, as Curtis took his seat by him and picked up the reins. It was as if the "current had been turned on" in the two little horses. With a squeal, they reared erect, stood for a few moments dancing and snorting, and, at a shrill whistle from their driver, down they came and set off at a furious run.

Bob caught his hat, and for the next half hour did nothing but cling to the seat of the lurching buckboard, as they dashed precipitously down mountain sides, through streams and over long stretches of boulder-strewn road, or swung giddily around ravines and along precipices. The little horses never slackened their pace, however, until they turned off from the main road and up a gentle slope covered with great mountain oak and chestnut trees. Here they slowed to a canter and in a few moments came to a stop in front of a spreading, low-roofed house. The porch was covered with a mass of vines, and the walk leading to the low stone steps wound carelessly among a profusion of flowers and shrubbery.

With a hospitable "Here we are," Jacob Curtis alighted, swung the trunk to his shoulder and led the way up the walk. At the door a quaint little lady met them.

"And this is Mr. Graham?" she said softly, as she extended her hand. "Let me have your hat, and you just make yourself at home, for I'm busy just now with supper."

The pair disappeared into the house, and Bob sank upon a rustic seat of willow boughs that sat at one end of the porch.

"Now, there isn't anything so very jarring to a sensitive, cultured being in their quiet, informal treatment," thought Bob. "But doubtless they are very slow of perception, very crude in their conceptions, as I shall doubtless discover upon more intimate acquaintance. They must be very dull, living as they do in such seclusion, with little or no social intercourse and no contact with interesting personalities."

As he sat musing thus, the sound of distant hoof-beats came to his ear. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and in a few moments, through the mass of vines, he saw a shaggy little pony come to an abrupt halt in front of the house. A girl stepped lightly to the ground. With a quick movement she removed the saddle and bridle, and, as the little horse scampered away, she stood for a few moments looking out through the grove of trees and up at their tops. Then turning, she came slowly up the walk. She hung the bridle and saddle upon the stag horn rack on the porch and started into the house. Bob turned to see her, and the movement caused her to glance round.

"Oh!" she cried, somewhat startled; then quickly recovering from the surprise, she moved toward him and extended her hand. "I'm Dora Curtis. Is this the new teacher?"

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Curtis," said Bob graciously, as a subtle sense of his superiority swept over him. "Yes, I've the" — he started to say "honor of being the teacher," but that would sound rather stilted, and there was something about the girl's presence that made all formality of expression or action seem out of place —so he merely said, "Yes; I'm Bob Graham."

"We are glad to welcome you to our home," she said, with modest cordiality, and then paused for Bob to take up the conversation. Several moments of silence elapsed. He was trying to decide what to say. He felt just a little hesitancy in saying it—the girl seemed different from a mere schoolgirl. The large, expressive eyes, with their frank, expectant look, bespoke a knowledge of things hardly to be met with in a mountain girl. But, then, she seemed so young and girlish as she stood before him, clad in a plain khaki dress, rather short, and with ringlets of luxuriant brown hair running wild above the sun-tanned face. So finally he ventured: "Yes; I'm looking forward with pleasure to our association in school."

She cast a quick, wondering glance at him.

"Of course, you will be one of the pupils," added Bob, by way of explanation.

Again that swift, piercing glance swept his face; then her eyes sought the floor. Bob did not see the humor swell to her face, for it was only for a moment, and the next she had assumed a blank, carefree expression. "Naw, sir; I s'pose I'm too old to go to school. I'd sorter be ashamed to see the other gals so far ahead of me."

Bob felt relieved. He had guessed happily!

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," he said patronizingly. "You'll learn so fast that you'll catch up with them in a little while. What grade were you in when you stopped school?"

" 'Scuse me, sir; I hear ma callin', and I haf ter go to her—I don't know whut grade I wuz in, 'cause it's been so long ago," she called back as she disappeared through the doorway.

"Just as I expected," murmured Bob, as he walked to the other end of the porch. "Seemed as first glance to be an intelligent, interesting girl, but on closer acquaintance she couldn't 'hold out.' Education and culture are necessary to make one permanently interesting, he philosophized.

Between his measured steps he thought he heard a smothered laugh from within, and then a "Sh!" "Tickled to death over my being here," thought Bob. "Telling mamma of first impressions, etc."

Poor Bob!

Supper was announced presently, and after the plain though very palatable meal Bob deftly turned the conversation to Dora's—for he now called her that, feeling that he must assume his superior position at once—education. In attractive pictures he set forth the advantages of a higher education. But if that could not be attained, why, the almost necessity of at least a grammar school training, etc. Then he became more specific and told them of what Dora might be if only she had the advantage of a college course. And then he expressed his earnest desire to do all in his power toward helping Dora fit herself for a broader sphere in life, and solicited their co-operation.

Old Jacob Curtis smoked in silence; the mother listened very attentively to Bob, now and then exclaiming interestedly or asking some question; while Dora, apparently not hearing the discourse, was playing with a large collie on the rug. And then Bob asked her to bring the arithmetic she last studied so that he could see how far she had learned in it. She added well, subtracted with ease, multiplied tolerably accurately, but division was a blank to her!

"All right," said Bob, turning down a leaf, "here's where we'll begin in this." And then he examined her on reading, and then geography, and then algebra—which she could not understand at all—and then history.

The next morning school began. Bob knew that association with other students—the rivalry, the stimulating desire to excell—would be best for Dora; but no amount of persuasion could prevail, and so he at last said he would teach her at home.

He found her an apt pupil, and proud was he when he thought that perhaps he was laying the foundation for the later work that would doubtless make a beautiful character. But what a long road she must travel before the "finished product" would appear!

Thus ran his thoughts, as day after day he patiently spent most of the afternoons teaching Dora. Sometimes she wanted to let lessons go and take a walk down to the river. Bob was beginning to find a strange willingness in accompanying her. At times he was made to wonder at her conceptions as she commented on the sunsets, the boulder-strewn river bed, the falls, the long sandy avenues that flanked the river's course, with the verdant, swelling background of laurel and alders.

"Oh, what a delicious couch it must be!" she cried rapturously on one of these afternoon rambles, pointing to a rolling, fluffy bank of thunder-caps; "how sweetly the angels must rest, how joyous must be their life up there!"

Bob looked, and for minutes was silent. Such an image he'd never before heard expressed; and to hear it come from an ignorant mountain girl!

"Do you like to think about the angels?" he asked presently.

At the sound of his voice she recovered from the reverie. "What did you ask?" she queried somewhat confusedly, as she turned her swimming, lustrous eyes full upon him. Bob felt a strange thrill sweep through his soul. It was as if he had met a friend —an all-sufficing friend, whom he had never seen before, yet whom he had known always!

But the next moment the vision faded, for the simple mountain girl answered his question: "Mr. Dewberry, the man what preaches here onct a month, said that angels lived up in the sky."

Six weeks had gone by—only one more month would school continue. Dora seemed to chafe under the constant tasks of lessons. More and more frequent became their visits to a broad rock near the middle of the river, where they loved to sit together. Long silences at times, broken only by the gurgle of the water among the rocks.

"Dora," said Bob, breaking one of these long silences, thinking to cause the poor girl to appreciate her lot as much as possible—she had seemed rather more than usual thoughtful of late, almost pensive—"you don't know what beautiful surroundings you have here. A kind mother and father, a quiet, comfortable home, and so close to all the beauty and majesty and peace of nature! The constant roar of the river should always remind you of the everlasting care of God. This undisturbed quiet of the mountains should teach you to possess your soul in patience and that you will fill your appointed sphere in due time just as surely as the laurel and the jasmine fill theirs."

The lap of water filled the silence that followed. And then, leaning impulsively forward and in tones subdued with the fullness of emotion, Dora said: "Oh, Mr. Graham, there are 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, good in everything'; our powers are not wasted with get-

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OPTIMISTIC DAYDREAM

Ronald Bryant

In response to the present day emphasis on gridiron clashes a new and needed course is being added to college curricula. It is designed to soothe the critics in every camp since it is literary, pragmatic, and sportslike. It has a threefold aim: first, to promote more interest in football; second, to give the students an intimate acquaintance with the neglected gems of literature, and finally, to provide a store of worthy and practical knowledge.

Heading the list of textbooks will be biographies of Red Grange and Knute Rockne. All the feats of the Four Horsemen will be discussed in great detail. Perhaps the two most important works to be included are *The Success Story of Bob Waterfield* and *The Essence of Circumlocution.* The latter is included for the purpose of giving information which should be quite helpful on tests in other courses.

Brief themes will be required on topics such as *The Referee I Would Like Most to Meet on Magnolia Street on a Dark Night*, *The End I Would Enjoy Most Kicking for an Extra Point*, and *Alone on an Island with Twenty-four Starlets.*

There will be a small amount of parallel reading in this course. It will be of a wide range which includes *Modern Screen*, *True Detective*, *Mutt and Jeff* and *Roy Rogers' Comics.* If some prefer the highbrow, any writings of Erskine Caldwell will be accepted as parallel.

No daily attendance record will be kept. However, if your absence is noted you will be requested to refrain from milkshakes for a week and to commit the Boy Scout Code to memory. For parallel credit and general interest and for the sake of morale no student is to see less than two movies a week, and an extra grade raise is given to any student who sees more than ten per week throughout the course. Preferably the stars should be good wholesome American girls, like Ava Gardner or Jane Russell. (Look what a goal Bob Waterfield made.)

No professor has yet been chosen because of the qualifications which such a position demands. Inside information seems to point to the fact that a former graduate student of Child Psychology is being considered strongly. His only rival is a recent Sing-Sing escapee.

LEAP FROG

"If the angle made by the shadows
is ninety degrees,
And if A is six feet tall
And his shadow is three and one-
half feet,
How tall is B?"
Queries the mathematician.

". . . And so by example,
We have shown that progress
Is a series of one man climbing over
another,
And another climbing over him."
Drones the Historian.

"The one who is over is over the one
who is under,
Who is under the one who is over,"
Declares the Logician.

The poet-philosopher
Notices that there is some unac-
counted-for space
Between the two men.

—D. S. W.

LONELY WALKS A LAD TONIGHT

Bill Duke

Lonely walks a lad tonight—
The world is bright with laughter.
Heedless plays the world tonight . . .
Hungry is his heart tonight . . .
But no one follows after.

Lonely lad, I know your sorrow.

Downcast lies the world some night,
And downward eyes are hurled.
Lonely walks a lad tonight . . .
Eager are his lips tonight . . .
And lonely dies the world.

The streetlight burns on the corner.
Beneath it there is a girl
With wavy hair,
Red lips,
Yessing breasts.
Here is light, life, love,
For a price.
The streetlight burns on the corner.

Neon-lit clothes rest in a window.
Price tags exclude purchase
From those with a king's taste
And a peasant's pocket.

A drunk is staggering.
Reeling . . .
Wheeling . . .
Then steady.
He neither speaks nor laughs.
Only,
His lips seem to sneer.

Apart from the many-light-made arc
Shines a lonely moon.
Not gold,
Not silver,
Pale white.
But full,
And perfect in symmetry.
One side is forever turned from us—
It is sometimes hard to see the face.

Here, artificiality domes the night.
Man is smart—
He apes the sun
But not the moon.

There is a scarring, scraping sound,
And a hideous hiss.
Stiff brushes churn water with dirt.
A horrible shape, monster-like, stalks
the streets,
Eating filth.
Tomorrow the streets will be clean.

A juke-box melody
Knifes the air stealthily,
Then boldly.
Drums beat savage pulses
For a trumpet's ecstatic insanity.
The music fades
And all is quiet,
Until from somewhere a bell gongs
one.

Once alternating red and green
Is now blinking yellow
Flirting Death with Man.
Suddenly the streets are deserted.

But lonely walks a lad tonight—
World-forsaken
And exiled to loneliness.
Soon he will face the world,
Deny,
Cry out,
Walk with lifted head,
Squared shoulders,
And challenge all
Who would take from him
Those rights which make him Man.

CIVILIZATION

Ronald Bryant

DOWN THROUGH the centuries man paused to gaze in wonder and amazement at the progress he himself has made. He is probably the most curious animal living. Partly because of this curiosity he has become what we call "civilized."

Take, for instance, his language. With his fingers or a stick, primitive men made scratches which came to resemble more and more the animals he most frequently came in contact with. Now, we call that *hieroglyphics*, and present day scratching is "doodling," which is supposed to mean something to psychologists. This was also his artistic expression, but such corresponding art, now composed of smears, is called surrealism or modern art.

As time went, however, and the women started running out of cave walls for writing material, there were a few more neighbors to talk about, so naturally they had to talk about them. Now man, or rather woman, had vocal expression. This was difficult at times, so in line with progress they set up things called schools, in which they learned the art of talking about one another more efficiently and speedily.

Man marches on and on in the field of education and culture. (Belief in spirits or gods is no longer superstitious or mythical — it is religious.) The feminine half has still not been satisfied so man obligingly invents ways by which talking can be done miles and miles apart.

Woman has probably made more progress in passing on information, but man takes the nod in extractions. Here the Chinese, the Apaches, and the Spanish Inquisitionists have developed the highest cultures. After all, how does removing brains quickly with a club compare with the wheel, the rack, the iron mask, live dismemberment, a thousand cuts, dropping water, thirst, or skinning alive. They really become quite artistic.

However, man's greatest accomplishment has been in expressing his love for his fellowman. Instead of the old uncultured method of killing him with bare hands or a rock, now he uses a huge shell and digs the hole at the same time. But this advancement did not come without years of labor and experimentation. Man thought he had the answer when he began sharpening objects and impaling his opponent or gently slicing his head from his shoulders. But thanks to that great seat of culture, China, he progressed still further and began blowing little objects entirely through his opponent's body. Sometimes he lived, so man increased the size until there was nothing left but the hole.

This progress was sometimes helpful to man in getting what he wanted. He was sensible and reasonable—he used force. Twice in man's progress everybody suddenly wanted everything. After the first little incident (World War I) man met to discuss civilized warfare. It seemed that they had really made some progress in developing poison gas. Here man once again made use of his great intelligence. He formulated some rules for killing one another. Poison gas was out! They all agreed that when they disagreed they would kill one another as gentlemen should. Is man not a wonderful creature?

MUSIC

Tommy Jones

It is always best for a writer in a department such as this one to state his purpose in writing. Mine is quite simple. I hope to let you know things that are happening and are going to happen in the world of music. I hope that it will prove worthwhile and interesting.

This summer it was my privilege and pleasure to see what I consider to be one of the best musical productions to come to the eyes and ears of American audiences. I speak of the Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's musical play "The King and I." The story is based on Margaret Landon's book, "Anna and the King of Siam." A movie was made from the book also.

Having read the book and seen the movie before I saw the play, I was dubious as to how well the story could be set to music. I was sure that the main part of Miss Landon's story would be sacrificed. It had not. In fact, it had been enhanced by the sets and music.

The atmosphere of the entire production was one of tenderness. The music had an air of sadness and longing about it. Among the songs that help set this mood were "Hello, Young Lovers," which was beautifully done by Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who played the role of Anna. "We Kiss in a Shadow" was especially well done. "Shall We Dance?" a number done by Anna and the King, was one of the highlights of the production.

The outstanding dance number was "The Small House of Uncle Thomas." The choreography was by Jerome Robbins. The situation occurs when the King wishes to impress a visiting English diplomat. He wants the Englishman to see how Europeanized his country really is, so he orders his court dancers to dance the story of that great American classic, Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is one of the most amusing parts of the play. The dancers give their interpretation of it and it is about as American as the Riviera.

The settings and lighting by Jo Mielziner and the costumes by Irene Sharaff were strictly from another world. They were perfect. In some of the court scenes they were perhaps lavish in a simple way.

I have told you about the music, lights, choreography, sets and costumes. I have saved the best till last. You may have the best music in the world, the best sets, lights, story, director; in fact, the best of everything; but if you do not have the actors and actresses to carry the production you have a "dud" on your hands. "The King and I" was blessed with excellent leads and wonderful supports. Miss Lawrence is a veteran of musicals and proved herself still at the top of the ladder. She was perfect as Anna. Her voice had the right quality and her acting could not have been improved upon.

The King was a hard part to cast, but the directors did an excellent job. They had to look into the technical department of a big television network to find Yul Brynner, who plays the King. He is on leave of absence from his television job and "The King and I" was his first big stage appearance. It was one of those "once in a lifetime" success stories. Mr. Brynner was more than sufficient for his role. He was firm and kingly, but you could see his many human qualities. He played the King with sympathy and understanding.

The two main supports were Dorothy Sarnoff and Doretta Morrow.

In "The King and I," Rodgers and Hammerstein have again succeeded. Their singable melodies, combined with the performances of Miss Lawrence and Mr. Brynner, make this one of the leading musical plays of the year.

You do not have to go to New York to enjoy the music from good musicals. Our own Library has a good collection of the best in musicals that have been produced in the past five years on record in the music room. While I am on the subject of the music room, I find myself wondering how many students have

(Continued on page 26)

SEA LOVER

The sea is troubled with a deep unrest,
For thrusting forth in bold eternal bliss
Her lips to meet the wind's disturbing kiss,
She seeks to draw him to her heaving breast.
When standing, watching wind woo sea,
And chilled by clinging salt-fresh air
I feel the wind course through my hair,
And seek solution to the mystery
Of love far deeper than the love we own—
An ageless love, the passion of the Deep,
Abandoned wakeful, but so quiet in sleep.
To love as she then knew what she has known.
Let others bow to proud convention's shame—
The sea is vast, eternal and untamed.

—Bill Duke

BOOKS

Ralph Bailey

We are not endeavoring to set forth an absolute new way of reviewing books in this column, but we do have some particular aims in mind as we publish this first issue.

First, it is our desire to review those books that college students would be interested in reading, on his own, whenever he has free minutes from his course of study. We, as college students, have very little time to do as much reading as we might like; but when we have the time to read, we should know what we are reading.

Not only do we want to review those books that students would like to read, but also to review books that are on the "Best Sellers" list of our day. There are many promising contemporary writers who are writing for today's world; these should be read.

And then, we will sometimes put into this column some interpretation and criticism of our own. This is always a reader's privilege; we never stamp our remarks with a brand of "Absolute Authenticity."

Finally, we want to bring to you books of a varied nature. For just an "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" reading always literature of the same category can dull one's power to broaden intellectually. There is too much laughter in literature to always read of sadness; there is too much practicality on the surface to always search endlessly into hidden depths of literature. If it's romance, adventure, or tales of love that you seek, a book can be your answer. A person fond of history can satisfy his desires with a book; if one's soul is thrilled by mystery, the thrill is a book.

My Six Convicts, *by Donald Powell Wilson;* Rinehart and Company, Inc.; New York; 1951

High on the list of best selling non-fiction since its first appearance in the spring is *My Six Convicts*, a clever piece of writing by Donald Powell Wilson.

My Six Convicts is the author's account of his three years "inside the walls" of Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary doing research in drug addiction and criminality. Of course, it must be understood that Author Wilson was not one of the inmates at Fort Leavenworth; he went to the penal institution as a professor of psychology and left as one—"but not the same," he writes.

Wilson was sent to Fort Leavenworth by the United States Public Health Service to conduct research in the relationship between drug addiction and criminality in the new hospital at the penitentiary. Completely new in penal work, he had many surprising events awaiting.

The first such event was when the warden told Dr. Wilson that his assistants would be six convicts. From the choosing of these six to the concluding chapter of the book, the tale is unusually told and interesting in detail.

Critic Clifton Fadiman says, "I know of nothing in English quite like this fascinating book."

The author has a very attractive style of relating his experiences to his readers. Simple in words, but very intensive in detail, *My Six Convicts* is quite informative to the student of psychology and human relations.

As an eminent psychologist, Dr. Wilson is well qualified to refute several traditional beliefs of psychology, as he does in his book. It is quite interesting to note how Dr. Wilson forcefully does this in explanatory paragraphs apart from the story.

One of the greatest characteristics of Dr. Wilson's writing is the manner in which he can write humorously. As one would suspect, there are humorous episodes at Fort Leavenworth among the inmates.

As you read the author's account of such episodes, you can almost feel yourself among the group and soon will find yourself actually laughing. Although the story is basically a study of the weird and pathetic aspects of a criminal, the reader readily finds many hilarious quirks of the criminal mind.

Just for its humor, we will have to say that *My Six Convicts* is an interesting and worthwhile book. But it gives us more than that. It is an exciting human-interest story; it is a piece of scientific research; it is a thorough adventure in humanity.

After reading *My Six Convicts* you will know a good deal about the criminal that you never knew before. You will understand and jeer with George Bernard Shaw who once said, "The first prison I ever saw had inscribed on it 'Cease to do Evil: Learn to do Well'; but as the inscription was on the outside, the prisoners could not read it."

* * * * *

Dr. Donald Powell Wilson, the author of *My Six Convicts*, is one of America's leading psychologists and is currently serving as professor of psychology at the new Los Angeles State College.

He is the author of a forthcoming text entitled *Psychotheraphy and Counseling* and co-author with Lewis Terman of *Psychological Factors in Marital Happiness*.

Accomplishments

(From page 14)

ting and spending and we can see many things in nature that are ours. Sometimes 'to me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.' Between father and mother and me there's perfect harmony. Every waking moment of my life is pure joy. In sleep, every dream is sweetest vision. Sometimes I wonder why I'm made so happy—everything seems to have only one purpose in existence: to give me pleasure."

Bob sat rapt. Such a spontaneous outburst of idealism from a rough mountain girl took him by surprise. He did not want to look up for fear he would find that the words he had heard were a dream. But something impelled him to raise his face, and their eyes met. Again that delicious feeling, experienced once before, ran through his being. It seemed that all the sweetness of every friendship he had known was crowded into that brief moment. He wished nothing more. Life seemed a brilliant and beautiful thing. He was satisfied—perfectly happy!

That night in his room he took himself to task. "Bob Graham, you tender, inexperienced, sentimental youth! Here you are letting yourself become entwined in the meshes, and all done by an ignorant mountain lass of no heredity, no accomplishments, no future! Let her be an Evelyn Hope to you, no more!"

And so the time passed on. Bob still continued the lessons, but the afternoon walks were discontinued on the plea of having so much school work. Bob found himself deriving too much joy in the personality of Dora. Such feelings must be put down as the mere temper of youth. But at times he could not resist, and would ask her to go with him to their favorite rock. Sometimes she went; at other times she had planned some trip on her pony, or something else, and couldn't. And at those times Bob felt a strange blankness creep through him, and he knew not whither to go nor what to do.

"Oh, what is it and why is it that I feel this way?" he would exclaim, as he paced restlessly about the woods.

School days drew to a close. To Bob the thought of leaving became more and more oppressive. He felt that there was something here that to be near was life, and that to be parted from—oh, his heart ached in his throat at the thought!

Manfully he mustered the forces of reason and judgment against that impulse that now swelled through his soul with increasing power.

The night before the last one that he was to spend there he could not sleep. Tired as he was, his being refused repose, for his mind was busy thinking, thinking, thinking. At last he rose, dressed and went quietly out into the moonlight. For several hours he walked slowly through the aisles of stately oaks or stood in some clear spot gazing at the queen of night riding in the magnificent plainness of the vast expanse of heaven. Over and over he asked himself the question: "*Do* I love her? *Should* I love her?"

Finally, raising his face toward the orb of yellow light, came, borne in soulful tones, the words: Yes, I do love her! And by the Eternal, who made this ethereal dome above, with its millions of worlds, and who intended that on this planet soul should seek out kindred soul—by Him who is Love, I'll tell her so! Let position, social and intellectual standing, accomplishments, be ignored!"

The next morning he asked Dora to meet him at their favorite rock that afternoon. She could not, having planned a trip across the mountains that would take all day. In wounded tones, he begged her to postpone the trip. At last she consented to do so—she had never seen him look so sadly serious, and one of those rare wondering looks searched his face for an instant.

He went to school happy and sad—happy in his decision to tell her his heart, still sad, however, when he thought of what it might mean for his fond hopes of a high career of influence and power.

The day dragged through, Bob nervously impatient for four o'clock. He did scant justice to the farewell talk he tried to give his pupils, and after many hand-shakes and good-byes and good wishes he started for the river. Soon at the bank, he began threading his way from boulder to boulder across the river to the island. His heart thumped wildly in his bosom. He did not once raise his eyes to see if she were there—he *knew* she was there!

As he made the last leap and stood on the island, a soft ripple of laughter sounded—strangely beautiful in the late afternoon stillness. He looked up.

For several moments he stared in silent amazement! There on the rock before him sat a daintily gowned creature—taste and culture evident in every part of her attire and in every wave of the beautifully dressed hair. Beside her on the rock three rolls of parchment tied with ribbons and a catalog of a noted girls' school, in which, among the newly elected members of the faculty, could be seen "Dora Curtis, Oratory and Expression." On her shoulder gleamed four medals of gold with various inscriptions. And from her eyes that wonderful expression now shone with steady radiance. And then, with a passionate "Oh!" Bob fell on his knees at her feet.

"Dora, my darling!" he cried, taking her hands in his, while his eyes told the secret of his heart.

"I knew you'd tell me today," she whispered softly.

"But, my dear, why did you keep these from me," he asked, pointing to the diplomas and medals, "and make me think you were an ignorant mountain girl?"

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Curtain

(From page 8)

within those walls a somber, melancholy stillness, broken only by the dull rhythmic ticking of the bedside clock.

After what seemed an eternity, Ventnor's eyelids fluttered, and he asked in a far-away, almost sepulchral voice, "Are you still there, Reid?"

"Yes, Alec, I'm still here," I replied.

"Tell them," he ordered vehemently, "tell them to ring up the curtain at eight. I will be there. I will be there."

After this astounding declaration, the actor sank into a coma, and I took my leave.

At seven I arrived at the theatre and made arrangements for Ventnor's understudy to go on in his place. The play was *Macbeth*, and the title role had been the tragedian's masterpiece.

Without Alec's guiding hand and vivid inspiration, the cast was already divided into quarreling factions of arrogant mediocrity. There was no unity, no coherence, and over all hung a deep, dismal pall of impenetrable gloom. Seemingly as if to enhance the somber melancholy of the occasion, a gentle rain had begun without, blanketing everything with a fine, shroud-like swirl of yellow mist.

Curtain time found us all still sunk in profound despondent lethargy. The theatre was filled with an eager expectant crowd awaiting the appearance of one who would nevermore see the glare of the footlights or mouth the lines which had carved for him an imperishable niche in the golden halls of immortality. Now I must walk before this enthusiastic audience which was already applauding, and tell them that the idol for which they clamored would soon be no more.

As I pondered, thus, gloomily upon the ironic twists of fate which make of life at times such miserable folly, I observed standing in the wings, a dark shadowy figure who bore a strange, eerie likeness to the man who I knew lay at Death's door in his hotel suite seven blocks away.

And yet it was he! It was, indeed, Ventnor, whom I had left but an hour ago in the last throes of a grotesque and horrible death. His handsome features, pale and wan under stage make-up, resembled nothing so much as cold waxen marble, tempered with shades of grim alabaster.

I hurried toward him, but he seemed not to see me as he glided silently by onto the stage, to the wonder and astonishment of the entire company—walking on to the greatest performance of a long and distinguished career. The death-like rattle of a dying man was no more. In its stead, the rich sonorous tones of that familiar baritone which had electrified countless multitudes for decades past lifted us for two hours to untrodden heights of ecstasy, and seemed to make of every moment of the performance a golden treasure to be cherished and revered forever.

When, at last, the silver curtain descended, signifying finis to one of the great moments in the annals of the theatre, one name was upon the lips and engraved in the hearts of a wildly cheering and enraptured audience. Shouts of "Ventnor! We want Ventnor!" rose at once to a thunderous crescendo, which seemed to echo and re-echo from the very rafters themselves.

The great actor, however, was nowhere to be found. He had vanished suddenly, utterly, like a phantom in the night—gone, none knew where, none knew how.

With the thunderous plaudits of the cheering multitudes still ringing in my ears, I dialed the actor's house, thinking he might have gone there immediately after the performance as he sometimes did to escape the crowds. A grief-stricken voice which I recognized as that of the butler, informed me that Alexander Ventnor had passed on to his Maker at precisely eight o'clock.

New Era

(From page 11)

are beginning to think of these things and the result promises to be a system of education which will create universal intelligence.

But the steady moving current consists of more than these. Political, economic, and industrial development are by no means unimportant; yet all of these are of limited value unless the morals of society are improved. It is an undisputed and commendable fact that the thought of leaders in many spheres of life is being directed toward the moral and social problems. The most degrading, perhaps, of all these problems is the double standard of morals for men and women. Many people for a long time have considered woman responsible to one code and man to another. The fallen woman has been practically shut out from society and looked upon as a mere beast, while the brute who caused her ruin is a so-called gentleman. The woman, thus unfairly degraded and having no other alternative, assumes an impure life as a profession. This condition has given rise to the great social evil, which in a greater or less degree has existed since the very earliest stages of history, and which constantly has increased, so that today there are thousands whose once chaste lives are now emblematic of impurity. This is quite true of men as well as of women. Diseases have been contracted and scattered, and a large per cent of children are born with some physical defect.

The one phase of the social evil which is receiving the attention of the thinking men of our country is the white slave traffic, which has arisen in our large cities. Innocent girls are induced to follow wicked men to houses of ill fame, where they are sold to a proprietress and kept there indefinitely. Many homes are being broken up and many lives ruined by this inhuman practice.

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MOVIES

Sid Fulmer

Of the one or two really great motion pictures to come from Hollywood in recent years, "A Place in the Sun" would, without any disputation, rank foremost on any best-picture list. The simple reason that the film is based on one of the classics of American literature—Theodore Dreiser's "*An American Tragedy*"—would be sufficient for many critics to consider it a motion picture worth the seeing. For example, a critic in one of our country's leading magazines says, "As for '*A Place in the Sun*' the chief credit has to go to Dreiser for his merciless yet compassionate view of the animal called man. He says we are nice, but he says it with love. Truly only a master such as Dreiser could deal with the most intricate, most baffling, the most misconstrued animals of all, the human male and female. And for Dreiser's deft and delicate story telling, the critics have long since written and rewritten words of praise.

However, while this reviewer would be the last one in the world to in any way try to detract or take away, in any sense, from the tremendous credit which must go to Dreiser, I would like to, in the course of this review, expound my ideas of the greatness of this picture, not so much in the light of who wrote it and how, but more in the view of giving some ideas on the technical aspects of the picture's production. For I believe that, no matter how excellent a piece of literature might be, one of the best ways to insure its disappearance from the best of any country's great literature, is to have the literature in question given a deplorable and shabby re-doing by the producers, directors, actors, and writers of Hollywood. The above statement seemingly would place a great responsibility upon the DeMilles, the Kramers, the Wilders, and so on, in regard to the trends of our American cultural likes and dislikes. And, although many intellectuals might shudder at the very thought of Hollywood being any sort of measuring stick of our culture, it is none the less the truth. For many years now the movies have been our entertainment medium, and they have shown great marks on our American way of life.

In consideration of this view, it is almost tragic when a great classic becomes ignored by the average public simply because of a poor motion picture. This is, depressingly enough, too often the case today. But one ray of sunshine will always be the exception — and so I classify George Stevens' magnificent production and handling of "A Place in the Sun."

Even before the cameras had begun to roll on this film, many lovers of Dreiser's tragedy were quite dissatisfied with the selection of the three young American actors for the leads in the production. As for Elizabeth Taylor, yes—beautiful, but could she act? Montgomery Clift, it is true, had shown promise, but after being so terribly miscast in "The Heiress," his selection for the role of George Eastman was looked upon dubiously. Of the three young thespians, less was probably said about Shelley Winters—the main dissent being based on the fact that she wasn't well enough known, or experienced enough to play the demanding and complicated role of a confused and pathetic factory girl who just happens to wander into a dream sired by the greed of a person like George Eastman.

But all three of these young actors gave such compelling performances that critics, both in this country and abroad are still showering multi-colored superlatives upon the youthful trio. Here, we see, that good direction can bring about almost the unbelievable. George Stevens, I think, may really take a bow for extracting the very best from a talented group.

As for the story itself, the whole plot could have been severely weakened by strict adherence to Hollywood's somewhat ridiculous and immature code of censorship. Few films have dealt so frankly and convincingly with illicit love and the ensuing complications of pregnancy and illegitimacy. Some writers have recently been wondering if the movie censors have not let "down their bars," in permitting "A Place in the Sun" to be filmed. This may be true, but the tactful handling of touchy scenes in this film was so expertly done, that they were presented without being offensive and also without damaging the power and strength of the plot.

A long detailed account of the story would be out of place here, since a discussion of it would revert this writer back to a discussion of Dreiser himself. The plot, in short, is an all-too-human portrait of an American boy who, from his environment of the poor, becomes involved in a dream for better things: His women, one of them rich, the other, one of the poor, are representatives of America's sometime tragic "opposite sides of the track" theory of society.

The musical score, the photography, the costuming, and set designs all add much to the technical efficiency and superiority of this film.

George Stevens and Paramount pictures have made the great classic, "An American Tragedy," live again. If this movie indicates a decided trend toward more adult pictures then movies are certainly better than ever!

DRAMA

Bill Duke

ANYONE who concerns himself with drama is faced with a decision. He may consider either acted drama or written drama. Acted drama is the more complex of the two, for it uses written drama as a basis upon which to work. Written drama must be judged as to its adaptability to staging and acting, but in the final judgment the actual acting and staging is of no concern to its reviewer. For reasons at once apparent, this department must be primarily concerned with written drama. Whenever possible, I will attempt to consider acted drama, but in the main it is written drama with which I shall deal.

Written drama has many standards. One of these, and considered by many to be the chief one, is that it be suitable for acting and staging. It must also adhere closely to the techniques which distinguish good drama. The best drama will frequently deal with a timely and moving theme, though some excellent drama has been written purely to amuse its audience. The two plays which are being reviewed here will illustrate this point.

Last year marked the appearance of Samson Raphaelson's *Hilda Crane*, a drama of social significance. The work was no prolonged success and perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that *Hilda Crane* is a trifle heavy for the theatre-going public and is a more exhausting experience for them, though as written drama it is excellent.

Hilda, twice unsuccessfully married, returns home to Winona, Illinois, to visit her mother after an eleven-year absence. Henry Otwell, a young and successful, but overly practical, businessman, falls in love with her and proposes by way of a letter. Hilda has again seen her one time ideal, Charlie Jensen, who also proposes to her. Jensen is a college professor with a passion for Shelley. Hilda chooses Henry, for he offers her the security she thinks she needs and a life she feels that she will learn to accept as a happy one. Mrs. Otwell is selfish. She doesn't want to lose her son to anyone, particularly to Hilda. Fifteen minutes before the wedding she offers Hilda anything if she will only leave town and forget Henry. Hilda, believing that she really wants to marry Henry stoutly refuses and the marriage proceeds as planned. Charlie goes North to teach and becomes engaged. After two years of married life, Hilda has failed to convince herself that she has made the right choice. Mrs. Otwell has died of a heart attack during their honeymoon and forced their early return. There is a large painting of her over the living room mantel which haunts Hilda. She feels that Mrs. Otwell has contrived a way to make her life miserable. To this situation Charlie returns and arranges with Hilda to spend the night with her in a local inn. Hilda returns at four A.M. to a harassed mother and husband. Henry has learned all about the evening and is willing to forgive Hilda. Mrs. Crane is very much upset over the consequences which could easily result. Hilda, unable to fight herself any longer takes an overdose of sleeping pills.

Raphaelson subtitles his work *A Drama About the Lost Modern Woman.* Hilda is just that. She is the woman with a past—a past she does not regret, but one which society is determined to make her repent. She does not have the courage to choose Charlie rather than Henry. Henry represents the security and respectability that society lays such stress on. Charlie is too much of a romanticist to offer either. The only thing that he can offer is a happiness which might be only temporary. Hilda definitely makes the wrong choice. The mistake is not wholly hers. The weakness lies in Hilda, but it is society which has produced the weakness. The insults which are unintentionally hurled at her are more than she can stand. Mrs. Otwell investigated Hilda's past and discovered that she was in trouble in college for drinking and that she slept with her first two husbands before she married them. Hilda saw nothing wrong with these things and would have been happy all her life, had not society flung them in her face to attempt to shame her into repentance. Hilda had lived too freely but she was living according to her ideals, and was happy until she prostituted them to attempt to satisfy society.

Henry is no husband for Hilda. He has a conception of the higher life that he could have gotten only from the higher quality "slick" magazines. He can be too often the nauseating American businessman. We can feel little sympathy for Henry. He is the shallow, narrow-minded, overly conventional businessman that society, for some reason, continues to tolerate.

Charlie, on the other hand, captures our interest. He is puzzled by society and sometimes by himself. His delay in deciding whether Shelley was an angel or a cad is typical of him. His impulses sometimes point to one and again point to the other. It took Charlie virtually a lifetime to decide. He finally decided that Shelley was a cad, and wrote a successful book to prove it. Then, oddly enough, Charlie gives in to the very principles which must have led to his decision and thereby leads Hilda to tragedy.

Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Otwell are

wonderful contrasts. They are differently concerned over their children's welfare. Mrs. Crane thinks Hilda has made the proper choice, but is a little uncertain as to the consequences of such a choice. Mrs. Otwell is terribly crude and her tactics to keep her son happy are always at the expense of others. It is really not her son's happiness she wants but her own. Mrs. Crane is genuinely concerned over Hilda and tries to help convince her that she is happy.

Raphaelson writes well in his medium. In *Hilda Crane* he is to be congratulated for refraining from drawing his situations out until he has drained them of the last bit of emotional appeal—an easy thing to give in to in such a work. He draws vivid characters and creates moving situations. Both are convincingly lifelike. Raphaelson keeps his action moving and his dialogue interesting. His theme is beautifully handled, timely and important. The only lamentable phase of the work is that it offers no solution to the tragic state of our society. If *Hilda Crane* indicates a trend being developed toward this particular type of realism, it is indeed a welcome trend.

———

October 18th marked the opening of the Spartanburg Little Theatre season. Under the direction of David W. Reid, the Little Theatre presented Elmer Rice's Dream Girl, with Dicksie Cribb as Georgina Allerton and Jim Hobbs opposite her as Clark Redfield.

Though noticeably conscious of her audience at the beginning of the play, Cribb began to lose sight of the fact that she was acting and gradually warmed up to her part as the play moved on. She was far better in the second act than in the first. As Redfield, Jim Hobbs was exceptional. Though only a minor character in the first act, the role assumes a great importance in the second and Hobbs caught the spirit of it beautifully. Indeed, Hobb's excellent acting brought the second act off far more successfully than the first. Dicksie Cribb, with a fellow lead sharing the scenes with her, seemed much more confident of herself and with Hobbs achieved the better part of her acting. Joyce Hobbs was perfect as Lucy Allerton and John Carrington as George. Both were much more than adequate for their roles. Elizabeth Richardson as Claire Blakely was an excellent support for Cribb, though her acting at times was uneven.

The first act moved rather slowly, but the second moved with much more speed. The dream sequences were excellent. The split-second timing necessary to bring the play off properly, was lacking in this production. The three-stage set-up which the work requires is a difficult one to work with. At times the sets did not work properly, and the play suffered. The fixed sets were excellent and perhaps served more than anything else to capture the atmosphere of the work. The lighting effects were superb.

The play moved rather slowly, and the dialogue fluctuated. The total effect, though not of professional calibre, was commendable for a Little Theatre group. The Little Theatre's efforts to bring good theatre to Spartanburg audiences are commendable. They have neither the experience nor the advantages of the successful Broadway groups, and they make good use of what material is available to them. It is groups like this one, with the love of the theatre and the "show must go on" tradition of the Broadway groups, that are playing a large part in bringing our modern theatre to wider audiences and thus increasing its importance.

NODDLING

Factories in a mudpie,
Holes in the ground.
Brave men have to die
If the truth is found.

Frustrated Napoleon,
Riding in a barrow,
Urging on his million,
Shot like a sparrow.

Church bells ringing out;
Hell thrives on silence.
Barking dogs turn about;
Smug men show violence.

—H. P. H.

THE YEAR

Branches snowy,
Buds pop,
Flowers showy,
Leaves d
r
o
p.

—Jack Wilson

Jack, not thinking,
Jumped too quick—
Jumped and smashed
The candlestick.

—S.

Forgotten Language

(From page 10)

in its true sense, leads eventually to the truth. When we have learned to think, we can cover our nakedness and we will find ourselves with a wealth of friends.

Which of us does not remain forever a stranger and alone? Those of us who learn to think. These find the truth and therein find a clothing and a protection against conflicting storms of ideas. They are no longer naked or alone. The lost and wind-grieved ghosts come back to them, and they remember the forgotten faces.

Editorial

(From page 4)

Faulkner has placed upon our young writers a challenge. With them lies the choice of adding momentum to a downward plunge or struggling to lift their race and start it on the long path upwards, the path to true greatness and immortality. It is an important choice, for in a sense the history of the future is in their making.

It is our duty and privilege, whether we be writers or readers to seek out the voices which point to our salvation from fear and ultimate tragedy, and having found them, to give them the encouragement which will spur them to continue to speak of the dream civilization has been eternally seeking and to sing of its realization.

Creative Writing

(From page 6)

Twirling, Whirling, Vanishing away, Leading me, Luring me To follow you . . ." And yet another, commenting on dishonesty on tests and examinations concluded that rules and laws are meaningless unless there is sentiment within each individual to support them. And one, looking at the hypocrisy and cruelty of the world about him, wrote of the noblest relationship between man and woman,

"There's one who, arms about me,
Though all the world may flout me,
Will never, never doubt me."

Leafing through back issues of THE JOURNAL, one can find a thousand thoughts, feelings, experiences that seemed to the writer worth passing on to others. A shared experience is worth infinitely more than one that is harbored in the mind, as I try to say in another way in the following parable:

He held close shut within his hand a rare
And treasured stone—was dazzled by its bright
And shining face that did not change, and yet
Was ever new like perfect beauty's grace.
A jealous lover then he sought to hide
It from the dull and oafish gaze of men.

Another wandering by its hiding place
With eager voice called loud to all the world
To see, and lightly laid it in each hand
And watched its light reflected in their eyes.

Retreating from the grimy world's embrace
The first man sought his quiet closet where
In secret he had stored his precious gem.
But, lo! 'twas gone. And in its stead there lay
A dull-gray, lifeless thing that in the dark
Gave forth no ray to light his stumbling steps.

Spartanburg's Most Modern Men's and Boys' Wear Shop
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Accomplishments

(From page 20)

She laughed — a ringing, joyous laugh. "It was amusing to see your solicitude, though your motives were of the best."

She gazed up the broad expanse of water that stretched away between the shady walls of rolling mountain shrubbery and at the gorgeous afterglow of an autumn sunset.

"But why?" urged Bob.

And then in a voice tender with the melody of that sweetest story: "I loved you when first I saw you, and I wanted to see if you could love me without accomplishments."

New Era

(From page 21)

These almost incredible conditions do not escape the watchful eye of the reformer, and the steady current of righteousness is being filled with opinions, private and public, demanding that such must stop. A new conscience is being instilled into society, and a new era of social life is dawning. Plans are being formed which tend to uproot the existing evils. These plans are by no means perfect, but there is a sure tendency toward the final elimination of immorality. Significant among these efforts are the steps recently taken in Chicago, which have resulted in the closing of the houses of ill fame and the prosecution of many dealers in white slavery. Legislatures are taking up the question and zealous workers are spending time and money in a campaign against the further practice of social vice.

These are only a few of the many reforms which will mark the new era of life, but when they have been realized there will have been a complete revolution of our present systems. It seems somewhat distant and idealistic now, but the time is surely coming when organized society will have completely rebuilt the social structure. Then true democracy will reign; political, industrial, and educational systems will be more perfect; and most of all, the morals of society will be uplifted. Woman will be no longer a slave, but will enjoy the same position with man; her virtue will not be trampled upon by the bestial and lustful desires of wicked men. Then truly, in that day which we predict is not far distant, will be a new era which is now just dawning.

Music

(From page 18)

taken advantage of this facility. Wofford has not had its music facilities very long. Therefore, the process of collecting records has been slow. Taking all into consideration, I think that you will find records to suit all tastes. From time to time I will refer you to certain recordings that are available to you through our library.

Our library has some good Caruso recordings and if you are a Mario Lanza fan do not listen to them. Lanza is no second Caruso by any

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GOOD FOOD

means. I enjoy Mr. Lanza's recordings, but I do not think he is an artist. He has a tremendous volume but the art in singing is not judged by who sings the loudest, but who sings with most ease. I have the feeling that Mr. Lanza is about to blow a fuze when he takes off on one of his high notes. Caruso had no strain in his notes at all. It rests you to hear Caruso—Lanza wears me out. Mr. Lanza is indeed a showman and knows that people like volume and flashy endings. I have never heard Lanza end a number softly, either on records or on his program. There happens to be an art to doing this. If Mr. Lanza doesn't slow down I doubt if he will have a voice within the next two years, but by that time he will have made his million and settled down, so why should I worry?

There are some mighty fine recordings in our library, so take a few minutes off from your studies to enjoy them once in a while. Music is the breath for those who will breathe it.

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Statement for Year 1950 - 1951

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RECEIPTS

		Total
Activities Fee	$ 821.86	$ 821.86
Advertising:		
National:		
November	13.33	
December	13.33	
February	13.33	39.99
Local	542.50	542.50
Other Sources:		
Refund SCCPA	7.50	
Sale of old Copies	1.00	8.50
TOTAL		1412.85
Accounts Receivable:		
National Advertising—March	13.33	
National Advertising—May	24.33	37.66
Local Advertising	25.00	25.00
		1475.51

DISBURSEMENTS

		Total
Printing:		
Issue of November	$ 217.50	
Issue of December	217.50	
Issue of February	217.50	
Issue of March	217.50	
Issue of May	217.50	$1087.50
Salaries:		
Editor	87.50	
Excess Commission	12.50	100.00
Business Manager		
Ralph Rogers	80.00	
Ralph Lowrimore	20.00	100.00
Office Supplies:		
Stationery	1.75	
Scissors	3.40	
Engraving	53.35	58.50
Miscellaneous:		
Binding 1950 Journal	16.20	
S C C P A	10.00	
Postage	6.92	
Bohemian Space	80.00	
O. G. & B. Advertising	7.50	
Clerical Work	2.00	
Geo. Morgan, National Ad.	1.56	
Charles Weaver, National Ad.	1.57	125.75
		1471.75
Accounts Payable:		
Commission on National Ad.	3.76	3.76
		1475.51
Moneys deposited in Cust. Office		590.99

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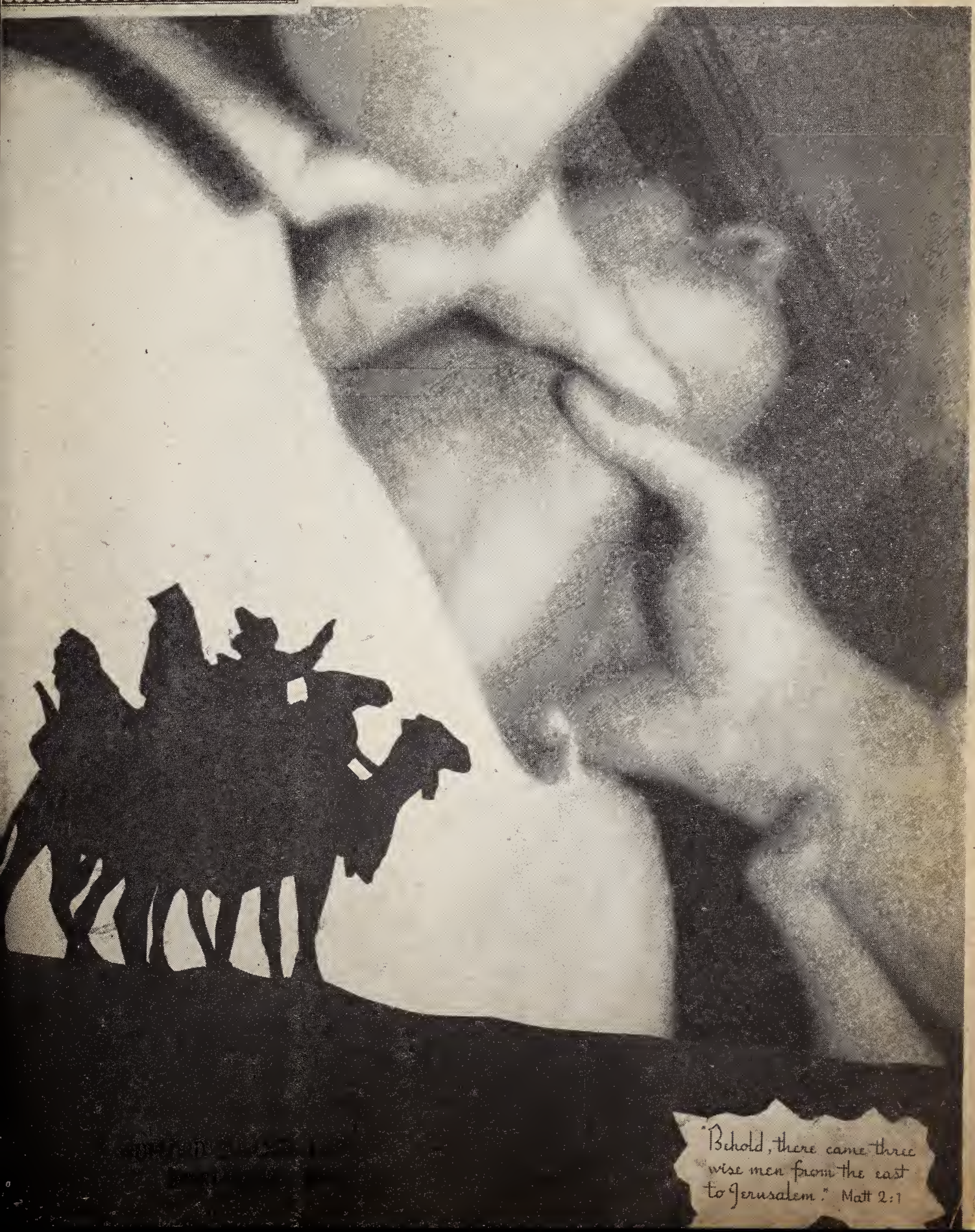

"Behold, there came three wise men from the east to Jerusalem." Matt 2:1

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Vol. 73, No. 2
December, 1951

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The cover is our idea of The Spirit of Christmas, 1951. It is ironical that we should think of the story of Christmas and the Wise Men, while men the world over are at each others throats.

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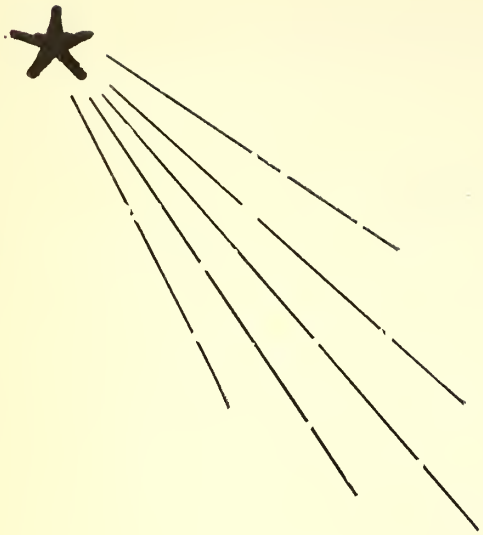

Christmas Story

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—Luke 2:8-14

CHRISTMAS, 1976

Ed Berckman

FREDA BURKE was an unusually sensible and patient girl. In fact, one might say that, being a girl and being sensible and patient, she was unusual. But at any rate, Freda was a pretty efficient kid—if you can call a girl of twenty-two a kid. Being sensible and patient had probably helped her in her job, but now she was wondering.

Miss Freda Burke was the Christmas secretary of James J. Higgins, the owner of Higgins Manufacturing Company, which made barber chairs. Manufacturing barber chairs was a small business but a relatively prosperous one for Mr. Higgins. He did not employ a large number of workers and had very few office personnel, but Miss Burke, as Christmas secretary, was indispensable.

Actually she was less the employee of Mr. Higgins than of his wife, but she did most of her work at his office.

Freda had been working at this position for only ten months but she had become thoroughly familiar with all of her duties. It was her first job since she had finished college, but she had been doing pretty well, she thought, in her modest way. As she sat there at her desk playing with her pencil, she looked back on her work.

Last August she had jumped right into the thick of things when her predecessor, that scatter-brained Julie Earnhardt, had suddenly eloped. August was one of the most important months for a Christmas secretary. After all, when the month began, there were only 121 more shopping days till Christmas.

Of course, all the Christmas cards had been printed, addressed and stamped by that time and most of the presents had been purchased. But there were still hundreds of things to be done before D-Day (as Freda now bitterly called December 25th) finally rolled around.

She remembered with a shudder how she had furiously worked trying to carry out the float plans that Julie had drawn up. Right there at the end of August with Parade Day only a month away, she had discarded the old plan and hurriedly constructed a float of her own design. Mr. Higgins had even given his whole staff a holiday on the Friday before Parade Day so they could get the float finished. He would never have lived it down if Higgins Manufacturing Company had not had its float in the annual Christmas Parade.

Since the fourth Monday in September had been proclaimed by the President as Parade Day, a national holiday, several years ago, Higgins' floats had always been among the best and once took a two-foot high silver cup as third prize.

Freda always felt sorry for the poor men in Santa Claus uniforms who sat sweltering in the late summer sun. But then business was business, as everyone realized, so she didn't let it bother her.

After the parade there were the problems of decorations for home and store and the window display. The store really didn't need much window advertising and they probably wouldn't even have had that kind of a store front. But everybody had a Christmas display, so that was that.

Freda remembered that once when she was talking about the window display at home, her grandmother (for that was whom she lived with) had suggested that she use the nativity scene.

"Nativity?" Freda had said. "What is that?" Her grandmother explained that it referred to the birth of Christ.

"Oh, yes, Christ. I'd forgotten about Him. Now that's an idea."

She stopped and thought a moment. "But that's so old-fashioned, Grandmother. We've got to have something original."

It was becoming more and more difficult to be original since everybody was wanting new ideas. But they tried hard. The latest craze had been—for big windows—Santa Claus in his sleigh pulled by live girls in bathing suits. (Sex always gets 'em, you know, in 1976 just as in 1951.)

In October Freda also had the problem of getting a Christmas tree. That really had been a troublesome job before the states began to set aside state parks for the sole purpose of raising Christmas trees. Of course the sale of the trees added considerably to the state revenue.

Christmas music had been late in starting the previous year—not until the first of November. Probably the reason was that there were very few good new songs. People had to rely on the oldies, like "Rudolph" and "Frosty, the Snowman." After hearing nothing but those songs—and you could not help hearing if you were anywhere near the loudspeakers on each street corner—some people had been known to experience slight displeasure. And the customer must be kept in the spending mood. So this year song writers had started work early and come up with extra special Christmas tunes. Freda had already ordered some records, including "Bethlehem Boogie" and "Across the Wide Jordan."

Then there was Mrs. Higgins' Christmas parties that she had to plan again and the guests to invite. Her kids always wanted a party, too, and that was Freda's headache, of course.

But the thing she dreaded more than anything else was the beauty

(Continued on page 23)

CURRENT SCHOLARSHIP ON "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

P. S. Covington

Few literary works have received of late more critical attention than "Mary Had a Little Lamb." While this poem has been a favorite for generations, it is only modern scholarship which has attempted to unveil the true meaning which for so long lay hidden beneath its surface. It is perhaps well, at this point to drop a note of caution, lest we, in our enthusiasm, fall into errors as complete as did scholars of the past, who, in their ignorance, classed this cryptic work with nursery rhymes. We must bear firmly in mind the criteria by which we must judge the allegorical interpretations which may be submitted for any work of art.

Such an interpretation, to be worthy of acceptance, must above all be coherent; that is, it must account for all the factors involved, without undue straining. Failure to observe this principle has led many critics of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" far astray, and accounts for such ridiculous interpretations of the poem as that of Himebaughm, who equates the lamb with Karl Marx, and Mary with Gaea, or Mother Earth[1].

While interesting, beyond doubt, his theory strikes the clear-headed reader as decidedly forced. Mary, as Mother, seems unnatural, being, as we must assume, mother of both the Lamb (Karl Marx), and of the children in the school (equated by Himebaughm with capitalist society).

Even if we are willing to overlook this point, Herr Himebaughm's interpretation of the Teacher as "the bourgeois God" seems hardly justifiable. To begin with, the teacher is a very real person in the school, not a mere figment of the student's imagination, as must surely be the case if the interpretation is to follow strictly the Marxist line[2]. We are quite ready to admit Himebaughm's skill in his portrayal of the touching scene implied by his interpretation of the lines:

And so the teacher turned him out,
Turned him out, turned him out.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near.

Moving as the scene admittedly becomes, it is hardly sufficient to gloss over the inadequacy of the theory. Marx, beloved of nature, lamb-like in his gentleness and innocence, ejected from capitalistic society by a harsh (though nonexistent God) because—

He made the children laugh and play,
Laugh and play, laugh and play,

and then lingering near, waiting for Mary to get out of school (the downfall of the capitalistic system)—all this, we grant, is convincing enough, but Herr Himebaughm must surely see the fatal inability of this interpretation to account for the scene which follows, in which the teacher explains the lamb's devotion to Mary by saying—

Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
Lamb, you know; lamb, you know.

What are we to make of this? Are we to accept Blavatsky's explanation that God is here repentant for His cruelty[3]? Even if we did so, can God be real? And does this square with Marxist ideology?

Himebaughm's own answer[4], in which he makes the startling assertion that this quatrain is a later addition to the original work, by the hand of some fascist-minded editor, seems motivated more by desperation than by a spirit of true scholarly inquiry. We forbear to ask him why the lamb is "white as snow," and not red! Surely, though, the Marxian interpretations render themselves innocuous by their own inconsistency, and will fall of their own weight.

However, the same deplorable tendency to force the work of art to fit some preconceived allegorical interpretation held by the critic is all too clearly seen in many of the more recent Freudian analyses of the work.

Helmutt Inglesstaader, for example, in an article characterized throughout by extreme brilliance and penetration, falls a victim to his own preconceptions, seeing as he does in the poem a projection in disguised form of the Oedipus conflict[5].

According to this novel and interesting view, the school situation in the poem represents the family. The teacher is equated with the father, while Mary is the boy child, effectively disguised (to escape the censorship of the inhibitory Super-ego), as a girl. The lamb, disguised for the same purpose, becomes a phallic symbol, and the teacher's turning him out is interpreted by Inglesstaader as a symbol of the castration anxiety[6].

An interesting point to observe here is that this Freudian interpretation undoubtedly overcomes some of the difficulties which the Marxians have thus far been unable to surmount. For example, the teacher's explanation of the attachment between Mary and the lamb becomes quite logical (on the subconscious level). One cannot object to much that is asserted here by the Freudians. Beyond question, the school situation with its "rules," its disciplines, and its teacher as a father-substitute, does lend itself to this interpretation. Particularly is this true if we assume the poem to have been composed (as undoubtedly it was) in the days when the school-teacher was the "school-master."

Clorine Atwater's recent note[7] calling attention to the fact that the poem

does occur as part of a larger work entitled *Mother Goose*, is not without significance.

However, here again we must not lose sight of our basic criterion. The explanation must fit *all* the facts without undue straining. If, as Felix Birdsall has pointed out[8], the creation of a work of art partakes of the nature of a day-dream, it must also be true, as Grilling has shown[9], that day-dreams are all based on wish-fulfillment. And here the Freudian theory fails. It is difficult to see how Inglesstaadt's interpretation of the poem meets this requirement, the poem ending as it does with the lamb "turned out," and with the teacher (father-substitute) lecturing the assembled pupils (family) on the love which exists between Mary and her devoted lamb.

There is a striking similarity between Himebaughm's assertion that a Fascist-minded editor has distorted the body of the poem itself (an assertion having nothing to bolster it except Himebaughm's realization that the poem in its generally accepted form does not square with any reasonable Marxian interpretation), and Allgood's recent paper[10], in which he attempts to overcome this weakness of the Freudian interpretation by asserting that an error of transcription has occurred. The original poem, he says, was undoubtedly written—

And so they turned the teacher out,
Teacher out, teacher out.

This approaches perilously close to sheer nonsense. While granting that the line, as Dr. Allgoode would have it, scans nicely and is alliterative, and would render the poem a wish-fulfillment, we cannot see how the rest of the poem would, under these circumstances, make any sense at all, unless we are to assume that having turned the teacher out, the pupils followed him (he lingered near?), and questioned him. And why question him, if the lamb had been left safely inside? And does the teacher's answer indicate a change of heart on his part? And if so, can he be the father-substitute of the Oedipus situation? No, this is a brilliant attempt to cover a fatal flaw, but it is, in the last analysis, a brilliant failure.

In conclusion, we would assuredly not wish to be considered as opposing the scholarly efforts which have been made toward discovering the true meaning of this most significant poem—still less as holding that the poem is merely a nursery rhyme. Not at all, but we must insist that the true key to the poem's meaning has not yet been found.

---

[1]Himebaughm, *Marias Lammerchen; Studien in Okonoischer Erklarung.*

[2]Interesting, in this connection, are certain reports from Russian-occupied Germany that Herr Himebaughm has been granted an extended leave of absence from his post at the Realschule.

[3]Blavatsky, *Mary's Lamb Reconsidered*, pp. 604 *et seq.*

[4]Himebaughm, *Marias Lamm; Eine Replik*, pp. 13-87.

[5]Inglesstaader, Helmutt, *The Oedipus Situation in "Mary Had a Little Lamb."*

[6]I must confess that (possibly as a result of my early training and environment) I had always fancied the teacher to be a woman, but I realize this does not constitute a valid objection, and that, even the teacher also might have been disguised.

[7]*Notes and Theories*, clvix, p. 1066.

[8]Felix Birdsall, *The Dreamer and the Dream.*

[9]Lyman Grilling, *Wish-fulfillment in the Day-dream.*

[10]Noussommes Allgoode, *Mogliche Irrthumer in der Abschrift von Maria Hatte ein Lammerchen.*

SUNRISE, NAG'S HEAD, 1951

Rex Guthrie

QUIET abounds, the steady beat of waves on the much beaten sand of the shore is hardly obvious. The more evident silence engulfs the scene. Now the false dawn appears with a hallowing light, granting the giant sight which gives the heretofore unobvious roar of the waves two senses, thereby multiplying its thereness by tens. A phantom-like form can now be seen on the surface of the giant; dark, foreboding, soaring and plunging.

Then, without warning, the first majestic ray of the Always streaks and darts across the surface of the giant and strikes at your soul with a resounding note of why and wherefore.

Soon, this miracle takes its ordinary form; the quiet becomes unquiet, the hallowed light becomes workday light, the giant becomes the Atlantic Ocean, and the phantom becomes a hungry porpoise feeding on a shoal of equally hungry fish.

Day has conquered its ancient rival once more and—there is work to do.

TWO PRELUDES and

I

Inevitable silence of quiet things
rings
upon
The hum of approaching evening,
Sings the absurd pathos of dying
words,
Brings back ghosts of voices of other
darknesses:
"Let me get a cloth. Let me dust
the chairs."
We sat: and vacuumed the night
of its heavy innuendos,
Shoveled a canal, waded in its
shallow
muck—
And rocked in the dustless chairs.

Probing, seeking, grasping
Moments of laxness—
And queens in lairs
Displaying their wares:
Waiting . . .

I

Arose to go: "Take it easy—and
Remember the promise."
Remember, remembered, remem-
bered,
Held tightly in a painful grip
. . . and the sphere made known
Its intentions. And died:
On the silence of quiet things.

II

In a semi-darkness of heavy air lay
the room,
Its royal carpet like a rich blue sea
Floating a triangular mahogany
vessel:
No breeze stirred the white mist
Imprisoned between shafts of gray
drapery;
No voices broke the thick stillness—

Two bright columns of candle flame
stood
motionless
Atop their pedestals on either side
of the piano;
Two hands rested lightly upon its
solemn
toothy grin—
Threefold was the silence.

Their eyes spoke simultaneously—
as in
a dying conversation
Two voices shatter the stillness—
And then they shut out the
knowing glance.
For now before his eyes in
exaggerated perspective
Stretched the steel strings of the
instrument
From silver threads to cables,
copper wound,
From the shrill pleading cry of
the Living
To the dull drone of Death.

A mere tightening of the muscle—
To lower the key!
To lift the hammer!
To strike the string!
To shatter the deathly silence!

(An A! *The oboe sounds the* A
And in a crescendo of writing
madness
The orchestra rears its ugly head
. . . the birth of a monster.)

A child of new melody the pale
fingers
of the pianist bore,
Fathered by the glance of a young
dreamer—
A bewitched, malicious devil's child
Guided by its own physical beauty.

(Time in purple robes swept
swiftly
Down the expanse of inclined
mahogany.)

A long dying A *faded in the twilight;*
Threefold was the silence.

FOUR PORTRAITS

Craig Carson

I

Life is a frosted pane
Through which one may near distinguish
Ominous shadows and demoniac silhouettes
Which utter inaudible cries and claw
violently, in vain,
The cell.
The glass into a thousand
Incisine thoughts was smashed.
To cut, to mangle, to damn
The escaping hordes to the mires
Of congealing blood and decaying guts.

Through the bloody bay on glides a crimson
craft.
To the bounds, to the infinite bounds
Of time and times and death—
Life to vapor.
The hell-wrought insects remain.

Beneath the silvery surface sing fair-haired
maidens
A dirge for the dying
In waters clouded by blood
And human entrails. . . .

II

As the brush to the canvas is touched,
they fade;
To a vague twilight the brilliant shades
descend.
And die. Unknown. Unmourned.
"And this too shall pass:"
When the years upon years
Drop in irregular splotches
of blood
Upon the pavement. And gushes
of cool water
Come to sweep the stain in a yellow
tide to the endless
sewers of a dying city.
None remain but the dark-feathered vultures
Which envelop themselves in plush caverns
by the sea
And smile softly at each other,
And spit upon the floor.
Mine too is a decrescendo
of hope. . . .

III

An Eternity of exquisite lace
Weave the agile Hands of Sorrow—
The Fate of a Greek maiden;
I would this gossamer mist
Could but live and speak:
In tones unbound in presence
of tyranny;
Crescendo and decrescendo of nothingness
Weigh heavily upon the heart.

At twilight alone I stand
(After shadows of trees have crept
Eastward and dissolved into darkness)
An ivory cameo clutched in my hand;
I listen! A muted hum. . . .
The Whir of a Specter Spinning Wheel.
While devilish drops of dew, clinging
like piercing eyes
To the web, summon me to drown
In mere Dampness of Earth;
Alone I wade into the murky depths. . . .

IV

I watch the coins
On his cold eyes
And the bold lines
of his face
But the hands now seek a quiet place
Beneath the heart on plains of silent sand.

In the strong wind the gate swings freely;
Its high-pitched sounds waken and echo
Shrouded thoughts which roam
The Catacombs of Eternity
And kneel—weeping—at the bier.

At the distance a taunting
dirge
Resounds from a hellish
carousel
And dies. In darkness
Slender fingers wander the desert
of silent sand
And die.

With a single turn of the key
The Gate is locked. And the keeper
Turns to smile at me.
His teeth are yellow. . . .

CONFLICT

Ronald Bryant

STRUGGLE as he might, Edwin was unable to shake loose the death grip on his windpipe. The monster which had evolved from the Stygian blackness slung him from his bed into a huge cannon. With a shattering roar he went arching into space and then down, down into the bottomless bowels of Hell as his sick, churning belly forced a scream from his lips. Contact with the hard floor jolted him into merciful consciousness. His brother's sleepy query came to his ears.

"What's the trouble, Ed?"

"I . . . I guess I had a nightmare and rolled off the bed," he gasped in reply. "I'll be O.K. now."

"All right. Just thought you might be sick. See you in the morning."

Still trembling and breathing heavily, Edwin shoved his pajama sleeve across his face to wipe away the sweat, and climbed back into bed.

"No! Go away," he whispered fervently, almost desperately to the vision of Joan that floated before his eyes. "I couldn't stop it, I tell you. I couldn't!" his tortured soul cried out.

Behind her usually limpid brown eyes lurked a cloud, and her soft, moist lips held the trace of a twisted, hurt smile. Writhing and twisting, he tried to escape the accusing stare.

"God, I'm innocent," he cried half sobbingly.

"Joan, honey, you believe I'm innocent, don't you? Tell me! Don't just stare and smile that way. What could I do? Maybe we shouldn't have stopped there. Damn them anyway! But they both had guns. Darling, do you forgive me? They were desperate criminals. I know it was hell's eternity for you, but it was torture for me too, sitting there staring into the gun snout, knowing that they were treating you like a . . . You'll get over it in time and just the two of us know about it. After all it might happen to any girl. You know how sorry I am."

Still the inner voice refused to be silenced and hammered incessantly in the ears of his conscience: "You didn't. You're guilty. False to the girl you love."

Finally exhaustion brought a troubled sleep which lasted until morning.

"I must see her today," he thought. "I have to face her sometime. I might as well get it over with."

As he began dressing his eyes fell on the little box and its significance slammed into his consciousness. He picked it up and opened it with a wry smile. The diamond sparkled back at him. Today—he thought—I intended to—and then he stopped thinking. The diamond, an emblem of purity . . .

He was acutely aware of the small box in his right coat pocket almost as if the rays of the diamond were piercing his soul like some deadly radiation. Pressing the doorbell of her house brought back a reel of memories. He saw Joan again in the white off-the-shoulder dress with sequins to match the sparkle of her eyes. The one she had worn to the fraternity dance. Again in a pair of blue-jeans and a too-large boy's shirt which hid and thus accentuated the soft curves of her figure. These and many others came crowding upon him, suffocatingly, as the door was opened and he walked in.

"Hello!" he said. "Feeling good?"

"Fine," she replied, but a shadow flicked across her eyes for the barest instant.

She offered her lips but after a fractional hesitation he kissed her on the cheek instead.

"Edwin, dear, you remember that we were supposed to announce our engagement at the party tonight. It has been over a week now since . . . since."

"Why—uh—yes, that's right, we were supposed to. But, well, I thought that perhaps you wanted to wait a little longer—to forget." His voice trailed off as she caught her breath sharply.

He could feel the sharp outline of the ring container as it was pressed between their two bodies. She turned and ran from the room as the brown eyes became wells of tears. She flung back the muffled words: "Go! And don't ever come back."

"You yellow pup," he berated himself as he somehow found the door and the way out to his car and drove off.

A week had passed. During that week a girl had died. She had died by her own hand. A tender, lovable, sweet girl. A girl named Joan.

Now he was more than a coward, he was a murderer. This thought reverberated constantly through his brain. He had been on his way to the jeweler's when he had run out of gas. Getting out and leaving the car, he had walked on. Since the jewelry shop would be open late he was taking back the ring. It was a constant reminder of his cowardice. A brand of his shame. That small polished particle of mineral, the symbol of faith, love and purity, the diamond that he had never given her. The appearance of a young girl from a store down the street drew him from his reverie. She began walking down the street ahead of him. She was beautiful, even more beautiful than Joan. He imagined that he could see the moonlight glints in her hair. This was a dangerous section and she shouldn't . . .

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ALL MY DAYS ARE TRANCES

Don R. Bundy

"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."
—Poe

THOSE damn bells! Will they never stop? Ever ringing, ringing, screaming inside my head. That clamor and clanging rising higher and higher in pitch; never stopping, but moaning and groaning, keeping time with the drops of rain falling on the brim of my hat. These other people—don't they hear them? They must hear them! That man leaning on the lamp-post on the corner—I'll ask him.

"Hey, you, there, do you hear them?"

He turned his head toward me with a swivel motion, not moving his body. He was drunk.

"Hear what?" he mumbled through lips drawn thick with drink.

"The bells," I screamed. "Those infernal bells! You must hear them!" I grabbed his coat roughly by the lapels. He staggered away from the post as I shook him wildly.

"Tell me you hear them; damn you, you hear them, I say, you must! They're driving me crazy! Say that you hear them or I swear I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

With a drunken yell, he jerked free of me and ran down the street, or rather lunged down the street in the best manner of which he was capable in his present state.

I slipped down the lamp post into the rain-filled gutter, unmindful of the water, and wept. I had not wept in a long time. Not since Ginnie died. Little Ginnie. Sweet little Ginnie. We were so happy. my youthful bride and I. They said that I was insane, that I had to be insane to write the things that I wrote. But, Ginnie, my Ginnie, she was always there. The way that she used to put her small hand on my shoulder and squeeze in her own gentle, reassuring way, or run it through my hair; she understood. She never hated me when I could no longer stand the strain and dropped into despair with my other friend — the bottle. Little Ginnie, my sweet little Ginnie.

I pulled myself up the post out of the water and resumed my dreary exodus away from the bells. They were not so loud now, but I heard them only a long rumbling and ancient death knoll. Now, why should I think of a death knoll? I'm not going to die. I'm going to get married. That's why I'm going to Virginia; to get married. Do you want me to marry again, Ginnie? Are you causing me to hear these ever rumbling bells so that I'd try to run and leave them instead of going to Virginia? Wonder where I am now! Those damn bells! They've made me forget everything! It seems that I have never done anything but walk these dark, dreary streets. These streets; what a setting they would make for one of my horror stories, with the rain falling now in a dreary mist, enfolding the lamps of the street lights so that they only give forth a faint, red glow. Strange how the pavement under my feet seems to be wet with blood. Good grief! What a thought to have! Maybe I had better stop reading that trash I write. I wish those bells would crack their hateful souls and be silent for a while! What's that? I reached down and picked up the newspaper lying in the street. It tore in two with the weight of the water soaked into it as I picked it up by one side from the pavement. (The Baltimore Saturday Visitor, October 3, 1849.) A poem in the middle of the page caught my eye at once ("The Raven," by Edgar A. Poe; reprinted from previous edition). You black devil bird you, you still seem to be popular in spite of your looks.

Damn those bells! If they don't cease I'll scream. Louder they get, ever louder, clanging, clashing, roaring; never stopping, only sinking and then swelling like the ebb and flow of the tide. Stop! Stop! Why do they ever torment me! Can I never be rid of them? Must they follow me forever? With the mad horror of the ever-clamoring bells in my ears I plunged in drunken fashion down the mist-filled street.

Hours passed, or so it seemed, and I could run no more. The bells were still with me, but they had ceased their clashing. In its place was a muffled, melancholy monotone, ever throbbing, tolling with a sobbing sound like the one escaping my lips. Now in an exhausted state, I leaned

(Continued on page 24)

Luna

A serene, lovely goddess,
She pays tribute with golden smile
As her lord departs,
Leaving her as sentinel
Over his possessions—
Keeping watch
Over the pair that love
And in turn watch her,
And hold her best of attendants.

Her everlasting vigilance
Makes evil wary.
Yet
At times,
She is a bystander to death,
Incapable of love and hate.
Always loyal
And fovever silent,
Eternally doomed
A humble servant to his child,
And a slave
To him who commands her.

—RONALD BRYANT

THE LEGEND OF CLAY FEET

Craig Carson

On a lonely shore I stand
Where smooth, saturated sand
Joins the dry. And impetuous,
Played-out waves struggle in vain
To push into the rough hinterlands
of white;
As they turn to face yet another
ever-approaching brother
From beneath my feet they draw
the salt-soaked sand.

On powdery sand dwells powdered
grass,
The forest of fleeting sand crabs;
On heated land grow leaning shrubs,
Bent by the ever-present breeze.

My thoughts wander through sifting
years
To the cliffs above, to the legend
of the ill-fated
Milieu,
A man lost in the high tide of cir-
cumstances.

With eyes toward the endless Sea,
he stands:
"Minute points of brightness
Like searching lights of the soul
Pierce their painful path
Through the foliage of my life
To the roots and veins of my heart.
Everywhere I hear your voice, my
God:
The Sea, these rocks—but to me
You speak not.

I wait!"
But only the sound of the Sea,
Only the rushing, roaring waters
bellow
a reply.
Then from the Rocks! From the gray
lifeless boulders
Which surround the smooth floor
of the cliff
His answer: "Milieu! Milieu!
Do you wait, my beloved?"
A thousand needles pierce his brain;
The blood pounds in Milieu's ears:
"You have not forsaken me!
It is I, Milieu. God of the Sea,
God of the Earth and Heavens,
I listen!" The Ocean is a placid
lake;
The sky, without its breathing
winds;
The Sands of Time within him cease;
The profound silence Screams!
From
behind
a boulder
leaps
the radiant
Sonnette.
"Sonnette!" The beams of faith fade
To a flaming flow as the death of
a flaming
match.
"Did you hear my call, my beloved?"
Her exquisite dark eyes dance;
Like a pale nymph she stands, smiles,
waits.
A 'cello of the Sea drones. With
lowered
head
Milieu replies: "I heard thee!
I heard as if it were a summon
From the depths of Hell."
She understands not, but draws near,
smiles, speaks:
"Each dawn you come to this cliff
And gaze upon the Sea, not yet
touched
By the morning sun. Why do you
Choose this desolate place
While down in the valley, spring has
tipped
The trees with green, and the breeze
Is first flowers perfume?
Here is eternal winter.
There is no life:
Even you are pale
As if the soul for a moment had
flown."
With sudden swiftness
Milieu embraces the
Daughter of Summer:
"My poor Sonnette, wisdom truly
does
Accompany beauty and life."
Drawing herself to arm's length,
Sonnette
Smiles, captures, evades: "Return
then
With me to the valley. Whatever is
this
dark veil of trouble
Will be wafted away by the spring
breezes."
A frown seizes the face of Milieu,
and releasing
himself,
He turns to look down upon the Sea:
"Return? Return to what?"
". . . Your home, your chil-
dren!"
"My bastards! Our bastards!"
The gentle Sonnette, standing behind
her
Milieu,
Places her soft hands upon his shoul-
ders:
"If love is true,
Marriage vows cannot
Make it truer;
Promises cannot make
Lust purer.
You I love, my Milieu.
Our God, I revere—
Our souls are washed
In the salt of the Sea
To purify our minds
As the pastorale maj-
esty.
How then can even He
condemn us?
. . . come with me
From this winter
To eternal spring be-
low!"
Milieu turns to the Daughter
of Summer:
"The Sea beckons; I must stay
Await me in the valley, my Son-
nette."

"How can I leave you!"
"You must, my beloved!"
Down where spring sprays its greenery
Down to the conflicting Sea.
Protect our children until we, together,
Dwell in Eternity.
Farewell, my Sonnette!"
And she vanishes—enveloped,
Dissolved, absorbed in the massive boulders
of the cliff—
Daughter of Summer, Fleeting Child of Night.

From the surging, crashing, roaring Sea
Arises a voice, booming and echoing from its sands:
"In my cool depths
Lie the peace and solitude
For which you seek;
God's marine life
In my subterranean kingdom dwell.
And in the thick, clear atmosphere
Bloom myriad color flowers;
From rugged stones
Sprout emerald oaks
Equal to the greenery of your spring.
Refuge awaits thee also!"
But from the Rocks comes a voice, piercing, taunting,
"Jump! my fool. Jump!
Nothingness awaits thee."
Motionless, Milieu stands
With eyes raised to the Heavens,
With hands toward the Sea:
"Shall I obey the voice of false marble
When the call of the eternal
Sea
Beckons me?"

Echoing from the very walls of the cliff,
A graying Greek temple, from the rich, cold
Altars of stone rings the answer.
"Follow only thy own mind.
Neither the Sea, nor the rocks,
Nor any God can make thy choice.
Think! Consider! Wait!"
A preying silence,
A calm Sea, quiet winds.
From behind the large boulder which blocks
The pass to the cliff-cathedral steps Moyen,
A young man—brilliant, compelling, alive!
Aware of the presence of new life,
Moyen turns: "Was it you who spoke from the rocks?"
"—And was it you who seeks the Sea?"
Look! Look down, my friend!
How impotent, how lake-like
It lies and rolls there,
Gently striking the immovable rocks,
Lord of little more than its own expanse.
Are you not master of the elements?

Fear! Fear! The everlasting curse of man.
Fear is thy life.
Hate is thy Love.
Lust, thy Creed.
Fear, thy God.
Life?—Nothingness!
Jump then, my fool! Jump!
Nothingness awaits thee also.
To me the Sea is thy Master;
Lust, thy Maker!"
The Eyes of Milieu spark with anger,
His face, livid:
"Blasphemy! Thou art a Blasphemer!"

"And a fool thou art,
Son of a fallen God!"

". . . Knowest thou no God?"

With features firm, Moyen replies,
"Myself I know.
My own life I hold—
Knowledge is my Love. . . .

Summon then this God;
You call, but the lone
Reply is the damned Sea.
Is he your Master?
Do the changing winds
Rule your thoughts?"
The dark mist of a shattered dream
Clouds Milieu's mind. Cold winds
pierce, seize, numb:
"Below this hell on high,
Down in the valley
In our cottage by the silent brook
Awaits my beloved Sonnete.
(How my hands long
To again gently explore
Her smooth, fragrant body
And kiss the pale, pulsating breasts.)

. . . My God!
Is my Love only Lust?
A preying silence,
A calm Sea, quiet winds,
A voice from the Rocks: "Of love is true . . ."
"Sonnette!"
And Moyen seizes the cold hand of Milieu:
"'Tis only the wind in the rocks;
She does in the valley await you.
Think of the brook;
Remember the sweet lilacs,
Let us go down to the valley.
Leave this evil;
No life exists here—"
With uncontrolled madness
Milieu shouts to the skies:
"God! Master of your false Heaven!
Here stands he who desires thy eternal
presence—
If you exist: Strike him dead!"
Even
the Sea
is
Silent. . . .
Calmly speaks Moyen, his young face
Living, glowing—smiling softly:
"Let us go down to the valley;
Let us leave this evil.
For spring awaits us."

Above sweep the ever changing winds
Reaping the harvest of the thick, clear
atmosphere;
Below from rugged stones fall decaying
oaks of the Sea
In foul forests where delicate flowers fade. . . .

Music f

PRELUDE

The dreamers,
We are men!
Superior,
Strong.
The God's images,
The little-lower-than-the-angels,
Superior,
Strong,
Above the beasts
And over the fools.
Men!
Superior,
Strong.
Possessors of souls,
Capabilities and power.
Superior,
Strong.
Above the fools
And over the beasts,
Alone,
Superior,
Strong.
There are others with souls,
But minor souls.
There are others with dreams,
But foolish dreams.
There are others with power,
A futile power.
We are men,
Ours is the better dream,
The greater power,
The greater soul,
Superior to all
But our superiority.

"Cease Fire!"
An icy command hangs over
bloodshed,
Hangs in the icy, expectant air,
Loud, weary words,
From a face too tired for
expression—
Hanging until rifles
One by one grow silent,
And there is only the echo of
bloodshed.

Weary bodies,
Bent against the cold,
Numb,
Seek shelter,
Weary minds,
Bent unwillingily on bloodshed,
Almost numb,
Seek shelter.

Against the frozen earth of
foxholes
Men shiver.

hristmas

e

Snowflakes dance crazily,
Mockingly happy,
And drunk with watching men
And their destiny.
One by one,
Dancing.
Then many,
In waves of beauty
Dancing to the ground.
And to coats worn and tattered,
Nestling comfortably
Upon dried blood.

Weary bodies,
Rested,
Find refuge in sleep.
Weary minds,
Near exhaustion,
Find none.

Snow falls,
For a time
Lending the white gloss of purity
To bloodstained ground.

POSTLUDE

The sun was setting,
Leaving brilliant echos,
That we would hear through the
night.
Rays of red,
Of white
And of gold,
Mingled,
Merged,
Beauty dazzled eyes and minds.

Night crept,
Stole upon this beauty—
With villian's hands
Stifled the last echos
Of beauty.

Light bowed to darkness.
In night,
We groped and stumbled,
Seeking light.

Eternal night
Conceals us.
We hear no voice—
Only the shrill,
Hysterical,
Frenzied laugh of Destiny.

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MUSIC

Tommy Jones

THE CHRISTMAS season is most assuredly one of music. There are many beautiful songs written about and for this joyous season of the year. Everyone enjoys singing the familiar Christmas Carols and Hymns as well as the popular melodies that have been associated with the season. A favorite of everyone is Irving Berlin's *White Christmas*. Fred Waring has a beautiful recording of it. You will also enjoy Fred Waring's album of Christmas Carols.

There are many works by many composers that remind you of Christmas, but there is one work in particular that I automatically think of when I think of the Yule season. This is George Handel's *The Messiah*. It is by far the most popular Oratorio ever written and to me one of the most beautiful. I believe that all of you have heard parts of *The Messiah*, like *He Shall Feed His Flock* or the *Hallelujah Chorus*. I am wondering, though, if you know the story behind this masterpiece. In case you do not, I will tell you now.

George Frederick Handel was quite successful as a writer and producer of Opera. It happened that his style of opera was going out of vogue. After three or four failures he found himself penniless. It was then that he turned to the Oratorio. He wrote *The Messiah* in twenty-three days. It is written in three parts—Jesus' birth, suffering, and death—and His resurrection. It would take around eight or twelve hours to listen to a complete performance. It is for this reason that you only hear parts of the work in concert.

When *The Messiah* was first presented in England, the audience was so moved by the majesty of the Hallelujah Chorus that they rose as if on a prearranged signal. Ever since that day, audiences rise when the Hallelujah Chorus is performed.

Handel is not remembered for his operas, even though they were good. He is remembered today because he wrote *The Messiah*. Can you think of a greater tribute to a man's life than a work like this masterpiece?

Last month the Metropolitan Opera House opened for the season. Its opening opera was Verdi's *Aida*. Since I was not present I cannot give you a personal viewpoint as to how good it was, but the consensus of opinion of those critics that were present is that it was one of the best openings ever. The settings and costumes had had a complete rehauling as well as the choreography. One writer said that one of the outstanding moments was when a solo dancer aided by two blackamoors did a dance that resembled a sideshow "houch" dancer or a "belly wiggler." He also stated that "it was the first time I have seen a dance that one of the Pharoahs might have really enjoyed." I cannot say more about the Met's opening except that this season will probably prove to be one of the best and it would help to keep your eyes on the happenings at this home of the Opera.

America is not noted for its great operas. That is, operas written by Americans. Out of the few so-called good ones I think that one, *The Medium*, stands out above the rest. This opera in two acts will probably be considered good long after we are gone. I think too that Gian-Carlo Menotti, the composer, has a very promising future as a writer of Opera. He will make one of the best contributions to American Opera. He is a man well worth watching.

The Medium was first presented at Columbia University in 1946. After revision and restaging it was presented on Broadway in 1947. It is a tragedy in two acts about a Medium, a phony one, who falls victim to her own imagination. It is a simple plot with well sustained suspense. Its six characters are strange and colorful.

Menotti wrote the book and lyrics, composed the music, directed the first two stagings, and now has recorded it on film. Opera usually falls short when it is filmed. *The Medium*, however, is supposed to be the best filming of an Opera. That remains to be seen. Menotti took his stars to Rome for the filming and directed the entire proceedings. The part of the medium is played by Marie Powers, who played it on Broadway. The mute is played by Leo Coleman. He was also taken out of the original cast. The part of the medium's daughter is taken by Anna Marie Alberghetti. She played the part of Teresa, the blind girl, in the latest Crosby movie, *Here Comes the Groom*. If the cast is any indication as to the success of the filming, then its success is guaranteed.

Last year on Opera Night of the Spartanburg Music Festival, Converse presented *The Medium*. Anyone who missed this production was indeed unfortunate. It was very professionally done. Everyone did a splendid job with their parts. Radiana Pazmor sang the role of the medium with such power and force that the audience was left spellbound at the last curtain. The medium's daughter was sung by Mrs. Lester Columns. She gave a performance that was far above any amateurish state. *The Medium* was the best artistic work that I have seen in Spartanburg in my two years at Wofford. I am looking forward to seeing it on

(Continued on page 24)

Ralph Bailey

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON RUTLEDGE

A Study of a Southern Contemporary Writer

THE name of Dr. Archibald Hamilton Rutledge for many years has been held in high esteem by sportsmen, nature lovers, and readers of modern poetry and prose. Rutledge, now in his sixty-ninth year, is still regarded as one of the South's greatest and best-known contemporary writers, as he is writing constantly at his home, Hampton Plantation, near McClellanville, South Carolina.

Full written accounts of Dr. Rutledge's life are not in existence; no biographies have been written about him because of the fact that he is still living. However, Rutledge himself has given some facts about his life in his various writings.

Rutledge was born at Hampton Plantation on October 23, 1883. He is the son of Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge and Margaret Seabrook Rutledge. From his father, Rutledge has inherited his profound love of nature, sports, and human kindness.

What Boswell was to Johnson as a traveling companion, so was Rutledge's father to young Archibald. Rutledge loves to tell of his many trips that he has taken along the seacoast with his father. On these trips, Colonel Rutledge would tell his son of the Confederate days when he was the youngest colonel in the Confederate Army and when he commanded the Twenty-fifth North Carolina regiment at the Battle of Antietam.

At this battle, the Colonel would undoubtedly have lost his life if it had not been for the supreme devotion and loyalty of his Negro body servant who attended him throughout the war. Colonel Rutledge always remembered the incident and thereafter was in sympathy with the Negroes — another characteristic that Rutledge has inherited from his father.

Rutledge's father was a skillful sportsman and had a thorough knowledge of wild life. When Rutledge was young, his father would take him out in the woods with him and teach him how to appreciate nature and how to obey the laws concerning game hunting — laws that his father never broke. On many occasions, Colonel Rutledge would see an opportunity to add a little philosophy to his talks about nature to his son that greatly influenced Rutledge as he began to write. Rutledge has recorded many of these; the one following comes from *My Colonel and His Lady:*

I recall his showing me late one afternoon a broad, straight, shallow gully that had just been made across the road. The track led from the sunny pinelands into the hushed and glimmering mystery of a swamp. "Son," he said, "that's the track of a diamondback rattlesnake, a lordly serpent that never does so ignominious a thing as to wriggle. He travels straight. That's more than some men do. And he's a gentleman, too; and that's more than many men are.

When a physican told Colonel Rutledge that he would have to end his hunting days, the Colonel wrote his son, who was then in Pennsylvania:

The old idiot (my father wrote me in his usual spirited fashion) says I must hang up my hunting horn and lean my gun in the corner—for keeps. I'll hang him up, or stand him in the corner for keeps before I'll stay out of the woods. I'm only eighty-two, Benjamin. (He always called me that because I was his youngest son.) Why quit so young?

His father had one other deer hunt afterwards and died in 1923 at the age of eighty-three. His death marked the end of a man who had been more than a father to his son; he had been a companion, instructor, and spiritual leader.

Another great influence in Rutledge's early life was his mother. She often read to him when he was little and then before he entered Porter's she would read with him so that he soon gained an appreciation for reading and for the great books. His mother had a great faith in her son and it was the son's wish never to disappoint his mother because of this great faith.

Rutledge received his early education at Porter Academy in Charleston, South Carolina. He was thirteen years of age when he entered and attended Porter until 1900. In 1900 he entered Union College in New York, where he received his B. S. degree in 1904 and his M. A. in 1907.

Upon his graduation from Union, Rutledge became a newspaper writer in Washington, D. C. After a period of only a few months at this position, the headmaster of Pennsylvania's famous Mercersburg Academy wrote Rutledge to ask him to fill in for two weeks for a teacher who was ill. He went, but instead of staying two weeks, he remained at Mercersburg for thirty-three years as head of the English Department.

Rutledge returned to his birthplace, Hampton Plantation, in August 1937. With the help of the faithful Negroes on the plantation, Dr. Rutledge has restored much of the old Southern plantation life at Hampton. Upon his return to Hampton, he found many relics of plantation life and he wanted to display them to visitors—who are many. He has made a plantation museum in the old kitchen which is a separate building from "the great house."

Dr. Rutledge has a winsome way with the Negro servants at Hampton. They are as much a part of the life there as the family in "the great house." Sue Alston has been named

the guardian angel of Hampton by Rutledge, and she and her son, who is the foreman of Hampton, are often subjects in the writings of Rutledge. *It Will be Daybreak Soon* is dedicated to Sue Alston. Praising his servants, Rutledge says, "I, too, am a visitor here; and I am trying to be a considerate guest."

Since his return to Hampton in 1937, Dr. Rutledge has continued his hunting and writing. His latest book, *A Wildwood Tale*, has made him the author of over fifty books.

He is in constant demand for lectures throughout the United States and spends a great portion of his time lecturing before thousands each year. Rutledge devotes time to the reading of manuscripts which are sent to him by aspiring writers; he enjoys encouraging young writers and has been instrumental in getting several volumes published for young writers.

Rutledge has received honorary degrees from Franklin and Marshall College, Oglethorpe University, Washington and Lee University, Furman University, and both Universities of the Carolinas.

In 1932 he was the recipient of the John Burroughs Medal for the best writer of nature.

In December 1950, Rutledge was named Man of the Year for South Carolina for his contributions and aid to the state's agriculture.

In the remaining paragraphs of this paper, the writer will attempt to review a portion of Dr. Rutledge's works and treat them, not critically, in three respects: 1) as a naturalist, 2) as an imagist, 3) as an inspirationalist.

RUTLEDGE AS A NATURALIST

As earlier stated, Rutledge's father gave a great portion of his love of nature to his son, who soon developed a love and knowledge of nature. Rutledge is out of doors enjoying nature and seeking to develop himself much of his time at Hampton. (Dr. and Mrs. Rutledge spend six months of the year at their home on Alabama Street in Spartanburg, South Carolina.)

A man who writes as Rutledge does concerning nature must have a good background and knowledge in nature and nature study, although he has been called a "nature faker." On the other hand, it is unusual that one man could have as many strange and unique experiences with nature and nature's children in one lifetime as Rutledge has had. Possibly, Rutledge is using that power that all writers must have — a strange and vivid imagination.

In his writings concerning nature and particularly the animals, Dr. Rutledge may use his imagination which is certainly philosophical in the actual recording of the story.

Dr. Rutledge tells the story of a young five-months-old hound puppy which he left under a porch one day to be cared for by a Negro servant who was to have met him at an appointed hour. The Negro failed to appear and since he had to drive back to his house and it was getting late, Rutledge made the puppy as comfortable as possible under the porch and, after tying him to a huge drag-log, left him.

I know not exactly why, but I worried a great deal about the pup. He looked so little and human, so lonely and appealing as I left him; and there shown in his eyes that strange, beautiful, patient light of utter fidelity and persistent affection. I thought of him throughout the homeward drive, and when I woke after a restless night, he was the first in my thoughts. And well he might have been! For when I went out into the yard, there he lay at the gate—a pathetic, heart-breaking urchin, cringing lest I should punish him.

Honestly, I could have wept like a child . . . he lay prostrated at his master's gate . . . a man did not have to be sentimental and imaginative to discover in that youngster's behavior proof of what love can and will do.

Did Dr. Rutledge forget that he had written before this that the dog was tied to a *huge* drag-log, so heavy that a large dog could not have dragged it along, much less a five-months-old puppy!

Rutledge seems not to concentrate on the precise elements in a story about his animals, but rather on the facts that will stir people emotionally. His accounts of nature study and the animals and wild beasts are written so he can put his own personality into them.

RUTLEDGE AS AN IMAGIST

The use of imagery is one of Rutledge's most outstanding and best-liked qualities. One can truthfully say that Rutledge is gifted with the talent of making a scene or situation clear and precise in a reader's mind by the use of his imagery and ability to create mind-pictures.

His use of adjectives and phrases used in the right places at the right times, adds greatly to his power as a writer. He has a certain clear charm and a distinctive feature in his writing. He gives the humor, the folklore, the religion of the Negro, their songs and superstitions in an entertaining and interesting manner.

Rutledge has the power to set the reader in any natural setting that he wishes to by his use of imagery.

I stood recently on the shores of a mountain lake at sundown after a heavy rain, and watched for an hour the magnificence of the west; the huge clouds smoldering, the long lanes of emerald light between them, then isolated clouds like red roses climbing up some oriel window of the sky, the deep refulgence behind it all. Superb as it was, momently it changed, so that I saw in reality a score of sunsets. I looked across the lonely, limpid lake, past the dark forest, far into the heart of the flaming skies.

One December day Rutledge and one of his servants were hunting on the coast where they had spotted a great stag and had followed him for

hours through marshes, thickets, and dark wood. Then finally, the stag came out into an opening where Rutledge easily could have shot him.

But the full moon rose over the ocean, tinging the dark momentous pines, fringing with light the maned sea breakers. It illumined the rolling dunes and the dark clusters of myrtles in their hollows. It touched the statuesque stag, and he became a silver stag with silver horns. The world went argentine, and the presence of Beauty was everywhere manifest. The sight of my rifle, which had been leveled on the deer's heart, was lowered. I took my gun down from my shoulder. I couldn't kill amid that song of hush and beauty. The world was too beautiful.

The use of complete imagery of a situation in the author's life gives the reader of Rutledge a conception of the situation.

Dr. Rutledge uses the power of imagery in his descriptions of his characters in all of his short stories, essays, and poems.

Following is a description of Bramson, a neighbor foreman:

Bramson was a man of burly proportions, hard-muscled, bronzed, with a heavy mustache, and with an expression always somewhat fierce. His motions were truculent, abrupt; he always wore a chip; and he had a habit of staring an intruder out of countenance.

RUTLEDGE AS AN INSPIRATIONALIST

Rutledge's popularity as a writer can be attributed to the fact that he writes poetry and prose for inspirational ends. He has lived a deep religious and spiritual life since childhood. His mother always taught him to have a deep faith in God and a reader can find this throughout his works.

Rutledge believes that God created this world of nature in order to fill our hearts with a sense of beauty, and to teach us His loving care. The world of nature is one incomparable art gallery. Never does Rutledge consider nature in one of his books without giving the reader an opportunity to worship or meditate, because he always summarizes all incidents with the fact that God is the supreme Creator and all the world is His—this is Rutledge's faith in God. Then God has entrusted this world to man and has "made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." This is Rutledge's faith in man.

The author takes you to a friend's bedside and you go away feeling deeply enriched, spiritually, because of the way Rutledge has written of the experience. Rutledge takes you on another amazing incident: Two old mountaineers were always "out to get each other" and one day they had decided to "finish it." While one of the men was hiding behind a shrub his eyes fell upon a flower that his mother had loved so much while she was alive and he thought of his mother and forgot all about the reason that he was there. The feud ended because of a flower and a memory.

Much of Rutledge's poetry has been devoted to his faith and love of God and nature — his own personal faith concerning Nature and God.

THE HAND

Though I cannot understand,
Yet I trust and I believe
From the same Almighty Hand
All the stars their law receive,
Giving sun and moon their rounds,
And the flaming comet, bounds.
Where the ponderous planets roll
Is the same divine control,
As I feel within my soul.
To that dim restless wand
Multitudinous worlds respond;
And the Love that sways Arcturus
And the mightier stars beyond,
Makes the shore the wild sea's yoke,
From the acorn rears the oak,
Lifts the wild flower's fragile grace,
Holds the thunder in his place,
Moors the darkly massive mountain
To his granite-tenoned base;
And the Master over these
For my heart a mandate holds,
As for burning Betelguese.
All the ancient music golden,
All the august silence golden,
Of the far primeval rhythm
In deep harmony's upholden
By the will that never alters,
By the Hand that never falters.

Rutledge's ability as an inspirational writer cannot be doubted, and if that was the only pattern he would follow he would still be one of the greatest Southern contemporary writers.

The Willow

O leave our age's mad machines,
Forget the bustling town.
Go find you fresh and dewy greens,
And there, friend, lie you down,
And weep beneath a willow.

There weep the ills the time has brought,
In quiet cool and shade.
And weep the waste your life has bought
And wounds that love has made.
But weep beneath a willow.

And think, friend, how you got your pain,
And why your hopes lie dead.
And see what profits were your gain.
See why your soul has bled.
And weep beneath the willow.

Perhaps the world was not to blame—
Sure, most blame lies with you.
Why weep you now, friend? For your shame—
The willow's weeping too.
Now sleep beneath the willow.

—Bill Duke

MOVIES

Sid Fulmer

It is too bad that the average theatre-goer frowns upon and shies away from those motion pictures which have been labeled as art films. For the very reason of this public contempt of such pictures, theatre managers in cities the size of Spartanburg continually refuse to schedule these art films—and from a business point of view this is quite understandable. One notable exception was the showing of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in Spartanburg last month, and from the size of the audience on the night on which this reviewer saw the film, the movie managers were not "losing their hats."

One of the noteworthy aspects of this film version of *Cyrano* was the brilliant direction of a newcomer to the rank of Hollywood's directors—Stanley Kramer. Working as an independent, Mr. Kramer first produced the outstanding hit, *The Men*, which was a psychological study of paralytics. This one picture alone insured Mr. Kramer not only financial but also artistic success. As is too often the case, however, one such notable success is followed by a complete flop. But not in the case of Mr. Kramer. Immediately after finishing *The Men*, he started work on his most notable achievement to date, *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

One of the first problems which Mr. Kramer had to face was the selection of an actor for the demanding role of Cyrano. Possibly no other role in the world of drama has required so much of an actor. Every movement, every gesture, every word spoken by this character is of tremendous importance to the continuity of the play. For this exacting role, Mr. Kramer turned most wisely to the Broadway stage, which at this time has probably more good actors and actresses than ever before. The choice for a Cyrano was Jose Ferrer, who himself has been successful in the field of direction. Mr. Ferrer's performance in *Cyrano* proved to be the most excellent piece of acting of 1950 and consequently won for him the coveted *Oscar*.

Anything that I could say here about this performance would be entirely repetitious, for many critics have long since written many words of praise for this film. This film version of *Cyrano* is the first one that I have ever seen, but I am sure that no other actor has topped Ferrer, either on the legitimate stage or on the screen. In the famous scene in which Cyrano engages one of the king's officers in a sword duel while composing verse, Mr. Ferrer probably reached his greatest height. The audience was completely captivated by the ending of this scene. Other sequences, too numerous to mention here, were overshadowed by the perfection of Ferrer's performance.

The play itself is somewhat weaker than its major character. Written by Edmund Rostand, who was never one of the more important of the French writers, the play contains many lines and scenes with which many critics have at one time or another taken issue, but these issues are too insignificant when one thinks of the many really glorious lines in the play. As one observer has noted, "Who can withhold a tear for Cyrano as he hides his preposterous nose in the darkness and lets his lyric utterances win the fair Roxanne for the handsome but mute Christian de Neuvilette?"

Or still, "Who has not been moved to pity by the romantic picturings of the unerring swordsman and ghost-writing maker of sonorous ballades?" Truly such scenes of emotion could come only from the pen of a master, even though his fame might not be the greatest.

Mention must also be made of Mala Powers, the brilliant new star, who handled the role of Roxanne so capably. Miss Powers conveyed to her role all the sweetness and daintiness of a young girl so much in love. Although Miss Powers' role may have been minor in comparison to that of Mr. Ferrer's, it was none the less taxing.

To those who made it possible for us to see *Cyrano*, we say "Thank you very much!"

Turning from a straight dramatic film, I would now like to review *An American in Paris*, which is one of those "once-in-a-lifetime" musicals. Faintly reminiscent of an earlier M. G. M. musical success, *On the Town*, *An American in Paris* combines the artistry of Gene Kelly with the greatest proficiency of music and comedy. Mr. Kelly, who also did the choreography for this film, is at his delightful best. Even the great Fred Astaire would have a hard time living up to the performance of Mr. Kelly and that is saying quite a bit. Especially noteworthy was his arrangement of *I Got Rhythm*, in which he used the song as a basis for a language lesson to a group of French children. His dancing in the final ballet sequence was almost beyond description.

Another important feature of the film was the debut of the young French ballet star, Leslie Caron. In her first film appearance Miss Caron completely captivated her American audience with her unusually good looks and talents. In one scene she performed several dances which were interpretative of the different phases

(Continued on page 24)

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DRAMA

Bill Duke

Tennessee Williams holds a unique position among our contemporary dramatists. His work possesses an individualism and a uniqueness which defies approach. The very uniqueness of a Williams drama proves that it is drama written in the style of which Williams alone is the master. The uniqueness of his work is the uniqueness of subtle symbolism and the uniqueness of fragile and delicate atmospheres. It is the uniqueness of animal emotions blended in human bodies, and it is the uniqueness of the poetry of simplicity. With *The Glass Menagerie*, *Summer and Smoke* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* to his credit, Williams brought to Broadway and to the play reading public *The Rose Tatoo.*

In a world of rapidity where, as Carson McCullers expresses it, "Time, the endless idiot, runs screaming through the world," Williams, by the sheer magic of his technique, has created a timeless world. He has arrested time by confining it to a Sicilian colony somewhere on the American Gulf Coast. He has confined it between the opening and the closing curtains of a play, between the covers of a book, between the boundaries of *The Rose Tatoo.* The Sicilian colony is a world set apart, but in it are the emotions, the appetites, the frustrations and the desires and dreams which in a world of reality run a losing race against time.

The heroine of *The Rose Tattoo* is Serafina Delle Rose. She is a woman who possesses two loves, one for her husband Rosario and another for Our Lady. Both are unquestioning and undoubting passions. Our Lady speaks to Serafina in signs. When she had conceived there appeared on Serafina's breast the replica of the tatoo which was upon Rosario's chest, the Rose Tatoo. Our Lady is to Serafina a glory, the glory of divinity and purity, the glory of being above the weaknesses of man. Serafina's goal was to approach that glory through Rosario, whose love helped her to approach it. The strong arms of Rosario, the healthy Sicilian physique, the tanned skin, the smell of rose oil on his hair were glorious to Serafina, and possessing them gave her the glory she sought. Love was possession and through love Serafina had glory.

Rosario is killed while hauling dope along with bananas for the Romano Brothers, and Serafina loses the child whose conception was marked by the appearance of the rose tatoo on her breast. Serafina weeps for him for three years and for those three years she dies. Contrary to the doctrines of her religion Serafina has the body of her husband cremated. Every night she dreams that he is loving her as he did every night after they were married.

Serafina's daughter Rosa goes to a dance shortly before her high-school graduation, and there she meets the brother of one of her friends, a sailor, and the two fall in love. Serafina discovers this and locks Rosa's clothes in the closet to prevent her leaving the house. Serafina has lost all interest in life and lives only in the memory of Rosario. She wears only a dirty pink slip and is unconcerned over her appearance. The realization of the state to which she has sunk and the entreaties of Rosa's teacher finally persuade her to allow Rosa to attend the graduation.

Serafina is a constant object of ridicule with her neighbors and it is discovered by them that Rosario had an affair with another woman. The fact is hurled at Serafina repeatedly and she refuses to believe the accusation, but it preys continually upon her mind. A broken and beaten woman now, Serafina is introduced to Jack, whom Rosa has brought home before they go on the school picnic. Now distrusting everyone, Serafina questions Jack and makes him bow before Our Lady and promise her that he will respect the innocence of Rosa.

While Rosa and Jack are gone, a salesman stops at Serafina's house and is there found by Alvaro, the driver who is replacing Rosario. The salesman has been unusually nasty to Alvaro on the road, and Alvaro begins a fight with him but is defeated by a kick in the groin. He retreats into the house so as not to be seen crying and Rosa goes in to do what she can for him. He bears a strange resemblance to Rosario and Serafina recognizing it allows him to come back for supper that night. He does and spends the night with Serafina.

Rosa and Jack return early the following morning. They have defeated the passions which seized them and Jack has kept his promise to Our Lady. Jack must leave that day for a long sailing and Rosa makes a date to meet him at noon at the bus station in order to go to a hotel with him and spend the afternoon there before he leaves. Rosa quietly enters the house and sleeps on the sofa. Alvaro in a stupor of wine and love stumbles over her and wakes both Rosa and Serafina. The latter attempting to keep her secret from Rosa says that she has no idea how the man got into the house and orders him to leave immediately. Rosa sees through the lies, for as Alvaro leaves the neighbors resume their taunts and jeers. Serafina now broken and exhausted falls to the couch. Our Lady again speaks to her with a sign, for on her breast she feels the

burning of the rose which Alvaro had tatooed on his chest before he came. Realizing that she has again conceived, Serafina calls Alvaro back.

Apart from the major characters in the work, there is a large cast of "extras." Williams so skillfully works them into the framework of his drama that the extras are almost as important as the leads. They are used to establish much of the symbolism with which *The Rose Tatoo* abounds. Each rereading reveals new connotations of symbolism. The symbolism is far from obtrusive, little of it is conspicuous. It is the subtlety of the symbolism that lends to this work the charm and appeal with which it abounds. Even though some of the symbolism escapes, it links the scenes in an abstract unity, a unity in which time is suspended, in a world where things are not measured by the tick, tick, ticking of the clock, but by the love, love, loving of the heart.

The Rose Tatoo is pervaded with the atmosphere of Roses. There are the names of the characters, the frequent mention of the rose and the many rose-colored items which are so frequently brought into the action. Roses have a unique symbolism for each individual. They are the beauty of youth and love that will one day fade, they are the essence of remembered presences, they are the atmosphere of Spring in Winter. The symbolism of the Rose is never explained in the work, nor is there any clue as to what meanings the characters associate with the rose. There is only one speech which gives the importance of the rose and that is the one of Alvaro:

"It's always for everybody the time of roses. The rose is the heart of the world like the heart is the—heart of the—body."

Throughout the work there are scenes which are beautiful and poetic, but the beauty and the poetry lie in the fact that Williams has learned a form of legerdemain to work upon simplicity. One of the most powerful and moving scenes in contemporary drama, is the scene in

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A FUGUE IN MODERNISTIC

Bill Duke

Where a warm but bleeding rose
Blooms alone in cruel snows
Are you

Heybuddywhatyearisit

Where a valley seeks its thrills
With tearful dreams of far-off hills
Am I

Heywaiteranotherbeer

Where night is black but stars are bright
Where cruel daylight scorns the night
Are we

Ohwhatthehellanyway

Like champagne
We bubble and sparkle
Then go flat

Somebodyslugthejukebox

But not champagne
Beer
Like people
We will die
And maybe be happier

Yougotamatch

Or maybe
There will be more tears
And beers
And no champagne
Like diamonds
We could be real
Or fake

Closethedooritscoldinhere

I think it's fake
But we are human
Aren't we

Letssharpenaknifeandcutawaysome ofthesmoke

Like people
Drinking champagne
With diamonds on their fingers
And dreading death
Or wishing it would come

Coffeeblacknosugarandnocream

Where are you
I've even lost my image of you now
Is that you in the darkness
Or is it just a burning match
Is that your voice crooning love
On the juke box
Or is it just melted honey
Is that you wheeling around in my head
Or just some old thought

Bettermakethattomatojuicebuddy

Like people
Drinking champagne
With diamonds on their fingers
Like cigarettes smouldering in their own ashes

which Serafina and Alvaro stumble through their awkwardness to express their love for each other. Neither will admit love to the other but they attempt as best they know how to reveal their feelings. The scene is highly reminiscent of one in *The Glass Menagerie*, in which the young girl realizes that she is in love with the gentleman caller. It is the skill with which Williams devises these scenes which gives him the undisputed place which he holds among contemporary dramatists.

Williams' work reminds one of the conductor of a symphony orchestra. The characters are the instruments and the circumstances are the players. The circumstances draw emotions out of the characters and Williams blends these emotions into themes, and ultimately into a work of dazzling brilliance. The themes are carefully interwoven. One is subdued while another is brought into prominence. There are the tender themes of love, the savage themes of hate and anger, and the desperate themes of overwhelming determination. Williams blends his themes with such artistic delicacy that one can but stand in awe in the presence of such blinding brilliance.

Christmas, 1976

(From page 5)

contest; and she would probably be in it again. Freda had no desire to be Mrs. Santa Claus, and it was only Mr. Higgins' constant prodding that caused her to enter last year.

It always took place late in December and the weather was plenty cold. Freda felt so foolish standing on the platform, a mere bathing suit draping her shivering body, with mobs of people crowding around gaping. And the expressions on their faces! Christmas just wasn't worth it.

Freda looked at her schedule. There was nothing she had to do. That meant a day of wrapping gifts. She did that all during the year when there was spare time, so that the work wouldn't pile up just before Christmas. Mr. Higgins gave presents to everybody he knew, it seemed. They wouldn't feel right if he didn't. And of course he received almost as many—each one demanding a "thank you" note. What a nightmare for Freda!

She went back to her work room, got out her gift list, the presents and the wrapping materials, and started to work.

After a few minutes she looked out the window at the blue sky and the gentle breeze rustling the leaves. What a fine day for a trip to the mountains and a swim in a good, cold mountain pool. She looked at herself, the gifts, the wrapping paper and the ribbon lying around the room. If that wasn't a colossal way to spend the day after the Fourth of July—wrapping Christmas presents!

She threw down her work, ran to the door and back to her office where she grabbed the phone and dialed a number.

"Hello . . . is that you, Oswald?"

"Yeah, well, look here—let's get married. You're always wanting to."

"Yes, I know you don't have any money. But that's all right. I've—" she stopped and lowered her voice. "I've embezzled ten thousand dollars."

"Don't be so surprised. I just got the Christmas spirit on my side. Mr. Higgins is always wanting to give stuff to people, so I let him give some to me." . . .

"Of course, I'm serious." . . .

"Well, if you don't, then go to Hell." And she slammed the phone down. Her anger had taken complete control of her now. She jerked open the desk drawer and began to pull out her own things. When she had them all, she stuffed them in her purse.

Just as she started out the door, a car pulled up outside. It was Oswald. She walked up to it and looked at his grinning face.

"Well," she fumed.

"Let's get married."

"Oswald, you darling," she shouted and rushed into the car, crushing him with an embrace and sounding the horn. Suddenly Mr. Higgins himself emerged from the building.

"Let's go," said Freda. As the car started, she turned and blew a kiss to Mr. Higgins. Then, as a parting gesture, she shouted hysterically, "To Hell with Christmas, and to all a good night."

The car zoomed out of sight.

Saturday Night

It's Saturday night again, boys,
And life is in the town.
Tonight we will be men, boys,
And see what can be found.

The ladies they say are free, boys.
The drink they say is gin.
And that's the life for me, boys.
Tonight's the night for sin.

It's Saturday night tonight, boys.
Tomorrow we'll be in church.
We may be sinners tonight, boys,
But the Lord won't mind too much.

"It's sure a big disgrace, boys,"
You'll hear the preacher say.
And we'll laugh right in his face, boys,
Tonight we'll all be gay.

For who'll be the stokers in Hell, boys?
For who'll be the stokers in Hell?
We will, you know damn well, boys.
We will, you know damn well.

—Bill Duke

Conflict

(From page 10)

As if in answer to his thoughts, a burly hand reached out from an alley and cupped over her mouth. Another encircled her. She fought and kicked but her struggles were futile. A scalding wave of anger and hate began to surge upwards through his vitals, blinding his reason. With a bound he was upon the attacker like a savage dog. The man threw him off and his searching fingers closed around the neck of a broken bottle. Bringing it up he slammed down with all his strength at the hated leering face of his opponent. It struck under his ear and started a geyser of blood as it slanted across his throat. Simultaneously the automatic in the man's fist coughed and the searing slugs ripped and tore their way through his body. They both wilted to the ground. The girl ran to him and kneeling down she started to thank and question him in the same breath.

Feebly pulling out the ring, he managed to gasp, "Take this, I have my thanks," before the gush of blood spilling from his lips blotted out his words and his life.

Trances

(From page 11)

against the side of the building. Something, I felt, was drawing my eyes up to the arm of the lamp post in front of me. Maybe I had expected it all along, for I found no surprise in the sight I beheld. There on the arm with small diamond-like drops of mist clinging to his jet-black coat sat the stately raven.

I knew then the meaning of the bells. This ebony bird meant but one thing to me, and yet I found relief in seeing him again. Here was the undertaker who had come to take my soul home with him. Soon I was to be cured of this fever called living.

He cocked his head to one side, winked one of his fiery eyes at me and squirmed on his perch as if impatient with me for lingering so long.

"All right, fiend of a bird," I spoke to him for the first time, "be patient with me. I'll be coming along soon now."

I slipped down the side of the building to the wet pavement, and as I lay there, it seemed as if someone had gently laid their small, soft hand on my shoulder—and squeezed.

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

Music

(From page 16)

the screen. I believe that anyone that likes music at all would enjoy it.

I took my own advice and went to the library and listened to records. It is easy to spend a very enjoyable afternoon listening to the recent and by-gone "hits." Songs that we consider classic and "highbrow" today were once the popular tunes of other times. I haven't heard many of our popular tunes, though, that I think will become classics, but one never can tell. Classic tunes, melodies, and compositions are easy to understand if you only know the story they are trying to tell. To appreciate good music you must know what it is all about. You do not have to be a "brain" or an "intellectual" to enjoy the classics. You just have to know what to listen for.

Over the Christmas Holidays you will be hearing some of the world's best loved music. You will find it simple in a majestic way, because the story of Christmas is that way. Music is a vital part of life. If you miss out on music you have missed a part of life.

Sausage

Sausage is some meat that's beaten,
Mixed with God-knows-what and eaten
After being cooked—few eat it raw,
But even that's against no law.
It's rolled and patted in a ring
Made up of darn near everything.
Some's too tart and some's too sweet,
Some's too bulky, some's too neat.
Sausage hinders some digestion,
Others drool at the mere suggestion.
Sausage as it seems to me
Is very much like poetry.

—S.

Movies

(From page 20)

of her character. This was probably the highlight of her appearance. She and Gene Kelly made two convincing lovers without the usual syrupy stares and exasperating grimaces.

The American in Paris Ballet, which comes at the climax of the picture, was the most ambitious ballet sequence filmed by Hollywood, and it was also the best. Lasting nearly eighteen minutes, the ballet—though gaudy and sumptuous in presentation—was superbly danced and outdid several times the Red Shoes Ballet in the British film of the same name.

Oscar Levant and Nina Foch were quite good in their supporting roles. George Gershwin's music, of course, was delightful and the settings done by several Broadway designers were excellent.

TWO SONNETS

Gaylord and Graham May

Pride, S. C.

Near Carlisle there's a place called Pride,
Which through the years has seen no growth nor change—
If I may say one thing as an aside,
'Tis that I think the name extremely strange,
And you, undoubtedly would feel the same
To see a berg o'ergrown with briar and weed
Defiantly displaying as its name
A word from which fair images proceed—
Incongruous this seems to me and you.
Yet there are those who'd offer argument:
"Pride goes before destruction; 'tis not new
To see a high-hat spirit nearly spent;
And villages like people, when they're old
Bow low before reality, I'm told."

—Graham May

Dog Eat Dog

Professor, it would much inflate my pride
If I could get an "A" just for a change,
By putting inhibitions quite aside
To try my hand at sonneteering strange.
You will recall you did assign the same
To me who never could rhyme need with weed;
So now in Bard-of-Avon's style and name
Let me with my pentameter proceed,
Thus far, Sir, tell me, am I pleasing you?
And what's the pro and con of argument?
Of course you realize that I am new
At Shakespeare's art; I have already spent
An evening on twelve lines, you dirty old . . .
But wait—my "A"! . . . I dare not get you told!

—Gaylord May

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APPOINTMENT AT TWO

CHARACTERS

JOHN—*the husdand*, a tall distinguished-looking man in his thirties.

CAROL—*the wife*, a tall, blue-eyed young woman, in her late twenties.

The scene is laid in an upper-class living-room in a large city. As the play opens, Carol is seated in a large easy chair by a glowing fire. John enters, hat in hand, wearing an overcoat. He throws the hat on a chair next to the door and walks to the center of the room, not bothering to remove his overcoat. Carol rises, turns from the fireplace, and faces him.

John: What is it, Carol? I can't stay long. I have an appointment at two.

Carol: Well, I'm afraid it'll have to wait. I have something to tell you.

John: I think everything has been said that needs saying. There was a time when I thought we were meant for each other. I loved you then, and would have gladly died for you, I adored you so much . . . But that's in the past now, in a wonderful world that no longer exists—dead and gone forever.

Carol: We can begin again, John. What we had can never die. Can't you understand, darling, I love you? I keep telling myself over and over again that I hate you and despise you, but the words stick in my throat and somehow all the world is cold and dreary, for your name is always on my lips. My waking hours are filled with thoughts of you. At night, I dream I'm locked in your embrace, but then I open my eyes and there is only the darkness and the terrible endless silence, broken only by the dull, rhythmic ticking of the clock, ticking away the bitter hours, and the memories of my broken dreams.

John: Enough of this stupid sentimentality! Why do you insist on torturing me this way? What we had is over, done, finished. It wasn't love. It was a silly infatuation and nothing more. If that's all you have to say, Carol, I'll leave. I'm late for my appointment as it is. The divorce will go through as scheduled. I'll send my lawyer over in the morning with the necessary papers.

Carol: Wait, that wasn't what I called you here to tell you. I've put off telling you as long as possible under the circumstances. I'm expecting a baby in December. I'm not

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Harry Gall

asking consideration for myself, John, but think of the child—your child. If ——

John: I suppose that means you'll want a bigger settlement. Well, you won't get it. No, not one red cent more than I offered you last night. I'm being far too liberal as it is. The truth is that the love I once felt for you has turned into loathing and contempt beyond description. That's all I have to say, except Good-bye.

Carol: Do you think that after all the heartaches and tears I've endured to push you up the ladder of success that I am going to let you walk through that door and out of my life forever? I don't want your money, Just your love.

John: I'm walking out that door, whether you like it or not. And when I go you'll never see me again. The hardest part will be closing that door. But don't you see, I have to do it. Let's make it a clean, sharp break, without anger, without bitterness, and without the nagging torment of slow disintegration. Give me your hand and we'll part good friends.

Carol: That's right — clean and sharp, like a dagger plunged into the heart. Well, darling, it isn't that simple. You forget the nagging, endless pain that dogs a broken heart until the end of its days. What will I tell your son when he is born—that his father was a miserable, spineless, weakling, unfit and unworthy to call himself a man, or shall I lie, and tell him that his father was strong and brave and noble, and in lying choke back the tears? Which would you prefer, John? Which would be most compatible with your warped sense of love and honor?

John: I've offered a liberal settlement. I can say no more. And now, I'll ask you for the last time, will you give me a divorce? And I warn you, weigh your answer carefully before you give me a reply. I want my freedom and I intend to have it. And neither you nor all the fiends of hell shall bar the way.

Carol: Nothing will change my mind. The answer is and always will be, "No—a thousand times over." I'll never set you free, because I can't live without you.

John: That's your final answer? You won't reconsider?

Carol: My darling, I love you. How can I give you up?

John draws a gun from his overcoat pocket, and walks toward Carol.

John: You leave me no choice. Yes, it's a gun. Look at it well, my pet. It's the last thing those pretty blue eyes of yours will ever see.

John fires, Carol falls, the curtain comes down.

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COVER BY TOMMY JONES

Dedication

TO THOSE WOFFORD MEN
WHO HAVE RECENTLY LEFT US—
TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE
TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF A PHRASE
OR THE WORDING OF A CLAUSE,
OR PERHAPS TO ADD A FOOTNOTE
TO THE ANNALS OF HISTORY,
THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED

HOW A MAN DECIDES

J. Mason Stapleton, Jr.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The writer is indebted to Samuel M. Shoemaker, author of *A Young Man's View of the Ministry*, for the general outline used in this article. The article here printed was written in partial fulfillment of requirements for the local license to preach in the Methodist Church.

I.

WITHOUT a doubt there are men who seem to be "naturals" for the work of a minister. Every talent, every like or dislike, seems to propel them toward that one goal, much in the same way many men enter law, the dentistry, etc.

But far surpassing this group in numbers is another group composed of men who have little conception of what they want their respective vocations to be. There is no idea of an occupation which overwhelms them. There is no great goal into which they are pouring their time and energies.

Here is a man with distinct journalistic ability, but the thought of a newspaper career has no glowing attraction to him. He also sings well, but a musical career likewise lacks its appeal. Added to these are certain other aptitudes and abilities, of which there is no certain one that in his way of thinking deserves the devotion of his whole life.

These are the men who can cause most concern—men interested in a better world, men interested in something high and noble for their lives, but doubtful as to the best way these interests can be satisfied.

They are mature in mind and spirit. They see a world teeming with individuals—individuals starving not only for food and drink, but happiness, kindness, friendship and love. They see people clamoring deep within their own hearts for leaders with visions—great visions—and courage to try to make such visions real.

Instead of becoming a part of those troubled conditions, they feel within themselves the desire to do something to improve them. They become sensitive to the need.

Many more are dissatisfied with themselves. They are shocked one day to find that true happiness comes from pursuits other than wine, women, and song. Then they see a genuine Christian with the love of God shining from his whole being. They see in him a happiness and contentment, peace and power unsurpassed, and they know that Christianity is for them.

II.

Now comes the decision. A man wonders how to decide in what way he can be the best Christian. He considers the ministry and wonders if that is his place.

There is only one way to decide. That way is to do God's will. Naturally the man's next problem is to discover God's will for his life.

For some unknown compelling reason, a man does a thing; other things happen to him; he moves in a certain direction. Looking back, he becomes aware that he has been guiding and shaping his life into a definite pattern. God has been guiding all the time! Or maybe he does not act intuitively; maybe he has to decide the right action by reason. Then he must be honest in his decision. As long as a man does the best he can, God will assume responsibility for the rest.

Or perhaps a man enters into the counsel of a wise person—wise in spiritual things. Such action is good, but he must never forget that the final decision is his own responsibility. A counselor does not exist to decide for other people. He is merely supposed to help a man to decide for himself.

Another step is use of the Bible, especially the New Testament. The very force of Jesus' personality, the very power and confidence which he gave to other men will always make themselves felt on any person who reads it.

Nothing can overshadow the effectiveness of words like "if any man come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." "Take up thy bed and walk!" "Thy faith has made thee whole."

These are the words of a Master. And the way becomes clearer as he speaks. The real issues of life become apparent, and the man is recreated; he is changed!

Also must a man be extremely careful that his own bias or predilection does not color his decision. The promise of a successful and colorful career beckoned to one young man,

but the will of God distinctly said the pastoral ministry. With determination he chose the will of God. He is now supremely happy. Such is the case of any man who, in spite of his present ambitions, the opinions of his peers, and his own desires, does what he knows to be the will of God for his life. This is not to say that the will of God is always undesirable. But it might be undesirable only for the present. But the day of rejoicing will come!

Not to be overlooked is a man's use of his intelligence. The human mind is one of the greatest gifts God ever created. A man *must* make use of it. A great preacher once remarked that thinking is one method of praying. But let it be stressed that the thought must be thought with God. Men must think about war, social conditions and the other manifold problems which confront the world. They must wrestle with the ideas of the great minds of the world. Likewise the man considering the ministry should reason with himself concerning his personal qualities and determine if he is really capable of the great work it involves.

But the surest and safest way of determining God's will is through prayer. It is surprising, indeed a shame, that so many people, so-called Christians, are neglecting its use.

Let no atheistic psychologist or philosopher belittle the meaning of prayer! There is too much empirical evidence to testify for its effectiveness. Prayer is communion with God. It is the way to *discover* His will, not to *change* it. Dr. Fosdick has called it "giving God gangway."

The best way a man can understand the awful power of prayer is to study its effect on the life of Jesus himself.

Jesus prayed in the desert to discover the real meaning of Messiahship. When popularity mounted, he retreated into the desert to discover the way such popularity should be used. In the Garden of Gethsemane, as the horrifying image of the cross loomed greater and greater into His perspective, He prayed with poignant anguish to make the final terrible decision.

The most cold-blooded of atheists must admit that some great power of decision, some great courage, had to flow into Jesus' being when He prayed.

If this be not true, why did He retreat into the desert and return to emerge and develop a formula which could solve the problems of the world?

For what other reason did He pray in the Garden of Gethsemane until sweat as drops of blood tumbled from His body?

Would a man of Jesus' incredible genius have bothered to pray if the answer to His problems lay in another source?

Christian or not, a man must admit that something took place when Jesus prayed—something that gave Him the answer to the momentous questions which He had to answer.

Even to try to explain what took place is the speculation due only to a saint. But after Jesus prayed, He acted, doing things, making statements, and setting forth ideals which have completely changed the course of man's life on the earth.

III.

Perhaps men after wrestling with many decisions will decide that God's will for their life's work is something other than the ministry.

However, if more men "wrestled," it is certain that many more would hear and heed the still small voice warmly urging them to enter this greatest of privileges.

Needs He Confronts

I.

There are three hungers—spiritual hungers—which continually manifest themselves in the life of men.

Some unique quality in human beings causes them to inquire into the meanings, the purposes, the reasons for life. Thus we crave explanation; we want these questions answered intelligently.

John Ruskin said that every man must attempt to answer three questions: "Whence did I come? What am I? Whither am I going?"

If such explanation is not given, men become only creatures performing the natural functions of life. Their spirits die. Life loses all meaning, all comprehension. But let this explanation come forth and these creatures become men, children of a Father. Life assumes significance.

Also active in men is the desire for inward peace. Behind the rough exteriors, the forced smiles, the blank looks, the swaggering vain fronts, the eyes with no vision, lies this desire.

The rich man wants more riches. The scholar wants more than knowledge, the common man wants more than plain commonness.

For in every class, in every social status, there are people whom life has lashed with the waves of hardship; all have been hurt, all have felt inadequate, all have felt loads which crushed.

Sorrow does not limit itself to race or creed, rich or poor, big or little. It comes to all. And when it comes, men want inward peace.

Likewise, people need dynamic. It is surprising to observe the blank stares, the cloudy countenances of some folks. To them life is a term synonomous with boredom.

It holds no action, no excitement, no thrill. They have never found the star to which they want to hitch their wagon. To live is to live only in physical form. Life is eating, sleep

ing, and dull work. It is drudgery. Religion must deal with these needs. Only Christianity can satisfy them entirely. There may be other simple, or even complex man-created philosophies, but eventually they will break down. One reminds us of science. But science tells men "how to put over," not "what to put over."

The determination of values, ideals and goals—all the things which give life meaning and make it worth living—must come from religion.

II.

To whom would God intrust such tremendous responsibility but Christian ministers? And the man who takes this task, this privilege, this responsibility upon his shoulders must be indeed a man. For such a job demands more than brute strength. It demands energy and power which come only from a deep experience with the living God.

He must make the world dissatisfied with its evil and injustices. He must help bear the burdens of his people. He must give to his flock the love and understanding as well as the noblest aspirations.

He must keep the present-day society mindful of the fact that men can always rise above conditions in which they exist. He is the optimistic trail-blazer.

He represents the transcendence of of men over a present-day society deriving its only joy from nothing save *things*.

He is the royal ambassador acting as a guide post to fellowship with God.

And so he is a loving, compassionate shepherd proclaiming to the lonely, the downcast, "that the Lord is their strength and their salvation; of whom shall they be afraid?" He is a prophet throwing challenges to the strong as well as the weak—challenges to turn from evil pursuits and live and work in the name of God—challenges which give zest to a body dead in all but physical form—challenges to me to build another world—a world for Christ—and lastly, challenges which bring into action the qualities of goodness and Christlikeness lying latent in all men.

This he does because men are of value—value by virtue of the fact that they are children of God with eternal needs, namely explanation, inward peace, dynamic. No man is more qualified than the Christian minister to satisfy these needs.

But each generation has its own special needs. Ours is no exception. The greatest need confronting the Church of today is the lack of meeting its own needs.

People want Christ and Christian churches, but that is not what they find.

They see instead a compromise with evil. They see management refusing to associate with labor. They see mercenary congregations bowing to the demands of the member with the biggest roll of bills. They see officers of the church little more than Beelzebubs in their daily actions. They have heard stupid, thin, man-made philosophies preached from the sacred desks. They have heard ministers aim at nothing and hit it in the bull's eye. They have heard unreasonable Christianity worth nothing save to the modern day scribes and pharisees.

But these are not all the present-day needs. There are social conditions, the question of war and peace, the steady degeneration of moral sanctity, the "new" freedom which carries obligations which haven't been met.

III.

But perhaps the condemnation should not be too great.

For men of modern-day society are only searching for happiness. But they fail to realize that true happiness comes in doing God's will; that pouring all one's time and energies into the biggest and best thing in the world, namely the Christian life, is the most wonderful thing in the world—that it holds the most thrilling adventure, the most exotic romance, the most joyful experience of any undertaking the world has to offer.

But some ministers have forgotten their real responsibility. It has slipped their minds that they are not social reformers, that they are not philosophers, or anything else, save Christians and men of religion with the most important job in the world, conversion—conversion which means a complete about-face and then a march in the direction of whole and complete Christian living; conversion which means total and absolute surrender to God's will.

What keeps men from helping people to meet these needs of the spirit?

Some are reticent and shy. They have not exercised the courage necessary to getting with grips at people. Some are not sure of a way to go about it. Others are sincere in their efforts to do good, but they have never touched a spiritual live-wire which gives them something to share. Many are simply unconverted. They are in reality ministers of the devil. They are politicians chasing steeples. They compromise with Christian morals. In short, they sin.

IV.

Thus we need pioneers—the rough, untamed kind of pioneer who is evermore blazing new trails.

There must be men with more on their minds than wheel turning; men who realize that there is more to the ministry than useless study of theological riff-raff, stained-glass winwindows, tall spires, huge pipe organs, comfortable studies, fellowship suppers and cake sales.

There have to be men so glowing with the spirit of God that they light up the lives they touch.

There must be men as torches—torches burning with the spirit of Christ, making men so miserable, so

unhappy, so restless, so dissatisfied that they are a mass of conflicts until "they rest in God!"

There must be men who convict us of the greatness, the thrill, and the joy of the Christian life which begins with Surrender of ourselves!

V.

Coupled to these other needs is the need for unity.

The modern church is divided by a wide cleavage. On one side are the so-called fanatics. They hold to the old interpretation of Christianity, reverencing the Bible as infallible, intensely holding to the essence of the evangelical experience, possessing a rich piety and undying devotion to God.

On the other side are the more or less empirical minded. They are scientific in their approach.

Their theology is strictly intellectual. They are holding to a greater program of religious education. They are modern in every approach. Probably their most obvious trait is emphasis on social action.

Neither of these groups is wrong, but neither goes far enough in its emphasis. The former stresses the personal side; the latter the social side.

There must be a Christianity expounding both. For "man does not live by bread alone." The Spirit of Christ must likewise shine into every corner of his life.

Before this cleavage can unite, we must have men of deep and effective spiritual experience, men who possess their spirit of social action because they live continually in the presence of the living God.

Dr. Johnson said that knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

That is what we need—men not with knowledge alone, but a wholeness of character deriving itself from a vivid experience with God.

We need men combining Christianity and education.

Why must there be division when there is no division?

What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!

VI.

The ministers we need are the ministers with an integrated view of Christianity. A prospective minister needs to take his stand on some distant perspective outside this Earth and feel not only the poignancy of looking down upon a society dotted with festering sores, but the painful awareness that there are men's hearts cold because the flame of Christ has not yet begun to burn deep within them.

VII.

All this means more than a sweet and tender modesty, a smiling countenance, ardent participation in the Junior Charity League, or the Rotary Club, and sympathetic phrases to people in sorrow.

It means a call for men who have the love of Christ so inculcated into their minds and spirits that they look upon the world around them and refuse to accept it as it is.

It means a call for men who believe in Jesus so much that life without Him is completely vapid that He is indispensable in life; that want Christ to come "into their hearts" and "shine out" as a ray that leaves its mark as a burning blowtorch on every life it touches.

VIII.

Let the young minister never be afraid of opposition! It is time for a few fogies, society queens who keep up their front by church attendance, as well as a few dead - heads who think the church revolves around them, to have the fear of God put into them.

There ought to be young ministers who have a Christian goal in the distance and set out to reach it, ruthlessly sweeping opposition aside.

Christ told people things they did not want to hear. At first they called Him crazy. Then what He said became so unbearable they they broke under the strain and crucified Him.

Give your prophetic tendency full sway and let the fireworks come. Perhaps they come from respectable superiors and colleagues. But that does not matter. Remember always that the "Lord is my strength and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Give men the "word of God." Many will flinch and run away. Others will rebel. Some will respond with indifference. Many more will heed. From them comes the real compensation.

IX.

The ministry is great fun. Admiral Byrd never offered greater adventure than Christ. Magic formulas for health and strength never achieve greater results than Christian living. Hollywood has never given such entertainment. Pin-ball machines or the race-tracks will never give such thrill of anticipation. The football field can never demand more strength. War never offered such an opportunity for valor. The keenest of intellectual activity never demanded more wits.

The ministry takes all the best a man can give, but it returns a hundredfold the same.

So the Question Stands

Christianity is not working in the world today. These Christians are not unusual people. They are like everybody else.

That is not the way it should be. Someone has said that in modern-day practice, when a man becomes a Christian, nobody else knows about it. To his wife, his children, his friends, he is the same man he always was.

We talk about "peace on earth and

good-will toward men," but we forget entirely that such follows only from "glory to God in the highest."

Everyone is trying to make up his own mind. One man adopts one philosophy, and another adopts his. Every person has his own standards and every person is interested in what he thinks.

In simple terms, we are trying to bring on the heavenly kingdom in our own way. In this age of humanism we are believing too much in ourselves.

The situation is desperate. Something is badly wrong.

I.

When men come to place all their dependence on themselves, they end up miserable human beings.

Most men are without commissions from God to do the things which they are doing. They have given themselves to little ideas and small causes. Such grow stale and turn sour.

There are scores of men fighting to get on top in the money world when they would be a hundred times happier in a hard calling where the hours are long, the work hard, and the rest spare.

II.

But whence comes the unrest? Why do so many miss the way of life?

Perhaps few of them understand that God has a will for every life, rich or poor, regardless of race or creed. Or perhaps they understand it, but fear what steps it might cause them to take.

"What is it all about?" said one college boy to a friend. The latter replied that God has a general purpose for the world and that when men live for the best, they are fulfilling that general purpose.

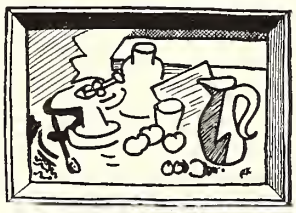
But he continued that God also has a particular purpose for everyone, that people were like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, each contributing to the formation of a beautiful scene.

Some folks (an agnostic once said eighty percent) are afraid of their religion. They know its terms, but they do not have the guts to accept them.

They are afraid that *my* will will not be done. To be restricted within a code of religion is too much discipline for many. They kick and struggle and fight against the very thing that would fill them with happiness and satisfaction.

III.

And it is in the choice of a vocation that many people turn themselves away from God.



They refuse to be influenced by God. Instead they measure their *own* abilities, forgetting what Jesus did with two loaves and five fishes.

How stupid it is to see a little pinpoint of a man on this little pinpoint of a planet boldly trying to show off his independence before the infinite power of God!

To ever find the happiness which he wants, a man must adopt as his motto, as the determining principle in his life this question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

If a man says that and means it from the bottom of his heart, he has made the most momentous step of his career.

For it means that man will drag every little thought, every little deed every little plan, out into the open and subject it to merciless scrutiny under the spotlight of that question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" Every card must be laid on the table face up. The slate must be wiped clean. And then we must ask Him to write His will upon it.

It was a wise man who said that a man's religion ought to determine everything he does from the brushing of his teeth to the girl whom he would date on Saturday night.

Perhaps it might come in a flash of illumination or slowly over a period of years, but He will make His purpose known.

IV.

Contrary to popular opinion, such action does not mean that the will of God will inevitably lead to the ministry or the mission field.

God is not biased in favor of the preacher nor looking with disfavor upon the shoemaker.

. . . after all, "All God's chillun gotta have shoes!" Likewise must all God's "chillun" have teachers, businessmen, statesmen, yes, even lawyers.

He wants us in one of those places. We shall be misfits anywhere else.

But this fact must be well established. *For more men than now would choose the ministry or the mission field if they surrendered.*

Doing the will of God means the now peculiar quality of disinterestedness. That is to say a lack of interest in ourselves and what we want. It means freedom from ourselves—freedom to lose ourselves in something better than we are.

Fools laugh at all this, but who pays attention to the fools? As Mark Twain said, "But for them, the rest of us would not succeed!" There is only one thing to say to them, "Try it." Dare them to humbly get on their knees and talk to God. *Dare them to surrender!*

V.

God will not make His will so clear that a man cannot escape it.

Circumstances may arise, the world presses quickly and insistently. Before he knows it he has missed God's signs.

God does not force His will upon us. His way is a choice; not a fate. Never forget that the prodigal son had to *return*. Jesus never said the Father went out to *hunt* the son. He *waited*, and when the son *returned*, his Father rejoiced. *But the son returned*.

The Chief has given us great responsibility in making our own decisions. Many times He steps aside and lets us decide for ourselves.

But did not God give me a mind and will of my own? He did, indeed. But He also made me with desires which can become selfish.

Decisions made with our knowledge alone can be and usually are dangerous. God is of infinite wisdom and foolish pride is all that makes us stick out for our own independence in a situation where God knows all and we know so little. Until we resign the mastery of our will to Him, we will never feel that our choice is infallible.

VI.

Some young men feel family obligation which makes dedication of life to God so difficult.

Naturally there is a sacred debt to our loved ones. Indeed, it is a debt so sacred that we owe it to them *not* to miss the will of God for our lives. The family's will is not always God's will. And to do God's will in a case like that will demand courage.

Jesus was never more definite than when He said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

VII.

It makes a great deal of difference where a man serves, regardless of how right his spirit may be. A man ought to feel the invisible fingers of the will of God pulling into whatever direction he goes. When he knows that that place is the will of God for him, he will never feel greater satisfaction.

Let the man cold-bloodedly look about him, cast out no facts, give sway to no selfish opinionation.

It is correct that he who calls himself Christian should consider the Christian ministry carefully. For the appeals to secular work are a thousand times greater in number. There are a thousand places of service which in many superficial ways are much more appealing. But always, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

Rejection of the will of God is pure and simple cowardice. For accepting it requires courage, fortitude, and guts.

Perchance we have heard too much of a Jesus who was weak, pale, soft, gentle, lowly, and meek.

Let us hear more of the Jesus who walked the roads of Galilee, dusty and bronzed and tanned by the Galilean sun, breathing confidence into those who dared to believe!

Let us hear more of the Jesus who strode into the temple and with muscles developed by long hours at the carpenter's bench overturned the tables of the money-changers!

Let us hear more of the Jesus who "set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem," knowing that death threatened as it had never threatened before!

Let us hear more of the Jesus who struggled to Calvary as white faces, angry faces, distorted and convulsed faces, faces of old crones with their mocking fingers, faces of jeering young men marked every inch of the path!

Let us hear more of the Jesus who writhed in agony as the sharp rusty spikes crushed the bones of His hands and feet!

Now that is manifold courage—courage never to be matched!

And the man who cowardly rejects God's will has the image of that Cross to haunt him at every turn.

VIII.

So the question stands. The young man is at the cross-roads. He has a physical body, a keen, young, yet unwarped mind, a spirit which can be attuned to God.

Shall he in the cream of years of his youth throw these precious qualities away? Is there really time for him to sow his wild oats? Shall he say when he comes to the end of life as George Arnold said long ago,

"*I have drunk the cup dry . . .*
and the lees are bitter, bitter."

Or shall he latch on to some great vision and rejoice in the spirit of square, clean and youthful manhood?

People of all sizes and shapes, of all races and creeds, of all cultures and nationalities are waiting for leaders . . . youthful leaders, fearless leaders, manly leaders, leaders with the guts to say "I believe in God the Father Almighty," leaders to show them the way and be guideposts on the Upward Trail.

There are new enemies to conquer—enemies of the mind and spirit. New visions are to be realized. New horizons are to be reached.

Does the young man of today have what it takes to do the will of God?

So the question stands.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

ADJUSTMENT TO "REPRESSION"

The bus station was full of people —people sitting with their baggage, people standing in line, people scurrying around looking worried. To the seven-year-old girl, who stood in the doorway staring with wide eyes, everything was new and fascinating, and even a trifle foreboding.

Timidly she walked to the end of the ticket-window line. The people looked at her curiously; she looked back at them, and they soon turned around.

She wore only a plain, cotton dress with a light coat sweater; the attire seemed insufficient for the cool autumn day. Her face was dirty except where tears had washed two white streaks. Under one arm was an old ragged doll; in the other hand were several coins. She clutched her money tightly as she stepped to the window.

"When does the next bus for Holland leave?" she asked and tried to make it sound as if she took the bus for Holland every week.

The ticket agent hesitated a moment, puzzled. "Er—uh—what Holland do you mean?"

"Where they have windmills. You know," replied the girl. "And the girls all wear wooden shoes."

"And that's where you want to go?"

"Uh-huh. I'm going to wear wooden shoes, too, and nobody's to make me eat my carrots or make me stay in when I want to go out and play." Her small face showed defiance and determination.

"Oh, I see," said the agent. His expression had changed from curiosity to understanding. "Well, that's fine. What's your name and address, honey?"

She told him. He reached for the telephone directory.

"O.K. Just wait a while.

She smiled. "Thank you, sir." Looking relieved, she walked to a bench and sat down, still holding tightly her ragged old doll.

—Ed Berckman

IN RELATION

Randall Wilson

The holidays end, and with them the days of outdoors, eating, sleeping, and lazy living. Now the grind of the classroom begins anew. You meet your friends again and hear the familiar query of greeting "Have a big Christmas?" Impelled by this phrase your mind flashes back to the Yuletide Eve, when a man lay dying. . . . You answer hesitantly, "Sure. Comparatively speaking."

He had been like other men so short a time ago. Like others he had been listening to Christmas carols, with the firecrackers in the distance rivaling for audition. Now he was facing the Shadow. Like all creatures he was clinging desperately to the parting thread. The rapid rasp of his difficult breathing can be easily heard in the adjoining room—too easily. The gray of his face is the shade of wet sand on the river bank. The bloody froth climbs to his lips, using each tortured breath as a step. Not to be conquered, it springs forward again to the handkerchief. The large eyes are unseeing now. Blindly they roll and twist in a feverish quest for aid.

You stand in front of the warm but cheerless fire, and muse over the irony of the words "Merry Christmas" in relation to that scene. The helpless stand around, ill at ease, and gaze pityingly at the woman. She is near hysteria. She brings her hands together and tries to pray, incoherently. She asks you to do the same.

The next day, Christmas, there is a wreath on the door, but the ribbon is black. You bring yourself back to the present and answer again, "Yes, I had a big Christmas, comparatively speaking."

MOMENTARY SYMBOLS

I.

Out of hazy clouds of evening
Comes a faint silhouette.
With the tentacles of my mind,
I reach out to clutch it.
Like the flash of lightning
It has come and then . . .
Softly, yet mysteriously faded . . .
What are images?

II.

Autumn, with its broom of temperament,
Has swept the lingering leaves
From their dwelling places.
Once they were green with laughter,
Then they were flushed
With the reflection of the rainbow,
As they shone in the late summer
Sun.
But why do you blush
So beautifully
Whenever nature turns her back to attend to
Her stormy tasks?

And now as you are trampled
By the crushing foot of man,
I hasten to turn my face—
And wonder where you
Will be when my tomorrows
Are but yesterdays.

—Robert E. James

CANINES AND VEILED CANDIDNESS

Rover

Bow wow, and bruff bruff! That's my way of saying "how-de-do" after a rather extensive vacation. I could not write anything during December because Christmas comes, of course, in that month, and I was told that hunting, biting, and sharp tongues were illegal during the month that every one is thinking about "Peace on earth, good will to men." I think, though, if one will peruse the Greek New Testament, he will find that the quotation is more correctly "Peace on earth to men of good will." I wonder how much good will we can expect.

But, already I have digressed from my subject. You will have to be patient with me, because in my hunting for things to snap at, I run across a few trails that are of interest to me, and sometimes lead to a big find.

However, be that as it may, I want to tell you of a trail I was following last week. The trail was rather cold when I first picked it up with my cold nose, so I said to myself, "Rover, a cold nose and a cold trail should lead to something hot." (That is what is known as dog logic.) At first I lost the trail quite a few times and had to go back to the place I first picked it up and start all over again. But finally, after running through dense brush, crossing small streams, and dashing across open fields, I came to a sign reading "Spartanburg." The trail was getting hotter, so I used up my last ounce of energy to spur me on to the trail's end. Then suddenly, my body became limp, and I slumped to the ground in front of a large brick building of Colonial Georgian Architecture. All but my sense of hearing was gone, and as I felt myself being lifted from the ground by two strong hands, I heard a voice. "Hey, Bill, I wonder what caused this pooch to run until he pooped himself out? We'd better get him into the dorm fast, but don't let the house mother see us, because you know we're not supposed to bring animals into the dormitories here at Wofford."

If I had planned my strategy, I couldn't have played my cards better. At last I had cornered my quarry, and could find out all about him without his even suspecting that I had trapped him.

Now I have a good home, and one of the best masters a dog could wish for. He goes to college during the daytime hours, and is usually home at night. He's one of those boys that are called day students, and usually looked down upon by the boarding students. I know all about day students, but I wanted to know more about this animal called the boarding student, and the life that is known as Dormitory Life.

I've been here a week now, and although I felt fit as a fiddle as soon as I got my wind back, I have been playing possum so that I could have time to complete my study.

You know, I think that my master is a rather well integrated personality. He not only goes to college, but he mingles with the world off the campus. These students here, that live on the campus, are completely oblivious to the outside world. They are aware only of their immediate surroundings, the students and the faculty. An artificial society seems to have been set up which is not at all like that on the outside. For instance, with the exception of seeing a few girls who take courses at Wofford under the auspices of the General Hospital, they have no contact with people of the opposite sex. Of course, every week-end, because of natural biological needs, some of them meander over to some of the nearby women's colleges, but as a whole, they lead a life devoid of female inspiration.

And then there is this idea of the college being a veritable fortress of knowledge to be considered. Why, these people who indulge in Dormitory Life just sneer at that. After all, why should they spend a few hours a day studying when they can have more fun shooting the bull, playing bridge or other perverted forms of cards, or participating in so many extra-curricular activities that they just "don't have the time" to fool around with books.

These boys really lead the life of luxury. It's the kind of life that the folks back home read about in dime magazines, and dream about. There is a peculiar ritual performed every time a student has a birthday. Of course, I can't see the point, but everyone seems to get quite a kick (or should I say a "large Charge") from throwing a "Birthday Celebrant" in an ice-cold shower. It gives me the cold sniffles to even think about it.

Each room seems to be a miniature "Grand Central Station, crossroads of a million private lives." There is always someone coming into the room with a spicy joke or a wild tale about some date he had last week-end. Some of the tales I heard even made my ears burn. Seriously though, I enjoyed them, and think this life is quite exciting.

One night, some joker decided to create a little atmosphere with firecrackers. I slept in the bed that night.

The most marvelous thing about Dormitory Life is that you need never go in want. If you don't have what you want to wear for a heavy date, just take your fraternity brother's clothes. He won't mind, even if you don't return them for a month. When

(Continued on page 18)

DRAMA

Bill Duke

The survival of the American Theatre has been for some time a matter of concern to a number of people. Our Theatre has been subjected to a number of onslaughts—by movies and television, and occasionally by rebellions within its own ranks—and it has survived all of them. The question of immediate moment is whether it can continue to survive the attacks. If it is worthy of survival the American public will see that it does survive.

Does the American Theatre merit survival and if so, on what grounds?

Our Theatre is a more integral part of our culture than any other entertainment medium, for it combines more cultural aspects. Briefly, let's examine the arts which are integral parts of our theatre. Primarily, there is the literary art. Drama is one of the most difficult literary forms to master. Its requirements are rigid and almost unrelenting. A successful drama is the work of a master craftsman, a man who is sure of his technique, a man well versed in the problems and workings of humanity, of philosophy, of psychology, and of poetry. The master of the drama as a literary form is a man deserving of the utmost respect. Our Theatre has now included music in its sweep. The musical comedy has proved itself a successful and a welcome phase of Theatre. Though there be those that look on musical comedy as rather low-brow Theatre, they can point to our serious musicals, or light operas, if you will, with pride. While the inclusion of Grand Opera as a part of our Theatre is a debatable issue, there is no denying that such masterpieces as *South Pacific*, *The King and I*, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and the Herbert operettas are Theatre and that they are great Theatre. It goes without saying that acting is the essential art of the Theatre. The great names of the past few decades have set goals which today foreign actors are attempting to achieve. In many cases plays by foreign authors have had increased success because an American actor created or recreated an important role.

Closely allied with these cultural aspects, there are others which, while not necessarily being classified as arts, are equally important to our cultural traditions. The precise teamwork which a production requires, the exhausting rehearsals, the interdependence of author, actors, director, producer, and stage crew are things which have repeatedly shown the importance of co-operation, the importance of taking directions, and the importance of listening to opinions of people usually thought of as having no right to any opinion at all.

Our Theatre not only merits survival, but pleads for it, on cultural grounds alone. But there are other grounds equally important. Drama is an important part of our literature. Our novels, our short stories and our poetry have repeatedly been dismissed as inferior to that of other countries, but our drama has stood up well beside foreign competition. We have as yet produced no writer of drama comparable to the English Shakespeare, not to mention the French Moliere, nor to the Russian Ibsen, but where our playwrights lose in quantity they gain in quality. American Drama is young, far younger than that of countries with centuries of great culture behind them. In short, American drama is in its adolescence, and like an adolescent it is uncertain and undecided. It is experimenting. American drama is not content with discovering the most successful forms, it must discover the best. Our drama has never become stereotyped. There has always been variety, and in this variety there have been failures. There have also been astounding successes. The adolescent drama finds a fiendish delight in experimentation. It has experimented with History, with Psychology, with Philosophy, with Melodrama, with Comedy, with Tragedy, with Realism, with Abstraction and recently with Sex. And as our Drama is undecided, its public is equally undecided. The public enjoys these experimentations, but it cannot make up its mind which experiment it likes best. A play which ten years ago enjoyed a year's run, will fold after a week today. The taste of the public changes. Many revivals have met with far more success than the first performance. Our Theatre has not succumbed to variety. Though in extreme variety there is the danger of complete disintegration, there is no danger of this in our Theatre.

Hollywood has offered no serious threats. Broadway and Hollywood have been great powers in the world of entertainment. Both will no doubt continue to be great powers, but it is doubtful whether either will succumb to the other. Television is not the serious threat to the Theatre that it appears to be. Broadway is the centre of our Theatre. One might be tempted to say that it is our Theatre. Television is bringing Broadway to thousands of communities which otherwise would never know the greatness and brightness of "the Great White Way." Hence, instead of hindering Theatre, Television is increasing its importance.

The Theatre will survive. As long as there are men willing to gamble a life's saving on the outcome of one play and as long as there are men who will spend their entire life studying and devoting themselves to an Institution which rivals all our others in greatness, the American Theatre will survive.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

From The Journal, April 1913

The city editor glanced up from his desk with a scowl.

"Anne," he said, between puffs on a long black cigar, "we've got to have a big sob-story on the white-slave traffic. It's the chance of a lifetime. The people are already stirred up over the recent investigations, and a good sob-yarn just now will set them wild. It's your chance, I tell you. Go out and see if you can't round up a good one — and in a hurry."

Anne nodded and walked out. She had already long been thinking of just such a thing and an idea to go down and investigate things herself kept recurring to her. She decided to do it. The next day found her measuring ribbons behind the counter of a department store.

Working with her "in ribbons," Anne found a pretty little girl, who was also a new clerk. Adele—that was her name—had just come to the city and this was her first position. She was quick to accept the proffered friendship and was delighted at Anne's suggestion that they should room together. She was so very lonely, she told Anne, that it sometimes seemed that she would just die unless she could find someone who would listen a moment to her troubles and comfort and cuddle her just a bit. She didn't know a soul in all the millions of them in the city, she said, unless you counted one young man who had helped her very kindly with a bundle on a street car late one afternoon as she was on her way home from work. He had seemed very nice and kind, and had even promised to come to see her at the store. Did Anne reckon he'd ever really come? Anne had slightly lifted her eyebrows at this information, but she said nothing. She was not surprised when the young gentleman came the next afternoon.

After conversing excitedly with him for a few moments, Adele ran to Anne with the news that Mr. Bailey wanted to take them out that night and, with her permission, would bring his friend, Mr. Chadwick. Well pleased at the progress of the game, Anne accepted the invitation.

After that Mr. Bailey and Mr. Chadwick came often — very often. Bailey was the average-looking young man of the city, having an indefinable atmosphere of the beer garden and the race track clinging to him. It could be readily seen, however, that Chadwick was of far better stuff than his friend. In spite of the fact that he, too, bore himself with the characteristic air of the sporting man of the city, a glance at his face indicated a far greater breadth of character.

Very coolly and calmly Anne watched her plot thicken. The young men came almost every night now, and they took in the movies and visited a beer garden or public dance hall afterwards. All these pleasures were as new to Anne as to Adele. Of course up to this time she viewed the whole affair, the nightly routine, the gay excitement, and especially her associations with these men, whom she knew to be dangerous, as mere incidents in the game she was playing. And only such incidents, she tried to make her murmuring conscience believe, were the certain vague pleasures she got out of it. She attributed these to her natural joy in taking a risk—a business risk. That was all.

One night Anne was sick and did not go out as usual. When the others had gone a great feeling of loneliness came over her. She hadn't realized how she would miss the nightly round of joys and excitements. She had never realized what a hold they had gotten upon her. Or was it Mr. Chadwick? Anne started up in bed at the thought. He had made himself very agreeable, had always been so kind and considerate, she reflected, surely he couldn't be what she feared! She sickened at the idea, for she had ceased to regard Mr. Chadwick with her former secret scorn and repulsion. She now found that a new and hitherto unknown affection had crept in in place of it—whether for good or for evil. And though her better judgment cautioned her that under the circumstances it was probably not for her good, yet at the thought of him her heart lightened and she unconsciously hummed a merry little tune which he had sung to her the night before.

The game went on; on the one hand the two men of the world, sharp and shrewd, wise to all the tricks and moves of the play; on the other two girls, the one innocent and inexperienced, the other conscious of the danger, but lacking the willpower to stop. It could have but one inevitable conclusion, and one which was fast drawing nigh. In fact, Mr. Bailey already had the final chapter in view at a big dance on the following night.

The dance was to be at one of the all-night beer gardens down in that part of town which bears a doubtful reputation. The especial garden itself Anne knew to have been the scene of several police dramas, and her prudence warned her she had best not visit it. Her inner conscience told her that she was already almost caught in the game which she herself had contrived, and that she had better stop now while she was able. Besides, there was Adele to be considered, for she knew the child's weakness and inexperience,

and rightly felt that it was her duty to take care of her. She decided not to go.

After making her decision thus so resolutely, Anne found it impossible to keep her imagination from drifting around to thoughts of what might have been. She thought of the dance, the excitement, the gay lights everywhere, the pretty costumes, the little tastes of wine every now and then to keep one from becoming fatigued — all the new pleasures she had learned to love so recently and yet so strongly. The thought of each new joy she was missing as they recurred to her made her waver little by little, more and more. At last she choked her conscience finally with the thought that it was all in the game, all for the paper, even her duty to it to get all the information she could, and as for Adele, she could look out for her. She had changed her mind.

* * *

It was one o'clock and the gaiety was at its height. Over the floor whirled the dancers in drunken, maudlin embrace, bumping into one another with wild shouts of glee. The orchestra played wearily on and finally stopped, but the dancers were too drunk to notice and went careening on till someone shouted for wine or beer, and then all broke for the bar. In a few minutes, with hopes and spirits revived by the soothing stimulants, the orchestra broke into some tin-pan ragtime air and they all plunged forth again into a wild swing of a dance, clasping each other tightly after the manner of the imitative animal movements their unwilling limbs were trying to execute. The dance went on—"the joy was unconfined." The only interruption, save for the call for drinks, was when some older man or woman came into the hall and led away some half-intoxicated boy or girl with them. That was all, and the dance went on.

Over in a corner, half concealed by the palms and ferns, Anne and Chadwick were sitting out the dance. Anne was at fever-heat, the wine, the intoxication of it all, had gone to her head. She felt herself slipping, she knew that she had already gone too far; that her position was even now dangerous. All that she felt instinctively, with a last twinge of conscience, for the other self was conquering—and she didn't want to stop. The last straw to completely hush its dying murmur was to suddenly awake from her reverie and become aware that Chadwick was whispering violent words of love and passion into her ear. At the sound of his voice her whole being responded, and in the instant she knew that the beloved thing which lately had come into her life was not the wine or the dances or the gaiety of it all, but him — Chadwick. She forgot the newspaper, her former life, the trap she had contrived which was in turn ensnaring her, everything except that her woman soul cried out for this man she loved. She let herself slip into his arms.

Over in another corner pretty much the same scene was being enacted. Poor little Adele reclined in Bailey's embrace, not because she loved him especially, but because the strong wine had gone to her head so much that she was not able to sit up. She dropped lightly to sleep. Bailey waited a moment to make sure; then, lifting her upon the divan, called to an attendant to order a cab at the family entrance. Adele didn't come home that night.

The instant he first saw Anne, Chadwick had felt that here was a girl of a different sort—and one who would be hard to fool or to conquer. Low as his motives were, it had aroused the fire in his blood, and he had sworn to himself that he would prove her master. Still Chadwick wasn't all bad. He was the lowest, most contemptible type of man, it is true, but there was some good in him, only nothing had ever chanced to touch him so as to bring it out. He didn't know how to do good anyway, he had never had a chance to know that or anything else good. Raised in the gutter, without knowledge of father or mother, he had naturally thrown his lot with the only people who had ever shown him any kindness—the inmates of the underworld. He had to be what he was; he was but the product of certain complex adverse circumstances. He had never had a chance to be otherwise.

Being that, he had sworn to conquer this girl who he had always felt knew a great deal more than she tried to appear to, yet now that he had succeeded, he hesitated a moment — he knew not why. Was it that he had tender feelings or a conscience? No, it couldn't be; the street that had taught him all he knew, knew nothing of either. He dared to look down at her face, which was resting quietly on his shoulder. He gazed at it long and earnestly, and as he saw the implicit, childish confidence with which it lay there and felt her warm breath against his cheek, a new and strange light seemed to flood his soul and he shut his eyes reverently, and then reopening them, looked again at her, this time lovingly and tenderly. And then he, too, called a cab, only he gave a different direction to the driver—to her home. The good that was in him that had slept so long and so soundly at last had found its chance and come out.

* * *

The cool night air of the open cab brought Anne to consciousness, and to her senses. Starting up, she looked to find Chadwick sitting beside her staring out across the harbor. Like a flash the memory of it all came over her, the wine, the dance, the excitement, and—. The thoughts of the wine and the dance filled her with disgust, but somehow she couldn't feel that way toward Chadwick, even though she tried. Even now he was probably—. She turned to him.

"Well?" she queried suddenly.

Chadwick came to himself with a start. Confused and abashed, he

turned around to her and looked her squarely in the face for a moment. Then, while his whole body shook with a slight tremor, he held out his hands to her, while his lips huskily formed the one word, "Anne."

Anne was torn by two conflicting forces, the one her common sense and prudence, the other the call of the woman nature. Once that night the one had triumphed and caused she knew not what. At the thought of this, Anne became the old newspaper woman, a creature who touched others, but whose own feelings were not easily touched. She turned to Chadwick with a short, hard laugh. "Oh, it's no use," she said, "the game is up!"

Chadwick stared at her in astonishment at this sudden change of mood.

"Oh," she said, sarcastically, "so you're going to try to play Little Innocence, are you, and make out you don't know what I'm talking about? Well, let me tell you right here that it's no use. I know who you are and what kind of man, or rather a cur, you are. I know what your business is, and how dirty and contemptible you and your sort who do it are. A thief, a murderer, and a traitor are all gentlemen beside you, you cowards who traffic in human souls! You and your kind take that which God alone can give; you steal that priceless gift which no man can restore, and at the same time cast your innocent victims into a hell of eternal damnation! Yes, you do that, all that, and for what? For the miserable gain, you dastardly Judas, for the filthy, bloodstained pennies wrung out of throwing innocent girls into hell to satisfy the low, bestial cravings of men. You —!" Anne's voice broke with her passion, and she looked to find Chadwick bowed before her, his head in his hands. Anne moved over further into her corner of the carriage and sat silently waiting, listening to the hard ring of the horse's hoofs on the pavement.

At last Chadwick roused himself and straightened up, but kept his gaze averted.

"Yes," he said in a slow monotone, "it's all just as you say, I reckon. I'm all that and worse; that is, I was, because I've quit."

"Is that so," queried Anne, bitingly, "and just when did you quit? Why, even up till a few minutes ago you seemed very proficient in your professional respect. In fact, you seemed to be exerting yourself that way in a remarkable degree tonight with me as an intended victim. Even now I don't know where we're going. Perhaps—"

"No," he burst out, "I swear I've quit! Under the circumstances I can't ask you to believe me, but I have—tonight. I suspected you weren't what you seemed, but I hoped you were, so I would never have to tell you the horrible truth. But I'll have to now. I admit that when I first met you my intentions were what you think, and even up till tonight I thought they were. Unknown to even myself all this time I've been becoming more and more attached to you, and tonight I awoke to the fact that I loved you—yes, loved you! That is why you are going home now instead of—" He stopped a moment. He turned slowly around to Anne and looked her squarely in the eyes. "I do love you, I swear I do! If you'll just say the word we'll be married tomorrow. I'll be different; I can work; I can make a living for us—and honestly, like you would wish. Won't you?" he pleaded, and slipped down upon his knees in the coach.

Again the struggle for mastery went on in Anne's soul, this time between her prudence and code of morals and her woman's love for this man. While still pondering, the carriage stopped and Anne looked out to see that she was home.

"Come," she said, and led him up the steps a way, and then stopped and turned around towards him, standing a little above him. She looked down at him long and earnestly. "I don't know why," she said, "but I believe you. Somewhere out there, you know where, poor little Adele is in great danger. Go out there and by saving her try to atone for some of the things you have done. Go," she repeated, "go and square yourself. Won't you try?"

He looked up at her hungrily; then, with a sob in his throat, he whispered huskily, "I'll go."

As he turned to leave on his mission, Anne leaned over and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Go," she said, "and when you've squared yourself, come back, and—" Chadwick turned once again at the foot of the steps to catch the final words spoken very softly and tenderly, "And I'll be waiting!"

* * *

To the great surprise of the city editor and all the staff, the next morning Anne walked into the office and, without offering a word of explanation for her long absence, sat down at her typewriter and began to write with feverish haste.

Before she started Anne knew that this would be the greatest story of her life, this story of little Adele, because, as is not often the case with sob-stories, it was a true one, and because she had seen it all herself and knew whereof she wrote. With the inimitably gentle touch of the sob-sister, she told of the sweet child from the country who, being left an orphan, and a blind baby brother to care for, had come to the city to obtain work so as to earn enough to have an operation performed on the little boy's eyes whereby his sight

might be restored. She depicted with all the pathos of her art the picture of the young girl setting out from her country home so valiantly and hopefully, her wonderful journey to the city, her fruitless search for employment, and how at last she had found a position in a department store. In a wonderfully graphic manner she pictured the hardships, the trials, and the joys of the poor little worker; how she saved a little each week out of the mere pittance she got; how she dreamed of the future when the baby brother should see again; her cheerful happiness and optimism in spite of all. Then a dark cloud appeared on the horizon of the life of the unknowing, innocent little girl. The cloud loomed larger and came more into her life, and because it shone with the appearance of much worldly goods and wisdom, seemed to the poor little shop-girl to have a very silvery lining. She knew not that the gleam was but the dross of hate and avarice and, putting all her trust in it, awoke too late, to find that it had swallowed her up in the night—forever!

Anne rose wearily from her desk. It was done—the greatest story of her life! She knew it was great, not because she wrote it, but because she knew it was the true interpretation of the cry of a lost innocent going down into the abyss of the underworld. She knew that it would stir the world—she had wept herself in writing it, a thing she had never done before—because it was an agonized cry for help from the Great Beyond. She had shown the terrible clutching hand of the underworld and its minions who fed it the innocents. She had depicted their cunning, their baseness, their greed, their absolute want of any mercy. She had shown them in their true light, the most lawless and most criminal class of men in the world. Yes, Anne knew that her story would make the whole country rise to wipe out these bloody leeches on society. It was done—the greatest story of her life.

She rose from her seat, wearily dropping her copy on the desk. Amid the loud racket of the office she happened to catch the voice of the city editor receiving a news bulletin. Something made her listen. She thought again of Chadwick, who, except while she was writing her story, had been on her mind constantly since his departure the night before. "Would he make good and square things?" a thousand times she asked herself. She knew the city editor would repeat the bulletin. She listened.

"All right, I have it. Early this morning—police made raid on white-slave house on W. 134th Street—

were endeavoring to rescue young lady—all right, all right."

Anne leaned heavily against the wall, staring straight before her, as she strove to catch every syllable. "You say got her out unharmed? All right, all right." A sigh of gratitude escaped Anne. "One man was killed? A white-slaver, you say? One of the house, I presume? No? Oh, yes, I see; the man who put the police wise was himself a white-slaver—was leading the raid himself when killed? Well, well. Er—what was his name?"

Anne's heart had stopped in her throat. My God! to think that—! No, it couldn't be; not after he had saved her and squared himself, only to— But the city editor was barking on querously: "What? Chadwick? M. L. Chadwick. All right. Much obliged. So long."

Anne staggered back against the wall. The man she loved, yes, loved. What mattered it who he was or what he was; he had never shown her anything but kindness and respect, and he loved her; that was sufficient. And she, yes, she who loved him, had sent him out into the world to square himself—to what end? Only to die, to be killed. And she, she who loved him, in the greatest story of her life had represented him as a criminal, a coward who stabbed in the back, without mercy or virtue of any kind. She knew not how nor why; she only knew that she was obsessed with one great, overpowering desire — for vengeance. Again the great unreasonable, uncontrollable desire throbbed through her veins and she crossed the room with long strides.

An instant later the greatest sob-story ever written lay scattered in a thousand pieces over the littered floor of the office.

—C. C. S., '14

Canines

(From page 13)

you do return them, you don't have to worry about that oily spot you got on them at the drive-in, or the lipstick on the collar. Think nothing about them. After all, your fraternity brother can have them cleaned.

Whenever you run out of money, you can always borrow some from an unsuspecting kind soul. If he has money to lend, he won't need it back for a long time.

Oh, I learned everything I wanted to know about Dormitory Life, and more too. Maybe I can persuade my master to enjoy this exciting (?) life next year. I know he'd enjoy it more than spending his evenings over a Sociology book.

Well, men, I just got a whiff of another trail. This time, it's some real home cooking from my master's abode. Guess I'll fill my belly, and start tracking down a trail for the next issue of this "scholarly" magazine.

GRIM FAIRY TALES

Ed Berckman

AUTHOR'S NOTE: In this day of fact and reality there has been considerable criticism of the type of literature which children usually read. Fairy tales, adventure stories, sentimental poetry and the like all conform, it has been said, to a standard attitude of the pleasant, the happy, the optimistic. Thus, children grow up with a romanticized, idealized picture of life as an existence where everything turns out for the best. When they become older, they are afraid to face realities and are overwhelmed by the encountering of evil.

The following assortment of stories and verses is designed to counteract the effect of traditional children's literature by dealing with the grim realities of life, veiled in a make-believe atmosphere to make them appealing. These tales are meant not for children alone, because many adults also seek to escape life's responsibilities and hardships.

If a child were to read nothing but this, he would of course be warped in an opposite direction. But if he reads this along with his other books, he is sure to receive the proper confused and bewildered attitude which is characteristic of men today.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Judge for yourself whether or not the author is serious.

I

Why Kings Get Gray

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had three sons. Although very old, and wise, the king was still a curious man. He wanted to find out whether it was true that all men were created equal and that man was by nature good.

So he arranged to pretend to die. He did this by hiring a man to dress in the royal robes and stand in front of the palace while he, the king, dropped a safe on his head. The man was mangled beyond all recognition, so everyone thought it was the king. This did not bother the king's conscience because he figured the man was an idiot to trust him and idiots are better off dead. The king was good at rationalizing.

He disguised himself as an old, blind beggar and watched the royal funeral. Now in his will he had provided that the kingdom be divided equally among his three sons. This was done and each son began to rule his third of the kingdom.

It happened that one son was a little smarter than the other two because he was an illegitimate son—although the king did not know that. So one day this son said to the second son, "Did you ever think that if we two got together, we could defeat our brother and take his land? Then we could each have half the kingdom instead of just a third."

A gleam came into the second son's eyes and he said, "Goodness gracious, yes. Let's" So he got his army ready to fight.

The first son went away satisfied and then went to the third son and said, "Did you ever think that if we two got together, we could defeat our brother and take his land? Then we could each have half the kingdom instead of just a third."

The third son licked his lips and said, "I'll buy that, Mac." And he got his army ready to fight.

The first son went back home and told his army to get ready. Then he went and told the second son, "You attack the front, I'll take my army around and when the fighting starts, I'll strike from the rear." He went to the third son and told him the same thing.

When the fighting began, the first son kept his soldiers near the battlefield but out of sight. The battle grew fierce and on both sides many men were killed. Both brothers kept wondering when the first son was going to attack.

Finally there were only a few men left on each side. At this time the first son ordered his army to attack. Both of the other armies were weak and tired and before long every man of them was killed.

Then the first son went back to the old palace and declared himself ruler of the whole kingdom.

The old king, still disguised as a beggar, saw what had happened. He decided that maybe man wasn't so good and that certainly his sons were not equal. So he said to himself, I will go and reveal myself before my people. They will receive me back as king and I will punish my son.

It was the day of the coronation and all the people had gathered to see the first son crowned. All the nobles and priests were on the platform. When the old king climbed up and took off his hat and dark glasses, the people began yelling:

"Who's that old goat?"

"Why, it's the old king, bless his bald, brainless head."

"Go home, Grandpa!"

A woman screamed, "He ain't got no glamour."

The king pleaded with his son to give him the crown back, but the son said, "The people don't want you. Tough luck, Pop." So the son was crowned.

He got to thinking that the people might become sentimental in calmer

moments and want the old boy back. So he quietly had the king stoked into the furnace and announced that he had gone south for his health.

Moral: Let well enough alone and don't trust anybody and maybe you won't get hurt.

II

Fethoozeema In New Jersey

ONCE upon a time on a little blade of grass in a clover patch in East Orange, New Jersey, there lived two amoebae named Elko and Erno. They weren't the ordinary mushy amoebae, but Elko and Erno—they had legs. Elko had 3 and Erno had 5.34 legs. Thus Erno could run faster than Elko on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and Elko could run faster than Erno on Tuesday and Thursday. On Saturday it rained, and the amoebae had not heard about Sunday, so I don't know about that. Incidentally, Elko was the mama and Erno was the papa, the bread-winner, or since amoebae eat other amoebae — amoebae winner. Elko was a brunette and rather reserved. Their little child was named Fethoozeema, after a brand of saccharine tablets of the same name. Now you know the family, so we begin the story.

It is May; the bluebells are shining, or growing, or ringing or whatever they do, and everybody is happy —except little Fethoozeema, because he missed breakfast, slept late, you see. And breakfast would have been so good. It was Mr. Jones, former editor of the Amoeba *Daily Herald*, who had a dispute with Daddy and thus became breakfast. Daddy was strong. Well, Fethoozeema was so mad that he decided to run away from home. But Fethoozeema was different from his parents who had legs. For he was all jelly and instead of walking or running, he just rolled. But he started out anyway. He had rolled a whole .00068 inch when he stopped to rest.

He felt hungry. But there was nothing to eat. So he rolled .00032 inch more, which made a total of .001 inch. By this time Fethoozeema was very tired. He lay down and went to sleep. When he awoke, it was dark. Then he couldn't go to sleep, so he stayed awake all night. By morning he was so tired from staying awake that he went to sleep. When he awoke, it was dark. Then he couldn't go to sleep, so he stayed awake all night. By morning he was so tired from staying awake that he went to sleep—again. After a week of this the poor fool died.

Moral: Don't miss breakfast, especially if it's something like Mr. Jones.

III

Four is a Crowd

ONCE upon a time two brothers were walking along in the forest when they met an old man. They began talking and the old man said, "You see that castle out there at the edge of the forest? Well, my daughter, who is very beautiful, is being kept locked up in the castle by an old witch. If one of you will save her and take her away from the witch, you may marry her."

So the brothers walked to the edge of the forest and looked at the castle and the older one said, "I'll try first. You wait here. If I'm not back tomorrow morning, then you start."

The older brother went up to the gate of the castle and knocked. The gate opened and a funny-looking dwarf let him in. The dwarf said, "The witch told me not to let anyone in, but I'm lonely. Do you play gin rummy?"

"Yes," the brother replied, "but I haven't got time now. I'm looking for the beautiful girl who's locked up here."

"Well," said the dwarf, "I'm just the one to help you. She's locked in a little room at the top of the castle. You can get to it by climbing that ladder there that leads to her window. It's a long way up, but you can make it all right if you skip every fourth rung. Go up the first three and then step to the fifth and so on."

The older brother thanked the dwarf and went over to the ladder. "Remember, skip every fourth rung," the dwarf called after him.

The brother started up the ladder carefully, skipping every fourth rung. When he got halfway, he looked up and saw how much further it was to the top. He was getting tired and he thought how much easier it would be if he didn't have to make that long step every fourth rung. But he remembered the dwarf's instructions and kept going the same way.

After climbing some more, he stopped and saw that the window was still not very near. The long step was becoming harder and harder. He said to himself, "I've gone this far all right. It won't hurt if I step on every rung the rest of the way.

So he started again and this time he went straight from the third to the fourth rung without skipping it. Instantly he was transformed into a bird and flew off back to the forest. But he didn't mind that much, since he'd always wanted to fly.

The next morning he hadn't returned, so the younger brother started out. He got into the castle grounds and the dwarf told him the same things, warning him about the fourth rung.

The younger brother kept thinking about the beautiful girl and he went all the way up the ladder, skipping every fourth rung. He climbed in the room and the girl rushed to his arms. They went back out the window and down the ladder.

When the dwarf saw them leaving he said, "Wait. You must take me with you as a reward for helping you." So they let him go with them.

As they were walking back through the forest the brother asked the girl, "Say, why hadn't you climb-

ed down the ladder and escaped before?"

"I don't know," she said; "guess I just didn't think of it."

The old man was overjoyed to see his daughter coming back. They all went back to the old man's house, and the girl and the brother were married.

But they didn't live happily ever after. The old man and the dwarf sat in the parlor all the time playing gin rummy and smoking cigars. They spilled ashes all over the rug and insulted all of the friends who came to visit.

And the beautiful girl turned out to have syphillis, so their children were all blind, deformed, or feeble-minded.

Moral: Flying is for the birds, and it is better to play gin rummy than to chase beautiful girls.

IV

A Good Boy Against the World

Once upon a time a boy set out to make his fortune. He was an orphan and very poor, but he was a good boy and determined to become a success.

He began looking for a job and always announced his qualifications. There was no demand for good boys. Finally he was hired as a cook on a ship.

This work was not very pleasant. Our hero had to peel the potatoes and prepare all the food besides cooking it. He had to get up very early to start breakfast. After standing over a hot stove all day, he worked late into the night washing dishes. Besides all this, he received a whipping whenever the captain didn't like the food—which was often because the boy knew nothing about cooking.

He decided that there must be an easier way to make a living than working. So when they got to a port in a land far away, the boy sneaked off the ship and went into the city. He had a little money with him and soon found some friends.

These friends told him that they knew a sure way for him to make lots and lots of money. They took him to a small shop where there was a box. On it there was a small dial with three sections, marked "Win," "Lose," and "Try Again."

"Now," said the friends, "there are hundreds of gold-pieces in this box. All you have to do is to spin the dial and if it stops on "Win" you get all the money. It just costs one gold-piece per spin, and by the law of averages you're sure to win soon.

The boy was so eager to make his fortune that he did not notice his friends wink at the owner of the shop. He began to play. But every spin landed on "Try Again."

"Well, at least you're not losing," his friends remarked.

"That's right," replied the boy. "But what about this law of averages?"

"Don't worry," they told him. "just keep playing."

Just as the boy was about to lose his last gold-piece, there was a noise at the door. Ten policemen rushed in and arrested the friends and the shop-owner. They took the boy with them.

The mayor of the city came to speak to the boy.

"Son, when the ship captain ordered our police to find you, you led us straight to this nest of criminals. You have done a great service to our city. Here are ten thousand gold-pieces as a reward." And he handed him a large sack.

The boy was overjoyed. At last he had made his fortune. Just then a small man with a mustache rushed up, took the sack, and handed the boy a much smaller sack with only a few gold-pieces.

"Who was that?" cried the boy.

"The tax collector," said the mayor. "You know how it is."

At this the boy burst into tears. He didn't know what to do and after wandering the streets, finally decided to go back to the ship. When he reached the dock, the ship was just leaving.

The boy dived into the water and swam for the ship. The bag of gold in his hand bothered him and he put it in his mouth. But then he choked. Refusing to turn loose the gold, he kept strangling and soon drowned.

Moral: Don't be an orphan; and learn to swim with one hand.

V

The Keg and I

'Twas on a cold December night
As I lingered by the fire;
My toes thawed out and my ears got warm,
But my throat was only drier.

I walked across to the cellar door,
Unlatched it and downstairs called;
A blast of air swept away my hair
And I descended the stairs quite bald.

It was cold and dark in that horrid place,
But I saw just what I wanted;
And I hurried away with that keg of rum,
For I'd heard the cellar was haunted.

Back to the fire I speedily sped;
Prepared to imbibe some rum.
After the first three pints or so,
My head seemed rather numb.

In this condition it took me a while
To finally realize
The cellar door was opening now,
Or could I believe my eyes?

I thought I was in the house alone,
But coming up the stair
I saw a girl with a purple curl
Made out of yellow hair.

I first decided to feel my pulse;
(I'm a medical man, you see.)
But then I looked at the keg of rum—
I knew what had happened to me.

I said to myself, "A mirage, that's all.
There's really nothing there."
But I still would stare at the purple curl
Made out of yellow hair.

The rest of the night is vague to me;
I can't remember a thing.
And when I awoke the following morn,
My head had a familiar ring.

I forgot that night for many a year,
Until I married my Claire.
For our little girl had a purple curl
Made out of yellow hair.

VI

WinterTragedy . . . or Stew for Who?

The wind blew shrill, an icy chill
Pierced the warmth of all.
The policeman drew his coat up;
An old beggar, her shawl.

She shivered in her tattered rags
And looked into her cup.
Ah, almost enough, thank God,
For her this night to sup.

But now another figure came,
His cap o'er one eye dropped.
Walking fast he was, but now
Before the beggar stopped.

"Mercy please," the figure cried;
"Have mercy, sir," she said.
The man, in answer, snatched her cup.
And, saying naught, he fled.

The thief looked back, despite his haste—
He's safe, the streets are bare.
The policeman heard the beggar's calls
But didn't seem to care.

The cup contained but sixteen cents.
"But that," he thought, "will do.
A piece of meat, a cup of soup
Will make a tasty stew."

And so that night the thief consumed
A meal that was his loot,
While on the street the beggar lay,
Hungry, cold, now mute.

It seems unjust and tragic,
But the story is not through.
Because, you see, the thief too died
From poison in the stew.

VII

Fashion

The groom kissed the bride at the wedding,
But the best man slept with her that night.
Though he was absent at bedding,
The groom kissed the bride at the wedding.

It may be the practice is spreading,
For fashion makes anything right.
The groom kissed the bride at the wedding,
But the best man slept with her that night.

VIII

Theme for February 22

G. W. hacked the cherry tree;
He could not tell a lie.
His father stood with whip in hand,
"The truth or else you die."

So Georgie said that it was he
Who had cut down the puny tree.
He said, "I hate to see boys cry,
Especially when the boy is I."

ARCANA VIA

You—the road of yesterday,
Are beckoning me to follow
Straightway your path—
Even though where you lead
I do not know.
A ghostly hand
Pushes me.
I stop.
Show me a light that I may glimpse
The paces ahead.
Oh, hidden destiny
Where are you?

—Robert E. James

MAID OF ORLEANS

From THE JOURNAL, 1916

WHERE is there a truer, nobler, more inspiring or romantic picture of feminine heroism than the life of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl of France? Have there ever been recorded in the annals of history the incidents of the life of any person who approached nearer than she to the true qualities of a saint? Where has there been a truer patriot to the cause of liberty than this lowly girl of Lorraine? What life, inspired by such high ideals, has ever been spent amid such overwhelming reverses, met at every milepost by some new and worse misfortune, and finally ended in the horrors of the stake? If the true story of this child of France fails to make your heart beat in admiration, then there is no latent heroism, no hidden romance, in you. If the noble struggle of this purest type of womanhood does not strike a true chord in your soul, then it is impossible to awaken in you—not what sleeps—but what does not exist.

The secret of the success of the Maid of Orleans was due largely to her courage, her unshaken faith in God, through whose guidance she acted, and her good sense. She saw clearly the question at hand, its possibilities and advantages, and knew how to solve it. The problems that baffled the doubters, politicians, and royal advisors of her day she solved. In God's name she pronounced Charles VII the legitimate heir to the French throne, and, gaining a series of remarkable victories over her opponents, had him crowned. In Joan's day it was not a rare thing that women participated in war. In more than one war of that age did women take up arms against the foe.

In a lofty district of Lorraine, from whose hillsides many rivers run eastward through France, the brave and beautiful Jeanne first saw the light.

On a fast-day in summer, while Jeanne was in her father's garden, she saw a dazzling light near the church, and heard a voice say, "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child; go often to church." At this she was exceedingly alarmed. On another occasion, under much the same circumstances, a group of figures appeared to her, one of which had wings, and said to her: "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." After this appearance, she burst into tears, as though her whole destiny had been revealed to her. And a great part of it had. She had other visions, too, and from the moment of their taking place a change came over her life. She learned with bitterness that she would have to leave her dear home, her parents, and her family.

The paternal authority commanded the exact opposite of the heavenly authority. The one ordered her to remain obscure, modest, and laboring; the other commanded her to set out and save France. Her father, rude peasant that he was, threatened to drown her if she should go away with men-at-arms. It was clear that she had to disregard one and obey the other; this great battle she had to fight herself. Her family tried in vain to marry her to a young villager, thinking that this step, if successful, would bring her to more rational reasoning. To the great surprise of all, this modest maid went to court and boldly defended herself. It was a grave problem for her to get away from the authority of her family. Finally, she converted her uncle to her cause and secured some very valuable aid from him. Claiming that his wife was sick, he carried her to his home. From there she and her uncle fled to the city of Vaucouleurs. However, before much time had elapsed she had won other friends who shared her views.

Soon after she arrived at Vaucouleurs, a messenger came and told her to appear at the court of the heir, Charles VII. The people of the city presented her with a horse. At this point her parents made a desperate effort to prevent her from proceeding. She could not wait, but left a letter asking their forgiveness. The journey to the king was a most dangerous one. The country was filled with soldiers of both parties, the rivers were swollen, and the roads were in an almost impassable condition. This was in February, 1429. To travel with five soldiers was enough to alarm a young girl, but Jeanne was too pure to entertain any fears. There was, moreover, a barrier of protection raised by religion surrounding her. Some of her companions thought her to be a witch. She was very tranquil, however, and would stop at each town to hear mass. "Fear nothing," she said. "God guides me on my way; 'tis for this I was born."

Opposition to the Pucelle, as she was generally known, was very strong among members of the king's party, which she was endeavoring to aid. The question of admitting her to see the king was debated for two days. Finally the king received her in great, pompous splendor. All were anxious to see the inspired maid, or, as the majority thought, the sorceress. She was just eighteen, very beautiful, and had a heart-touching voice. When the time came, she calmly addressed the king, and assured him that she was sent of God to tell him that he was the rightful heir to the crown, and that he would be crowned at Rheims.

Naturally, her enemies held that if she could predict the future it must be through the devil. Accordingly,

the archbishop of Rheims issued his mandate to the doctors and professors of theology, the former priests, the latter monks, to examine the Pucelle. During the examination her answers to their questions were so simple, direct, and astonishing that almost every utterance was a victory for her. The doctors and professors came to no final conclusion as to the Pucelle, but their advice was for further examination.

Finally, Jeanne was equipped for the journey to Orleans. She had her personal attendants, among whom was her brother. In her pure white armor, on her beautiful black charger, at her side the sword of Saint Catherine, and in her hand the white standard, the maid presented a wonderful and inspiring sight. At this time the English were much reduced by their long winter siege, and their troops were scattered. Their allies, the Burgundians, had been recalled by their duke. In all, the English forces numbered about two thousand five hundred, part of whom were French. Many of the nobility of the surrounding country had come to the aid of the Pucelle. Unity of forces was needed. The men were almost converted into beasts by war. In this age the Virgin was held much above the Christ; and so it was fitting that the Virgin should appear on earth to lead the right in the person of the beautiful, gentle, and bold Maid of Orleans.

She knew no danger. When near Orleans, meeting one of the captains of her allies, she said: "I bring you the best succor that mortal ever received, that of the King of heaven." She entered the city on the evening of April 29. The people gazed upon her "as if they were beholding God." After the victory, the Pucelle ordered an altar to be raised, and the Orleanois offered thanks to God for victory. The effect the deliverance of Orleans produced was marvelous and far beyond calculation. All recognized it to be the work of some supernatural power. Some, of course, ascribed it to the devil, but most attributed it to God, and it began to be the general impression that Charles VII had the right on his side. Even the Duke of Burgundy, the ally of the English, wrote and published a treatise more favorable than hostile to the Pucelle on her works of deliverance.

Charles Seventh's policy was to march to Rheims and be crowned, for, he believed, he who was first crowned would remain king. He thought it would be favorable to make his march through France as monarch. Such was the counsel of the Pucelle. Many flocked to join the royal procession, hearing of the miracles of Jeanne. At starting, the force numbered twelve thousand, but this number greatly grew as the roads converged. Those of all ranks joined the force without regard to rank or station. The force made its entry into Rheims on the 15th of July. Two days later Charles was crowned. At the moment the crown was placed on his head, the Pucelle threw herself at his feet and embraced him with tears. She addressed him thus:

"O gentle king, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to your city of Rheims to be crowned and annointed, showing you to be the true king and rightful possessor of the realm of France."

The Pucelle, having completed her mission, amid the joy of this triumphant solemnity had a presentiment of her approaching end.

Amid great festivities and triumphs, Charles now marched through northern France, peacefully taking city after city. Very few English seemed left in France. The rich Cardinal Winchester was all-powerful in England. His nephew, Bedford, had charge of the English in France. The cardinal, in order to obtain supreme authority for himself, now saw the necessity of crushing Bedford. Gloucester, the Protector, had already been reduced to a mere cipher in England. With his army, part of which was raised for a crusade against the Hussites, Winchester intended to ruin Charles VII in France and have young Henry VI crowned.

Compiegne was then besieged, and the Pucelle gave her efforts to save the city. Leading a charge, she drove back the English from the gates. Her forces were soon, however, driven back and so great was the crowd rushing into the city through the gates, Jeanne was left without. As her dress was very conspicuous, she was soon discovered and captured. She was then sold by her captor to John of Luxembourg.

Then the English and Burgundians saw that this object of terror, this devil, as some thought, was only a girl of eighteen, after all. It is argued that she could not have mingled in war, in bloody conflicts, without having become intoxicated with revenge and other passions against the enemy. It is true, she once spoke of her sword as "excellent for thrusting," and on one occasion she actually struck a woman with the flat of it. Unhappy it was for such a one to have been thrust out into the realities and horrors of the world.

Yet there was no pride in her. She never claimed to be a saint. When admiring people would ask her to do some miracle, she frequently replied to them to do it for themselves; that they could do as much as she. She acted with great wisdom in exaltation and praise. However, she as well as others could foresee her fate. She said, when asked what she feared, "Nothing except treason." She would often go to the churches at nightfall and take part in the exercises. Here she would ask all present to pray for her.

Then came the trying period of her life, her imprisonment and trial, full of terror and suffering to the poor girl. For many long months she was to be tortured by day with multitudes of questions of arrogant and unsympathizing officials, and by night to be chained to a huge structure in

a gloomy prison with irons that almost pierced her flesh. Here were stationed several rude soldiers. What greater punishment than this could be inflicted upon one of the purest and saintliest women in France? But did Charles attempt to rescue or help her in any way? Strangely, it appears that he did not. Thus on every side interest or covetousness declared against the Pucelle. She longed to die. What true woman would not have, under such circumstances as these!

Cauchon, who had charge of the trial of Jeanne, opened the proceedings on the 9th of January, 1431, at Rouen. Winchester came to this city to observe the progress of the trial in person. On February 21, the Pucelle was brought before her judges. She consented to speak the truth on all matters except her visions. She boldly told them that she was much more fearful of displeasing God than them. She said her visions gave her messages, not for them, but for the king. When asked as to her being in God's grace, she answered with heroic and Christian simplicity: "If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it." But, despite her heroism, she was a woman, and, after this saying, she relapsed into a state of nervousness, doubting whether she was in God's grace or not. When asked about her right to leave home, she said, "It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers, I should have set out." She said the saints told her of her martyrdom, and that she would enter Paradise. Such answers could not fail to touch the hearts of men, even the relentless hearts of her prosecutors. However, Cauchon dismissed any who seemed to favor the side of the Pucelle, and called upon his friends to fill the vacancies thus made.

How sad must Jeanne have been when the joy and religious festivities of Easter came! How much gloomier seemed those prison walls to her when the five hundred bells of Rouen pealed forth upon the beautiful spring Sunday quiet the praises of the risen Lord! She who had been reared beneath the shadow of the church now imprisoned and spurned because she had followed God's voice implicitly! When the whole Christian world rose to life with the risen Saviour, she remained with death! Sometimes she doubted, as she seemed rejected even by God, whether it were not presumptious for her to take the stand she was taking. But the voices! Could she doubt them?

The faculty of theology at the University of Paris came to the decision that the girl was wholly the devil's. She said: "Though I should face the executioner and the fire there, though I were in the fire, I could only say what I have said." She consented to submit herself to the pope, but Cauchon said that he was too far off. It has been said that the rage of the English against Joan of Arc exceeded the rage of the Jews against Jesus. They were determined for her to be burned. When a confessor, sent by Cauchon, apprised her of her death, she exclaimed:

"Alas! Am I to be treated so horribly and cruelly? Must my body, pure as from birth, and which was never contaminated, be this day consumed to ashes. Oh! I make my appeal to God, the Great Judge of the wrongs and grievances done me!"

After this burst of grief, she recovered herself and confessed. Though cut off from the Church, the confessor gave her all that the Church gives to her faithful.

When the procession passed through the streets, the terror-stricken people were told by the many monks who were singing litanies to pray for Jeanne. She said to Cauchon: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . And for this, I summon you to answer before God." She told a preacher who was standing nearby that she would be that evening in Paradise. Later she exclaimed: "O Rouen! Rouen! Must I then die here?"

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Maid of Orleans

(Continued)

The frightful ceremony at the stake began with a sermon. The preacher, turning to Jeanne, said: "Jeanne, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee." She besought the bystanders to pray for her. All now melted into tears, even to Cauchon and Winchester. She asked for a cross. An Englishman gave her a rude one made of sticks. She kissed it and placed it under her garments. She asked for the crucifix belonging to the Church, and when this was brought the soldiers who were to carry out the execution became impatient.

But she accused neither the king nor her holy ones. When she had set her foot upon the top of the pile and had been bound fast, an infamous placard was placed on her. She then exclaimed:

"Ah, Rouen! Rouen! Much do I fear you will suffer from my death!"

When the executioner set fire to the pile, she uttered a cry. One of her last recorded utterances was: "Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me!" And as her sainted head sank on her spotless bosom, she shrieked, "Jesus!"

Ten thousand men wept. A few of the English laughed, or tried to laugh. One Englishman said, "We are lost we have burned a saint!" Though these words were uttered by an enemy, they will remain uncontradicted by the future. Yes, indeed, Jeanne was a saint!

Where can we find a finer legend than this true history? But the reality of her saintliness was far too cruelly verified. There have been numberless martyrs—martyrs to hate, martyrs to country, martyrs to religion, martyrs to love—but the sainted girl is not one of these. Her great qualities were goodness, charity, and sweetness of soul. The early Christians remained gentle through shunning action, by sparing themselves the struggles and trials of the world. Jeanne was gentle in the roughest struggle, good among the bad; she bore into war the spirit of God. Truly, in every sense of the word, Joan of Arc was a saint. She lived a short life, but that was spent in the service of her king, her country, and her God.

Never has a nobler type of womanhood appeared since history began. Let us hold in true reverence to the end of time the sainted remembrance of France's noblest, most heroic, and purest daughter, Jeanne Darc, the Maid of Orleans.

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Tommy Jones

LAST month Spartanburg had the privilege of witnessing one of the leading ballet companies of the world. The crowd was not particularly large, but all that attended were well pleased with the performance.

Personally, I find the ballet a little hard to appreciate because I do not know enough of the training and background that is necessary for a good performance. I do realize that it takes perfect coordination of mind and muscle.

If you do not know the story that is being depicted you can enjoy the lavish costumes, sets, lights, and colors that help finish a performance.

A definition of ballet is: a story told in dance pantomime with music, costumes, light effects, and sets. The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is one of the best companies of our age.

Television has swept the country. The programs that first hit the television screen were rather bad. Now that television is here to stay, the quality of the programs has picked up.

One of the best programs is the Fred Waring Show. He has moved into a larger theatre and has cut his show down to a half hour. This concentration has improved the quality of his show.

If you like music that is a little more "highbrow" you will enjoy the Firestone Hour. This program presents an outstanding soloist in the field of classical music each Monday night. Howard Barlow conducts the Firestone Orchestra and Chorus. The music ranges from semiclassical to the classics. It is one of the most outstanding musical programs on the air.

The Ford Theatre with James Melton on Sunday afternoon is another good show. On Saturday afternoons you can here symphony music under the baton of great conductors.

There is a world of good listening on television if you will only check on it. How can you say that you do not like a certain kind of music if you have not heard enough of it to make a decision?

There has been a number of "Forty-fives" purchased lately. If you are just starting a collection of records I could pass on to you a few tips that may prevent you from making the same mistake that others have made. If you like the popular, curlent "Hits" type of music it will pay you to remember that after they have had their "Hey-day" they get pushed aside. There are a few songs that have been recorded by leading arrangers that give it that extra something that you never tire of hearing. An example of this is "Tenderly."

Be careful when you are choosing your records. Get the ones that are or will be all-time favorites.

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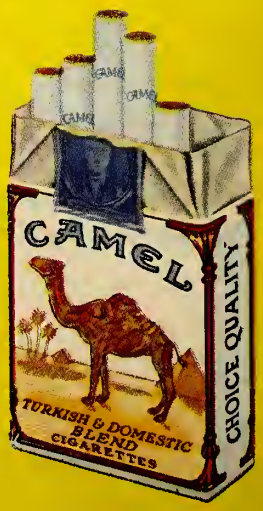

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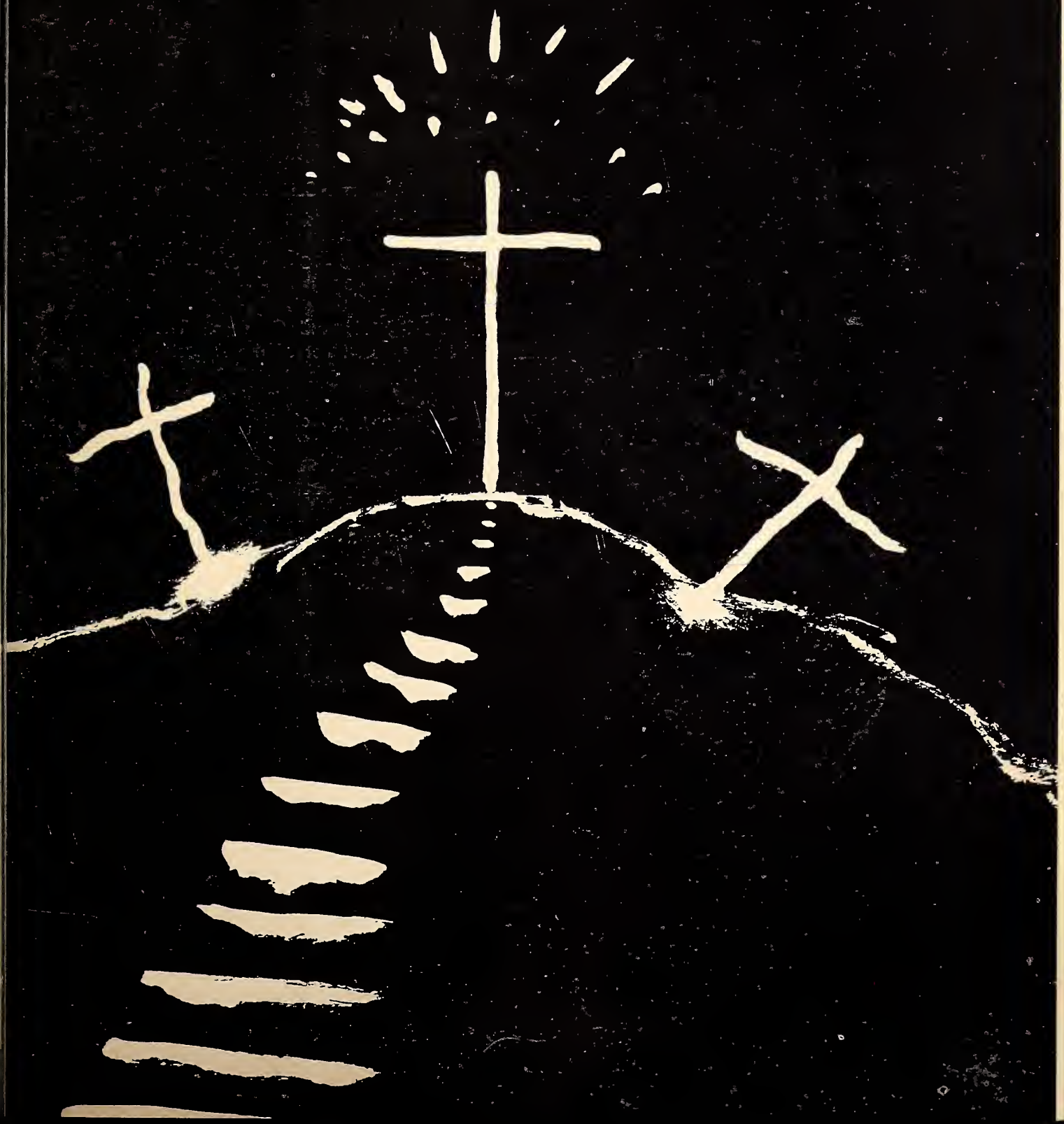

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COVER BY TOMMY JONES

EDITORIAL

The subject of this editorial is cynicism in literature. A recent issue of The Journal has been both criticized and praised by both faculty and students as being overly cynical. Our concern is not with the cynicism in the December Journal, nor with cynicism in the writings of Wofford students, nor with expressed or unexpressed attitudes toward either. Our concern is with cynicism in contemporary literature. The purpose of this editorial is to attempt to explain the existence of a situation. Our aim is to please neither those who approve of the situation nor those who disapprove of it. We act as neither defendant nor prosecuting attorney. We are concerned with the facts of a situation.

Cynicism is that attitude or state of mind which assumes that there is little virtue in human nature and that both man and society are predominantly evil. This attitude has found expression in contemporary novels and short stories with increasing rapidity, and sometimes seems to be well on the way to achieving complete dominance in them. This does not necessarily mean that American writers are cynics. It merely indicates that their works express a cynical attitude. There is a vast difference in the two.

Novels and short stories depend for their success upon an interesting and dramatic narrative. There are two important methods by which this success may be achieved, the Realistic method and the Romantic method. The romantic writer pictures life as it might be, while the realistic writer pictures life as it is. The Romanticist creates his characters and consequently his situations, and they are modeled very loosely on actual people. The Realist does not create his characters and situations, he reproduces the actual ones. The romanticist holds an advantage over the realist, for his characters are his own creations and they may act as he has created them to act. The realist reproduces characters which his readers know, and consequently they must act as they do in real life. The realist must find his dramatic narrative in life, and it must be a narrative which holds dramatic interest for everyone, and consequently he turns to subjects which must be treated with a somewhat cynical outlook. He turns to sordidness, futility and disappointment, which are in themselves dramatic.

When an attitude of cynicism pervades the work of a romanticist, it is a fairly accurate indication that the writer is himself a cynic. When such an attitude pervades the work of a realist, it may only be an indication that the realist has turned to cynicism because of the demands of his art.

In his Nobel Prize Speech of Acceptance, William Faulkner said that the true literature was that which dealt with the "problems of the human heart in conflict with itself." "The human heart in conflict with itself" is a phrase which calls to mind a struggle against futility and evil. If there is to be a struggle they must be present. The portrayal of futility and evil is considered cynical, and hence the followers of this doctrine have produced literature which is largely cynical.

College writers have been turning more and more to cynicism. This seems to have been caused in the same way in which it has been caused in the case of the more mature writers. The college writer is an apprentice learning a trade. He has not mastered the finesse and subtlety which are required to produce successful narratives out of his own mind. He looks for subjects which are immediately gripping and dramatic, and which do not require delicate treatment to make them so. The human heart in conflict with itself seems to the apprentice writer intensely dramatic. He seeks to produce his effect only by those means that he has mastered, and his primary concern is in producing a powerful work, one which contains a great emotional impact, and one which is frequently just short of the sensational.

The apprentice writer is influenced by the great contemporary writers, and he frequently imitates them. The lamentable fact is that he seldom understands them fully. He does not realize that the writers upon which he is modeling have turned to the cynical subjects in order to meet the requirements of their art, but he rather seems to think that they recommend cynicism as the only proper outlook for a writer.

It is true that we cannot be sure that these college writers will grow out of this attitude of cynicism, but we can be reasonably sure that as they progress they will find out that cynicism need not dominate a work in order to make it successful. They will no doubt find that cynical subjects are fine subjects around which to build conflict, but that they need not completely dominate a work.

We have been discussing cynicism in prose and we have not considered cynicism in poetry. Some poets do turn to an attitude of cynicism in order to make their work more dramatic and intense and perhaps to give it a greater emotional content. If the work of a poet is dominated by cynicism, it is a fairly accurate indication that the poet is a cynic,

(Continued on page 20)

RED CRESCENT OF MOON

Craig Carson

THE LOW-HANGING red crescent of moon, cut from view first by a rapid succession of Negro houses and then by picket-fence-like pines, was a more than sufficient omen to dampen my anticipations. In the jeep which bounced quickly along the alternation of paved and then dirt roads there were four of us: Earle, Julian, R. V., and I, the incarnation of disillusionment.

"How far must we go?" I asked, raising my voice to be heard above the vibrating motor.

"Fifteen miles," Julian responded in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

"Fifteen miles!" I gasped. "Aren't there any closer than that?"

"Step on it, R. V.! That is, if you want to get there any time soon," suggested Earle, the instigator of this unusual expedition. Oil fumes began an unpleasant attack upon my nose, and the cool air of a summer evening blew in my face, causing tears.

"You're cold?" I inquired, noticing that Julian was putting on his jacket. He merely shook his head in affirmation but said nothing.

No voices broke the steady hum of the motor or the sound of heavy tires upon the pavement. With amusement I thought of how I had so readily accepted the invitation. In our telephone conversation Earle had warned me: "First, get your worst pants, then your worst shoes, then your worst shirt. And I also think you should bring along a jacket; it gets pretty cool late at night. . . . Oh, yes, I have some boots you can wear."

With everything to my satisfaction I topped off my attire with an old khaki jacket, and underneath it I held my brother's powerful electric lantern, lest he should discover that I was taking it. At eight Earle appeared in his father's jeep, and thus began the first part of our expedition.

In his room amid clothing which had been tossed carelessly in every direction was Julian, struggling to get his high boots on.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he greeted us in the usual tone of humor blended with mild contempt. "I shall be ready in only a few moments. While you're waiting, call R. V.; he should be here by now."

The bobbing of an ever-dimming flashlight betrayed R. V.'s approach across the lawn. "Hi, Bill," he spoke warmly. And after the encouraging remarks about the multitude of snakes we should surely meet, the four of us piled into the jeep, crowded with rifles, boots, and gigs. . . .

The cool, pleasant wind blew in my face as the jeep progressed rapidly over the almost deserted roads, lighted only by the jeep lights and occasionally by those of an oncoming car.

"Turn here! Right!" broke in the voice of Julian; the jeep swerved as it entered the new road.

"Why in the hell didn't you tell me sooner?" complained R. V.

"You're going so blasted fast I couldn't!" Julian struck back.

The road was dirt and curved its way downward toward a bridge. The roughness necessitated driving slowly; thus, I was able, as a diversion, with the powerful light to read aloud the "No Trespassing" signs, which were strategically placed. With this arose the argument as to whether or not the owner of the property also owned the stream. But the consensus was quite well stated by one of the members of our "safari":

"Personally, I don't give a damn!"

After the jeep had been parked and a few wires manipulated to partly assure its being there when we returned, I was handed a pair of boots and was armed with an evil-looking gig. Having descended the high bank with difficulty because of the heavy foot gear, we waded into the now shallow water by the bridge.

"Don't worry about getting water into your boots," Julian laughed. "You'll be up to your belly in it before we get back." I laughed, too, but not quite so heartily. After all, that's what I—as a novice—came for: laughs. I soon realized what Julian meant, for the water began to reach the top of my boots, to run its chilling way inside, and to circulate about my toes.

With my light I could watch both banks from my position in the middle of the stream in order to locate the white bellies of sitting frogs (or the sliding of a dark reptile into the water.) Actually, I was more concerned with the latter. R. V.'s light paused; in its beam sat a fat, green repulsive frog. Earle lifted his rifle and a sharp crack resounded, but the bullet struck with a dull thud in the heavy muck near the frog, which was blinded by the light. It did not move. Again Earle fired. This time a gaping hole was blasted in its white belly.

"You shot it, and you can get it," Julian told him. And with the gig in hand Earle approached the bank in the deepening water. From the mud beneath, disturbed by moving feet, arose reeking bubbles of gas. He thrust the gig forward toward the limp, torn mass of life. It hit its mark, but succeeded only in pushing the frog farther away. On his second attempt Earle lifted the hideous animal into the air on the end of the gig, but it dropped with a splash into the darkened waters. From his confederates came humorous suggestions

(Continued on page 18)

PILGRIMAGE OF AMERICA

John Penick

A RAILROAD station is a fascinating place. Through it passes a good sample of the many varieties of mankind that make up this nation of ours—rich and poor, important and insignificant, honest and crooked, Godly and atheistic, educated and illiterate—with many off-brands and species in between. In the view of these major differences between us, we are astonished sometimes by the number of things we do have in common when we are brought together as one people. Each time America catches a train, the old iron horse that is so typical of our heritage seems to mix our incompatible contrasts into one great vegetable soup of humanity.

Entirely too much time is wasted when we have to wait on a train to arrive. Hours pass so slowly that if we could not occupy our minds with the doing of something, we would go stark, raving mad. For this reason, the number of pipes in the radiator, the crumpled plumage of the hat bobbing across the aisle, and every crevice and chip in the tile flooring become prime factors for investigation.

Oh, these drab, lifeless hours! The monotonous mumbling of that couple behind us! The timeless ticking of a clock! An ageless insufferable lullaby when there are so many issues demanding immediate attention! If that train doesn't come soon, we'll just die! But the hours drag on without even so much as a whistle to break the spell. After a while, we get numb and senseless, and losing all track of time and duty, doze off into a half-asleep, half-awake stupor. Softly the feeble old clock ticks on, soothing our lethargy.

Suddenly, silence is pierced by deisel roaring in crescendo, sharp clanging of bells, and the rattle of couplers and rolling steel. The clacking of baggage carts as they wheel into position reaches our ears, and a loudspeaker blares impersonally, "Northbound Train Number Thirty-four, boarding on Track Two for Gastonia, Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, Danville, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Washington, Baltimore, New York. Train Number Thirty-four on Track Two. Get aboard."

The monster screeches to a standstill. Gigantic motors rumble insistently with rapid, oily combustion. Steel girders supporting tons of metal and power moan under the strain. At long last the enslaved thing, hissing and clinking with vitality, enjoys a brief pause from its strenuous tasks.

The waiting tomb suddenly becomes alive as passengers are resurrected from the dead. There is hustle and bustle everywhere when baggage checks are secured, tickets are emancipated from pocketbooks, last-minute reading materials are purchased in preparation for the long trip ahead. Good-byes are hastily said because the fear of missing the train is prevalent everywhere, and this spoils the tenderness of parting moments. Railway Express wagons scoot by in disinterested efficiency. Rattling, squeaking, banging doors open and shut for America as she too calmly goes about her business.

In the manner of hungry, stampeding livestock the masses pour out of the subway onto the platform, running, pushing, shoving—afraid they might be left behind. The truth is that many would probably be better off if they were left behind, but who thinks of truth at a time like this? We've just got to be in Washington by seven o'clock tonight, and that's all there is to it!

Everyone scrambles aboard while loved ones await the departure. Baggage is secured on racks; coats are hung up; boxes and books are settled on seats. We're all ready to go. "Whew! We just did make it!" is the common sigh uttered or unexpressed. One gentleman shouts out of the window to his waiting friends, "We'll write you as soon as we get in. Had a swell time. . . . Oh, my gosh! I forgot my fishing tackle. Hey, Jim, how about sending my tackle home when you get time. I left it on your workbench. Sure would appreciate it. . . . Does this thing look like it's ever going to move again? Hang it all, I've got to get back to the job!" In just this impassioned temper we sit and wait twenty whole minutes for the train to start, in order that we may wait hours more for the train to stop again.

Leisurely the train crew loads and unloads its mail. Leisurely they back the new diner onto the rear of the train, and the lazy little switch engine rolls down the track out of the way of its big brother. Leisurely the car wheels are inspected by a philosopher in overalls, who may have something in his constitution that we could all put to good use.

Finally, after a leisurely spent half-hour that almost has the passengers ready for a lynching, the welcome "Clang, clang, clang, clang," and stepped-up revolutions of an almost human dynamo herald the graceful glide of our train over its track and onward to our destination.

Feeling the plunge of the cars toward our goal, we settle back in our seats with a much better frame of mind than we had possessed before. Some of us light cigarettes or bite into candy; some open books and begin to absorb the contents. Most of us strike up conversations with the total strangers near us. We begin

(Continued on page 22)

PORTALS OF PUZZLEMENT

Robert E. James

Mysteriously now, the day fades. . . .
In the distance
I hear the church bells,
With a reminding tone
That a feast
Awaits those who will partake.
For some strange reason
The Traffic rumble
Has softly died out.
The very smell of the air
Gives an exotic—
Yes, even a peculiar
Feeling.
There is something exciting—
I sit silently alone,
Thinking,
Listening,
Watching the street lights twin-
kling on,
One-by-one,
Around me.
Across a far-away hill,
The remaining sprinkling
Of the once radiant sunset
Fades softly into hazy clouds of
darkness.

Suddenly, I am aware
Of a presence.
I look all around me—
No one.
First startled,
Then relaxed,
I settle again
To enter the recently opened
Portals of my mind.
With cautious pace I enter.
Amazing! Incredible!
I must dream!
Before me,
There is a weird shadow. . . .
My eyes focus
And refocus.
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A MASQUE

Bill Duke

Dedicated to the English Department of Wofford College, with apologies to all concerned

THE CHARACTERS

Coatesius
Covingtonius
Hunterius
Berckmannius
Students
Nymphs

Coatesius is discovered in a darkened room.
As here I await th' approach of russet dawn,
Which o'er yon building should ere long appear,
I shall direct my thoughts to ponder on
This wand which by some chance lies here.
I'll take it in my hand and gaze it close—
Why—what a strange and wondrous whim
Is to my mind spontaneously disclosed?
Youth lingers yet, and thus I'll worship him.
He dances with the wand.
O magic wand,
From crystal pond,
All lovely nymphs now bringing—
Enchant the heart
With magic art,
While I thy praise am singing.
Nymphs appear and dance in chorus.
Come, bright dawn,
And usher on
The day of youth eternal.
And with thy rays
Begin the days
Of Springtime ever vernal.
Dawn appears trailing brilliant rays.
Coatesius:
O, joy of life,
And life of joy,
Thus to pass the time.
O, bliss of heav'n,
And heav'n of bliss—
What powers, Wand, are thine!
Nymphs:
Begone the savant's learned cloak,
Begone the pedant's scroll.
Now is the time for lusty joke,
And draughts from Bacchus' bowl.
A Nymph:
Come trip a measure with me now,
And find what pleasure life can be.
Coatesius:
O-ho! What's this that we have here?
Come closer, woodland nymph, my dear,
And we shall dance as ne'er before.
We'll trip the Wofford campus o'er.
They are discovered by Covingtonius.
Covingtonius:
What to my wond'ring eyes appear?
Coatesius prancing like a deer!
Tripping o'er the English office.
Coatesius:
Erstwhile colleague, now a dean,
Have such sights before been seen
In regions under Wisdom's sway?
Covingtonius:
Nay, and never should appear!
If it's discovered what's happened here,
Thou'lt live to rue this day!
What caused this spree
Of jollity
Upon such sacred grounds?
Coatesius:
This wand I found
And waved around,
These things has brought to me.
Covingtonius:
Then, may I see
What pow'rs there be
In such a piece of metal?
Takes wand.
Though strange it seem,
I think I dream,
For I should like to dance.
A nymph appears. They dance.
Coatesius and Covingtonius:
What joy to us
To frolic thus,
No more with care o'erladen—
To dance and sing,
And give youth wing,
No more with care o'erladen.
Nymphs:
No more with care o'erladen.
Bacchus, come,
And this thy home
Eternally shalt be.
And we thy shape
With joy shall drape,
Thy truest followers we.
Bacchus descends from above.
Bacchus:
From homes afar,
Deus machina
Hath brought me now to earth.

Olympus' heights,
Through days and nights,
Have never known such mirth.
Nymphs:
Have never known such mirth.
Coatesius and Covingtonius:
Yet more we need.
The wand will heed
A call to sweet Diana.
And now our joy
We shall employ
To call the sweet Diana.
Diana descends from above.
Diana:
Such revelry
'Tis nice to see.
What brought plump Bacchus
hither?
Bacchus:
Coatesius' rod
Did give the nod
That thus has brought me hither.
And since these folk
In rev'lry soak,
I'll never call them thither.
Nymphs:
He'll never call them thither.
Enter Hunterius:
Congenial horrors, hail! What madness this,
That such has seized the little brains thou hadst?
Give me thy wand, Coatesius, and o'er the head
Of that vain nymph with whom you dance
I'll break it.
Nymph, in thy orisons be all his sins remembered.
How now, Covingtonius, thou too
Participate in madness?
Seizes wand from Coatesius and attempts to thrash nymph.
Double bubble,
Toil and trouble!
Terpsichore
My muse shall be,
And I with nymphs shall prance.
Nymphs:
And he with nymphs shall prance.
Coatesius, Covingtonius, and Hunterius:
When shall we three dance again?
Coatesius:
In thunder, lightning, and in rain.
Covingtonius:
Here the place,
Hunterius:
And nymphs for grace.
All three:
And we shall dance forever!
Nymphs:
And we shall dance forever!
Bells sound in the distance.
Hunterius:
There's the knell
That once did summon us to Hell,
But now no more I hear it.
Coatesius:
My honor is beset with joy and mirth;
I would not let ingratitude besmear it.
Hunterius:
With this regard (and on the sly)
Let conscience ever turn awry,
And lose whatever name it chooses.
Students enter, led by Berchmannius with pad and pencil.
Students in chorus:
What misfortune is so early up
That calls us from our morning rest
To find such pagan revels?
Covingtonius:
More brain, O Lord, more brain!
Hunterius:
What does it matter, if less art?
Berckmannius:
'Round the campus I will go,
I will go,
I will go,
'Round the campus I will go,
And scoop this for the paper.
Coatesius:
Nay, do not go,
But tarry, so—
And cut with us a caper.
He gives the wand to Berckmannius, who passes it to all the students.
Bacchus:
Now my servants I've reclaimed,
From foolish bookish pastimes.
Students in unison:
There's no time for aught but glee,
Jest and Bacchus' revelry.
Hence to our merry prances.
So with these three,
Such fools as we
Shall learn some jolly dances.

HOW HE BIT

The Journal, January, 1916

It was one cold, snowy evening. Gathered about a blazing fire were a half-dozen or more old men. They were telling tales of their childhood and recounting experiences of their youth and later manhood. All had told their tale but one, and he appeared to be about eighty years old. He was intelligent, and his face still bore the ruddy glow of vigorous health. When it came his time, he settled down into his chair and began telling about a friend of his of by-gone years. His companions immediately became attentive, and one of them had just interrupted him with a question about the business capacity of his friend. The old man went on:

"Was he shrewd? Well, yes. He was sensible and capable and very shrewd as a whole and, even if he was somewhat crude and rugged, he had a big heart and a nature so generous that you could not help liking him. But the trouble was he felt it too much and thought that his business system and social tactics were beyond reproach. And it was for that reason that the neighbors and people in general of his town looked with something like amusement at his misfortune. For it was a misfortune not only in a material way, for it was humiliating to Bill to find that his pet policy was overthrown and himself so chagrined thereby. So the people with a smile, as if to say, 'I told you so,' looked sympathetically on. And the more his friends tried to console and pacify him over the matter, the more irritated he became. But you can't blame Bill so much, after all. It wasn't exactly his fault. All of us are likely to bite sometimes, even if we don't bite as hard as Bill did. It is true, as you say, that he might have used better judgment, but he committed no sin when he used bad judgment and suffered for it.

"It was this way. Bill—you've heard of Bill Coleman—was, as I told you before, a naturally good-natured and good-hearted fellow. He had a goodly little capital to start on when he came to Yulton, fifteen years before; and using it and his head along together, he finally worked himself up to a pretty high place. Yulton, you know, was not a very big town—three or four thousand—but it was big enough for Bill to make a good deal of money and enable him to rise to a pretty high position of responsibility. He was first a merchant and real estate man, but soon, step by step, he came to be the president of the bank—Yulton has only one bank—and owner of a good deal of real estate round about.

"Yet he remained the same through it all. Riches did not affect him in the least. He liked us all, and we all liked him. Yet you never saw a man but what had his faults, and Bill's main fault was his liking for high society folks. Now, there's nothing exactly wrong in that—it's more of a weakness than a fault. But Bill would overdo the thing. Whenever a stranger would come to town, especially if he appeared to be some important personage from the city, Bill would inevitably fall in with him somehow, and the first thing you knew they would be fast friends. We kept telling Bill about this way of doing, but he would only laugh and tell us that we were jealous of him. ''Tis the burnt child that fears the fire,' you know. Well, we tried to believe that he was right—for he generally was—and because he was so jolly and cheerful we would give up to him, but always warned him to keep his eyes open.

"Then it happened.

"One day there came a good-looking man to Yulton who appeared to be about 26 or 27. He was tall and handsome; had keen black eyes, black hair, and a melodious voice. Evidently he was wealthy, for he was dressed well and had a lot of baggage. He hadn't been in town two days before Bill had met him and added him to his list of friends. They made a handsome couple, Bill and this stranger — Harry Saunders, he said his name was—as they came down the street together. Bill, with his old felt hat, from under whose brim appeared a fringe of sandy, red hair, his short legs waddling along beneath his fat, rolling body, and the stranger, with his sonorous voice, fine clothes and keen black eyes, striding along beside him.

"Saunders said he was from—oh, I forget the name of the place—and was the son of a big drug merchant, and had come to Yulton for his health. He had pictures of his father's big drug plant and fine home, and said he was going to spend his life at leisure.

"Well, things went on for a week, and the intimacy grew greater every day. I'll acknowledge there was something fascinating and pleasing about this young fellow. He had easy, polite ways, which made one like him at first sight. And to hear him talk you would think he was just as fine as they made.

"Anyway, it was the way he impressed Bill. He had been staying at a boarding house, but after about a week he accepted Bill's invitation to come 'round and stay with him. Bill would have been willing to have taken him without charging him anything for board or lodging, but he had to charge him a little something, just for the looks of the thing.

"Well, he moved over, and he and Bill became greater chums than ever; and, in fact, it got to where when

you saw one you were pretty likely to see the other.

"But I forgot to tell you about Miss Coleman, Bill's daughter. She was just a fine young woman, and pretty, too. She had all of Bill's cleverness, and a lot more common sense. She had been off at some big college somewhere and finished with honors. Her mother—Bill's wife—died about five years before, and she had been keeping house for her father and teaching too. Well, as soon as that fellow Saunders saw her he fell in love with her, apparently. She was only twenty, and he thought she would be just the one to make him happy — so Bill said Saunders told him. But she was not so easily persuaded to his way of thinking, and we could all see that he wasn't making much progress toward winning her love. 'Twas not because he didn't try, though, for he took every chance possible to let her know how he felt toward her. Now, this pleased Bill better than anything that could have happened. He would talk to Emily—that was her name—and try to persuade her to give Saunders a little encouragement. But she would say that she didn't like him, nor did she have any confidence in him whatsoever. This would get Bill wrought up, and the more she objected to Saunders, the better Bill would try to make him appear to her. But he had sense enough not to push things too far, for he realized that she was a chip off the old block, with a good deal of improvement.

"Finally, Saunders began going around to the bank and insisted on helping Bill with his work there, as he said he himself had some knowledge along the banking line. Bill immediately took him into full confidence, and it wasn't long until he was helping with the accounts and other matters.

"Things went on smoothly enough for about two weeks, and the bank became a common loafing place for Saunders. He was to have gone away before, but he was desperately in love with Miss Coleman, and the people said this was the reason he was extending his stay.

"One day, after another week's good sailing, Saunders asked Bill if he would give his consent for Emily to be his wife. This just suited Bill, and he not only gave his consent, but expressed himself as being very happy over the situation. It was not that he didn't love his daughter, but he was just so confident that Saunders would make her a good husband that he let his enthusiasm run away with his prudence. He, of course, left the question with his daughter.

"The next day fortune seemed to favor Saunders. He was strolling in the flower garden all alone that afternoon; everything was as still as could be, and the earth seemed a speck of paradise. 'Twas just the time for lovers and lovemaking. If I were a poet or love-story writer, I might describe the scene as one where nature, with her rosy-tipped fingers, touched all the strings of the delicious summertime, all the chords of beauty in one sweet accord, making melodious harmony of the surrounding country. But there's no need of that—we all know how it is, or how it used to be. Anyway, Saunders was strolling slowly along and ran upon Miss Coleman sitting, also alone, in the shade of a beautiful oak, being evidently fascinated by the spell which nature was working.

"Well, the sum of it was: he proposed and she had the good sense to refuse, and that very emphatically.

"With his courtship at an end, Saunders was determined to leave the next morning. Having this purpose in mind, he went uptown, evidently to make some purchases and prepare for his departure. He went around to the bank, and was enthusiastically received by Bill, whose enthusiasm was suddenly cooled when he heard of the way his daughter had treated his friend.

"Now, it happened that this particular day had been a very successful one at the bank, and Bill had still a great deal to do in the way of straightening out his books and putting things in order. He had taken up several notes, which amounted to about eight hundred dollars, besides several good-sized deposits. Bill was just starting to put this money in the vault when Saunders came in and, of course, they being the best of friends, he got Saunders to help him. When they had finished, it was Saunders who shut and locked the vault door. The two then went home. Saunders saying that he would leave the next morning, and Bill expressing his regrets and hoping for his friend the best of good fortunes. And Bill was sincere in what he said, but he didn't know how dangerous was his wish and how expensive it was to prove to him.

"Next morning, Bill was awakened about five o'clock by a sharp knocking on the window at the head of his bed, and saw a figure in the dim morning glow, which by its motions made it evident that an intercourse with him was desired. Bill hurriedly dressed and went to the door, where he met a middle-aged, business-like man. The stranger did not wait for Bill to speak, but inquired hastily:

" 'Is there a man here in your house by the name of Harry Saunders?'

" 'Yes,' answered Bill, in amazement.

" 'I want to see him immediately,' added the stranger curtly.

" 'Why, he's not up yet, and I hate to disturb him at this early hour,' objected Bill.

"The stranger threw back the lapel of his coat and disclosed the shining emblem of a deputy sheriff. He then took out a card, which bore the inscription: 'R. H. Wilmore, Deputy Sheriff, Chief Detective, Kiel.' He handed it to Bill, who looked at it, then stared at the stranger blankly.

" 'Lead me to his room,' ordered the stranger.

"Bill turned without a word, and

the two went upstairs and to the door of the room occupied by Saunders. Bill started to knock, but the detective caught him by the arm and silently turned the knob of the door. It was locked. He then produced a key, with which he silently unlocked it. The two stepped in. There was no one in the room. The bed was untouched. The suitcase was gone, and various articles of clothing were scattered about the open trunk.

" 'Gone again!' muttered the detective between his teeth. Then, turning to Bill, he said:

" 'You've been harboring in your house one of the biggest thieves and swindlers in the country. His name is William Wilkins.' Here he produced a photo of the man. 'I've been on his trail for a long time, but up until yesterday he had succeeded in giving me the dodge. I learned of his whereabouts from an old pal of his who had turned against him. As soon as I got the clue, I set out after him, but it seems that he has slipped me again. But what puzzles me is how he knew to leave just when he did and in the way he did.'

"Here he went to the window and pulled up a rope which dangled from the window sill. Bill was almost swept off his feet by this disclosure. He could not comprehend that he had been so completely deluded.

" 'Did he take anything from you?' was the next question.

" 'Nothing at all,' answered Bill.

" 'Nothing at all?' repeated the detective. 'Then, you're lucky.' But what followed made Bill stagger.

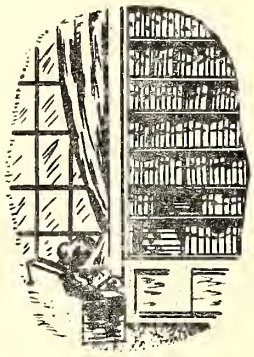
" 'You're president of the bank, I understand. You and this fellow have been close friends. He has been with you a great deal at the bank. You have been very successful in a financial way lately. Has this Saunders, as he called himself, been with you lately at your bank?"

" 'Yes,' answered Bill weakly. 'He and I were there late yesterday afternoon, and he helped me lock up.'

" 'Let us go to the bank.'

"After a few minutes' walk the bank was reached. It required only a few minutes to examine the front part of the bank; then the two passed down to the vault. Bill suddenly became weak, and had to stop to catch his breath before proceeding; for there stood the door of the vault ajar, and the rest of the story could readily be guessed.

" 'Who locked this safe door last night?' inquired the detective. Then, stepping up to the register, said, looking straight at Bill: 'It was not locked.'



"There were a few coins scattered about on the floor of the safe, but on examination it was found that all the paper money and other valuables were gone. In all, about $900 was missing.

"Bill swallowed hard, and, turning toward his companion a face pale with anger and chagrin, asked weakly:

" 'What shall I do?'

"The detective strode to and fro for a second or two, then stopped abruptly before Bill.

" 'Be quiet and do as I tell you,' he said. 'Above all things, don't create any excitement as long as you can keep from it; for to make a commotion now would only give this rascal the cue and baffle all our efforts to bag him. Let him think he is still undiscovered. He is bound to be close around here somewhere, and probably we can run across him before he takes the alarm, if we go about it right. Now, don't say a word about this to anybody, not even your daughter. You can run the bank for a couple of days without its being known. I'll go to Kiel immediately, where this rascal will have to go to get those drafts cashed. You will hear from me by telegraph this afternoon or in the morning. But allow for the unexpected to happen, do not get anxious if you do not hear from me until tomorrow afternoon. I feel sure that with two days I can bring our man to where he belongs. If you desire any information, or if you get any that you think would be of aid to me, telephone or telegraph to "4078 Exton, Kiel—125 Main St." But put it off as long as possible, for you can readily understand the quieter we go about this business the more likely we are to succeed.'

"Then, with a hearty handshake and some words of encouragement, the detective was off.

"Bill went home, but could eat no breakfast. His daughter was very anxious about him, and asked if he were sick. He assured her that there was nothing wrong with him, and told her that Saunders had left early that morning to catch the first train. All during the day Bill was nervous and restless, but fought hard not to let his friends know it. He went to the bank as usual, but did not stay very long. Then he went around to the telegraph office to inquire if a message for him had been received. Getting an answer in the negative, he went back home, avoiding all his friends and cheering himself the best he could.

"As time wore slowly on, Bill's impatience grew. Mid-day came and then night, and still no word from the detective. Bill consoled himself that he would get a special delivery letter the next morning explaining everything.

"Morning came, but no letter. He hastened to the telegraph, but was again disappointed. He was forced

to constrain himself and bear the suspense as best he could. The day wore on, and Bill became more and more irritated. He wouldn't speak to anybody, but stayed either in the telegraph office or in the bank.

"Toward evening, he could wait no longer. He telegraphed the police and detective headquarters at Kiel, to know if they had apprehended any one for bank robbery at Yulton. He also asked that R. H. Wilmore, deputy sheriff and chief detective, wire him as to what he had done or discovered.

"In about an hour the answer came:

" 'We know no one by the name of R. H. Wilmore, detective and deputy sheriff. Have heard nothing about bank robbery at Yulton. Please let us know definitely what you mean.

" '(Signed) P. K. Catesly,
" 'Chief Police and
" 'Head Detective.'

"You would have thought someone had hit Bill in the head with an axe. He looked dazed and stupified; then his face became livid with anger and disgust.

" 'By George!' he muttered, as he turned to leave. 'Fooled! Fooled twice! Me! Bill Coleman! I know I am the biggest fool on earth, but I've learned a lesson!'

"And he was right in the last part of his statement.

"The real police, informed too late of the occurrence, could do nothing toward regaining the money or capturing the swindlers. The drafts had been cashed at Kiel, but nobody knew anything about who presented them."

SCHILLER'S RETURN

Harry Gall

THE night was cold and clear. Dark shadows played eerily across the deserted mountain lane illuminated by a silver sheen of moonlight stretching away toward the twinkling lights of a distant Alpine village.

Ernst Schiller, dressed in the tattered grey-green uniform of the Wehrmacht, trudged wearily along the narrow mountain road which in places dwindled to a mere pathway, upon which even the shining golden beams of the full moon failed to penetrate the tangled network of overhanging branches. The war was over and Ernst was going home—home to an aged father and his childhood sweetheart. The horrors of the battlefield—the piercing whine of bursting shell, the pathetic moans of the dying and the twisted masses of mangled corpses, once men but now mere inert refuse upon whom lay like a loathsome cloud the sickening stench of decay—all parts of the infamous tragedy of man's inhumanity to man were behind him, now lost in the sea of bitterness, best forgotten. He thought now only of Ilse, the girl he had left behind in these Bavarian hills — the golden haired girl with whom he had played as a child and whom he had learned to love when a man, with heart-felt devotion. Lost in the silent solitude of the night and deeply absorbed in his own most secret thoughts, Ernst scarcely realized he had passed the last torturous bend in the narrow, unpaved mountain pathway and was standing on the outskirts of his native village.

Six years of war and bloodshed would not have changed it. It would always be just as he remembered it—the quaint stone houses of five centuries past and forgotten still towered in his mind's eye to great heights above a tree-lined village square paved with brick scarred and blunted by the footfalls of centuries. Yes, all this he could picture vividly from past reminiscences carried with him through years of bloodshed and terror, and turmoil, even though he had yet to round the last bend in the road. Now he did so with hesitating, almost faltering, steps. And then at last he stood looking down into his native valley.

In the distance the snow-capped peak of the Walvenverg shimmering in the moonlight like a mountain of molten gold outlined magnificently against the blue vault of heaven cast weird shadows across his path. Such however was the only scene of familiar beauty the young veteran was to see below him, for where once houses had stood lay only pile upon pile of silent inanimate rubble. The town in which he had been born and had grown to manhood was no longer. For a moment he leaned against a rock striving desperately to steady himself against the sickening sight which met his eye. And then came the unmistakable glint of a tear in the eye of this weary veteran of ragged fragments of a broken army and of the lost cause, and he pulled himself up to his greatest height and, turning his back on the hopes and dreams of a lifetime, he vanished into the darkness of the night.

A BRIEF COMPARISON OF WESLEY AND VOLTAIRE

J. Mason Stapleton, Jr.

At first impression, one may suppose a comparison of the two gentlemen mentioned above to be forced. However, that is not true at all.

The reason I have undertaken such a subject is the profound effect I believe these men had on the eighteenth century and the years which followed.

Let us shift our gaze back to the England of the first half of the eighteenth century. "Drinking had become almost a mania. In the higher class of society the taint left by Charles II, and his licentious court still festered. . . . The grand controversy was who should outdress, outdrink, or outeat his neighbor. . . . Infidelity prevailed among all classes, and boldly made direct efforts to undermine all religion. . . . The House of Lords reported in 1738 that a number of loose and disorderly persons had of late formed themselves into a club, and were trying to induce the youths of the kingdom to join them, professing themselves to be votaries of the devil, and offering prayers to him and drinking his health." Thus does Tyerman write in his *Life and Times of Wesley.*

Bishop Paul B. Kern in a lecture series at Emory University described eighteenth century England as follows:

"It was an era of cruelty, soddenness, poverty, and widespread illiteracy. . . . The political situation was badly in need of reform. . . . Society was divided into classes that had almost the social rigidity of a caste system. . . . Pathetic returns from the small farms of England and the low wage scales in industrial centers created a sense of helplessness and hopelessness that rested like a pall of despair over the masses of the people. *England was ready for reform.* . . . The old social structure was ready to crack."

The spirit which culminated in the French revolution was moving with its invisible fingers the hearts of the English masses. Men were tired of haughtiness, injustice, and the bondage of overlords.

In France, before the revolution, the picture had been much the same. The French people had had more of a taste of the "good life." This made them more unwilling to undergo the abuses of the *ancien regime.* Political organization was confused. Members of the Third Estate were groaning under the weight of severe taxation. The national treasury was in a state of bankruptcy. France was ready for reform.

The general attitude toward Christianity in the two countries was one of distaste. The corruption of the Christian Church had seen to that. Many predicted the final dissolving of the church; that Christianity would soon pass into the halls of forgotten superstitions. People were indifferent to the clergymen and their church.

Then came John Wesley, who, one spring night, in a little prayer service on Aldersgate Street in London felt his "heart strongly warmed." Prohibited from preaching from the pulpits of England, he went to the mines, the slums, the street corners, bearing testimony to his own witness of the spirit and opening up a way for others to feel the same.

What were the results? Perhaps H. D. Traill in *Social England* has best described the impact of the Wesleyan movement.

"In the nation at large, the Methodist Revival brought about a new moral enthusiasm which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the decrease of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature ever since the Restoration. . . . A passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted was the special glory of religion at the end of the eighteenth century, and it has a right to claim the honour of training and inspiring those uncanonized and yet true saints. . . ."

In France the *Philosophes* with Voltaire in the forefront held up with joy to public ridicule the "stupidity, hypocrisy, and irrationality of existing customs, and who pleaded in the name of humanity and right reason, for a program of intelligent reforms." (Words in quotation are from *A Survey of European Civilization*, Ferguson and Brunn.) Voltaire especially took delight in turning the full power of his satire, mockery, and sercasm against the theologians. A "natural religion," he pointed out, was one that would "enjoin us to serve our neighbors through love of God."

There was the thought that there must be a *natural* order of society, regulated by inflexible laws.

What happened in France as the Voltaires pumped their philosophy into the discontented masses? In 1789 and the following years, Paris streets ran red with blood. Nature had risen up and overthrown what had been man's injustice to man. Did Voltaire start this dreadful era of bloodshed? Who could say exactly what influence he had? No doubt, we can safely assume that he affected many and was a strong force which set into action the discontent which led to the revolution.

We now have enough background to proceed to some questions which will naturally come to mind. Why did the French have the revolution while the English did not? What part did Wesley and Voltaire play in the destinies of their respective societies?

This writer is of the opinion that John Wesley in his instigation of the

Methodist movement, or better still, his religious revival, founded on solid intellectual and theological principles (for Wesley was well-educated at Oxford), stopped the beginnings of an English revolution. And while Voltaire cannot be solely blamed for the French revolution, this writer sincerely believes that that Frenchman could have probably caused the same effect in his country that Wesley caused in England.

There is a distinct difference which must be noted between the deist and the theist.

A deist is firm about the existence of God, as remote and chilly as he may be. The deistic belief can be described as belief in God as a master clockmaker.

He is the First Cause. He sets the clock into motion, plans its running, winds it for eternity. God has put man in as part of this machine and has given him the power to discover the clock's laws by which it runs. There is no need of praying to this God. He would not interfere with His own handiwork. Never did such a God reveal Himself to Moses on Sinai or send His only Son to earth to redeem sinful men. In Voltaire's own words from his philosophical dictionary, ". . . God acts, but we do not know how, . . . and He is just." In his miscellaneous sayings Voltaire speaks, "we shall not extend our views into the depths of theology. God preserve us from such presumption. Humble faith is enough for us. We never assume any other part than that of a mere historian."

John Wesley was a theist. His idea of God suggests a more personal God, not necessarily anthropomorphic, but imminent. He can be prayed to.

This was the God which John Wesley presented to England. And England believed because England felt the great witness of the spirit. Notice the importance of the word *felt*. Thus Wesley proclaimed no cold, unemotional authoritarianism. He made the presence of a living God so real to his audiences that they not only *accepted* faith, they *felt* it and knew. The inner recesses of their souls were affected as a man who has been shot with a hypodermic needle. Consider the testimony of Wesley himself which follows.

"I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ. . . . An assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of death. I, me, mine, strangely warmed, trust, saved, assurance, law."

But this was no mere emotional type of experience. That faith which he felt, Wesley translated into action. He promoted temperance, lambasted slavery and war. The positive aspects of his action included many things. He organized a savings and loan bank, started an unemployment bureau, conducted a charity school, organized a free dispensary, ran an orphans' home, pleaded for prison reform, established a Home for Poor Widows, supported a Strangers' Friend Society for indigent strangers. All this he did because of a loving God and the Divine Son who had paid with His life the price necessary to abolish the cost of sin to human beings.

Compare this with Voltaire as very adequately described in the editors' introduction to *The Portable Voltaire*.

"His rejection of the Bible, which of course, meant the complete rejection of Christianity, was at the heart of his thinking, and was a powerful spring of action."

The most famous phrase of Voltaire was *ecrasez l'infame* (erase the infamous thing). Scholars are well agreed that the infamous thing was Christianity. He wanted it wiped out in its every element. If he believed in Christianity, as he said he did, it was not the Christianity of the Man of Nazareth who, in the first place, gave the movement its name and sent it on its way.

But what does all this have to do with John Wesley and the French revolution? Simply that, like Wesley, Voltaire criticized the world of his day, but gave little solution to reconcile that which he criticized. Unlike Wesley, Voltaire severed all identification with the only system of conduct that can drive all evil out of the world, namely, the Christian faith. And with his rejection of the Christian faith, he rejected Christ, the truth, the "word made flesh," the turner of the other cheek, the second miler, the author of humility, the doctrine of motive followed by deed, the man who showed what prayer can do, the man of the democratic spirit. The best he gave in its place was a cold, complicated, rationalistic interpretation of life—nothing warm, real, alive.

What Wesley gave to the English was a Christ who knew how to fight with means other than revolutions and internal strife. Voltaire presented vividly the abuses of eighteenth century society and the people rebelled. But rebelled for what? They were as blind leading the blind, they did not know what they wanted or what they were fighting for. Liberty, equality, fraternity, were too vague.

But in his own way, Voltaire was great. *Candide* will always be a monument sufficient to his deeds. He helped attain "liberty, equality, fraternity," regardless of the means he used. He wanted social reform, but under the impossible ideal of a philosopher king. He was a great rationalist, but yet he realized limitations of reason. One could say in many ways that he was the epitomy of the great Enlightenment, that period which gave a healthy optimism to the world in spite of its faults.

But to evaluate Wesley and Voltaire side by side, we must look at the empirical evidence of the effect each had on his respective society—in England, a revolution probably squelched by Wesley; in France, a revolution spurred on by the merciless satire of Voltaire.

There can be no other evaluation; no other conclusion.

DRAMA

Bill Duke

"Aren't you taking a chance? . . . here we are tonight trying to put across the enigmatic, brilliant, unpredictable Christopher Fry with a cast composed largely of young students 'still damp from cocoons' in the field of acting." Thus the program addressed the audience which was waiting for the curtain to rise on the Palmetto Players' production of Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*. There was probably no member of the audience who was not aware of the chance, for Fry was certainly not meant for college acting groups. Yet, after the first performance, which unfortunately served as more of an extra dress rehearsal than as a performance, the chance was well worth the taking, for the second performance was a most rewarding one. In practically every college production there are going to be errors and slip-ups, and this one was exceptional for the scarcity of these. Only one member of the cast needed prompting, and frequently it seemed as if the prompters would have to take over the role for him. Yet in the second performance of the play, there was far more to be praised than criticized. In fact, it seems a trifle picayunish to offer any criticism at all in this case, for the cast turned out a production which would more than have done credit to a group far beyond them in both years and experience.

The principal characters around which the play is built are Jennet Jourdemayne, accused of witchcraft and sentenced to death, and Thomas Mendip, a discharged soldier who wants to be hanged in order to escape from a life of which he has grown exceedingly weary. Jean Overton as Jennet was a most captivating and alluring, if sometimes coquettish, witch, and James Armstrong, starring opposite her as Thomas, managed to capture just the proper amount of boredom mixed with just the right amount of unwilling attraction to Jennet. Nicholas Devise and his brother Humphrey, played by Mason Stapleton and Robert Craig, and their mother, played by Delores Dellinger, emerged as creations of which Fry himself might well be proud. Eleanor Breazeale as Alizon Eliot, who forsakes Humphrey to marry the orphaned clerk Thomas, who works for the bewildered mayor, Hebble Tyson, was the embodiment of all that Fry seems to have had in mind when he created the role. She handled her role with a skill and understanding that was no less than astonishing in so youthful an actress. She increased her talent by utilizing this youth to lend the role a striking charm and simplicity, and added immeasurably to the play. To Don Bundy as Richard fell the task of keeping the play in motion, and though the part was a difficult one, Mr. Bundy handled it well, and by some excellently managed stage business contributed quite a bit to the success of the performance. Sidney Kelly deserves the most elaborate superlatives, for as the chaplain he not only more than held his own with a superb cast, but turned in bits of scene stealing which were quite gracious bows to the memory of John Barrymore. Arthur Fisher as Matthew Skipps, August Cook as Edward Tappercoom, and John Carrington as the bewildered mayor completed the cast.

There were many highlights in the performance. There was one whenever Sidney Kelly as the chaplain stepped onto the stage. The scene in which Humphrey attempts to seduce Jennet was excellently played by both Mr. Stapleton and Miss Overton. The love scene between Jennet and Thomas was also quite well played, though a trifle overdone bit of stage business on the part of the rest of the cast detracted from it. The closing portions of the play which are largely devoted to Alizon and Richard were handled tenderly and convincingly by Elinor Breazeale and Don Bundy. The performance itself was one of the highlights of the careers of the Palmetto Players.

To Miss Hazel Abbot is due most of the credit. Staging and directing the production, Miss Abbot had the task of preparing an inexperienced cast for one of the more difficult plays in the theatrical repertoire. The performance proved the abilities of Miss Abbot. The staging was excellent. The set could have been no better.

The work of Christopher Fry speaks for itself. It is as effervescent as champagne and requires nimble and agile tongues. This cast managed excellently, and few lines were lost to the audience.

* * *

The Spartanburg Little Theatre made an unfortunate choice in selecting Robert Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest* for their third production. The cast did all that they could have done to make the play a success, but Sherwood had them defeated from the start. In fact, with such an able cast and under such competent direction, there was just so much good talent gone to waste. Sherwood writes with almost no sense of characterization or movement. *The Petrified Forest* depends for its success upon sharp dialogue and theatrical effects which aim toward sensationalism, and these are a poor basis upon which to attempt to build a successful drama. Indeed, one tires rather easily of the profanity which Sherwood uses in an attempt

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MOVIES

Sid Fulmer

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was written well before the awarding of the Oscars, and though Mr. Fulmer's predictions were not correct THE JOURNAL staff extends to him congratulations. After the predictions of leading experts in this field were made public, we found that those of our columnist were in agreement with them. So to Mr. Fulmer go our congratulations and thanks for his always interesting contributions to THE JOURNAL.

IT HAS always been a constant source of irritation to many of our country's top movie critics to find that those films which they loudly acclaim are very seldom among those films which prove to be "hits" in the eyes of the average theater-going public. This differentiation of likes and dislikes between the critics and the average theater-goer comes to the fore again in the light of the list of films which have been nominated for the annual Academy Awards.

According to an article in *Photoplay* magazine, the most publicly acclaimed picture of the year was M. G. M.'s lavishly produced Jerome Kern musical "*Showboat*." However, this picture was not among the top five films nominated for the academy award. Other favorites of the public not even mentioned on most critical "best lists" were "*The Great Caruso*," "*Captain Horatio Hornblower*," "*The Blue Veil*," and "*David and Bathsheba*," just to mention a few.

The films nominated by members of the motion picture industry for this year's "*oscar*" were "*An American in Paris*," "*Decision Before Dawn*," "*A Streetcar Named Desire*," "*A Place in the Sun*," and "*Quo Vadis*." Of these five films "*Quo Vadis*" and "*A Place in the Sun*" have met with the most popular acclaim. The academy's list is an interesting one, though, for it contains one musical, "*An American in Paris*."

In the many years of giving "oscars" no musical has ever won the honor, and very few, if any, have ever been nominated. Another film, "*A Place in the Sun*," was first filmed in the early 1930's under the original title of "*An American Tragedy*," and was a dismal flop.

Nominated for the best actress award were: Jane Wyman, "*The Blue Veil*"; Shelley Winters, "*A Place in the Sun*"; Eleanor Parker, "*Detective Story*"; Vivien Leigh, "*A Streetcar Named Desire*," and Katharine Hepburn, "*The African Queen*."

Nominated for the best actor award were: Frederic March, "*Death of a Salesman*"; Arthur Kennedy, "*Bright Victory*"; Montgomery Clift, "*A Place in the Sun*"; Marlon Brando, "*A Streetcar Named Desire*," and Humphrey Bogart, "*The African Queen*."

While most observers agree that the oscar derby will be a fight to the finish, I venture to place my money on Shelley Winters to win the best actress award. Her performance in "A Place in the Sun" was one of the outstanding features of this film. Miss Winters never allowed her portrayal of a pregnant un-wed girl to become overshadowed with sensationalism and sex, but instead created a believable, simple and warm picture of a pathetic young woman.

For the best actor award my vote would go to Marlon Brando for his performance in "A Streetcar Named Desire." This role was made to order for Mr. Brando. His performance as an overbearing, anti-social male "electrified" audiences from coast to coast.

* * * * *

Since the very beginning of the motion picture industry, the major studios have presented many breathtaking spectacles. Who can forget such scenes as the horrifying earthquake in "San Francisco," the great Chicago fire in "In Old Chicago," the almost unbelievably terrifying tidal wave in "Green Dolphin Street," the prehistoric beasts of "King Kong," and many, many other such spectacles. It would certainly be interesting to see what the master of spectacles, Cecil B. DeMille, could do with the same situations that were presented in these films. Although the earthquakes, fires, floods were spectacular enough, Mr. DeMille would no doubt outdo any of them. DeMille's latest super-super-colossal film is "The Greatest Show on Earth," filmed on actual location with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus. In this picture DeMille stages a train wreck to end all train wrecks. For this one scene alone, the picture is worth the admission price.

* * * * *

One of the most memorable events of 1951 was the sensational comeback of America's favorite singing girl, Judy Garland. The year 1951 was a true paradox for Judy Garland, for in this year she reached the lowest ebb of her career, and climbed to her greatest heights. When newspapers the country over carried the startling news that Judy had attempted to take her own life, many were quick to venture that she was "through." But these people were to be proved so wrong, so very wrong, when in November of this same year Judy Garland sat down on the edge of the stage of the Old Palace Theatre in New York, and with tears in her eyes sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," to a spellbound audience. It is no wonder that they are now considering filming the life story of Judy Garland with Judy herself in the title role.

THE MODERN IN MONTAIGNE

Ed Berckman

While one could perhaps call any idea modern because of the variety and great quantity of beliefs today, one should be justified in calling many of the elements in Montaigne's essays modern—in the sense that they are widespread in their use or acceptance today.

A primary and prominent feature is Montaigne's style. Breaking away from traditional rules, he used a literary form almost, if not completely, new, the informal essay. In his conversational tone, his freedom of ideas, his writing about himself, and his choice and variety of subject matter ("A fly will serve my purpose")—in all these things he is copied, consciously or not, by many present-day writers.

Many of his ideas are quite up-to-date, particularly those on education. He seems to be heralding John Dewey's progressive education when he urges that teachers should allow children to follow their inclinations. He stresses the importance of learning by doing and states that matter to be learned should not be forced on the children but should be made attractive, so they will have the desire to learn. Both of these ideas are applied extensively today.

Montaigne attacks the double moral standard, evidently prevalent then as, if not now, recently. He maintains that it is unfair to women to expect them to be pure, innocent virgins before marriage, and then after the wedding expect them to be emotionally prepared for and physically proficient at sexual love. He further points out that all of a girl's training is designed to make her more desirable as a mate, that she is often in the company of men, and yet her passion (stronger than man's, according to Montaigne) cannot be satisfied morally until after marriage.

The advice to women on how to keep their husbands interested might well be coming from Dorothy Dix instead of a sixteenth century French essayist. Montaigne urges wives not to be too profuse with their affection, suggests that they be coy with their mates.

His argument for more frankness concerning sex also sounds twentieth century-ish. He realizes that concealment and a "hush-hush" attitude only arouses curiosity and makes the concealed subject more intriguing.

Modern psychologists would doubtless bear out Montaigne's statement that "there is as much difference between us and ourselves, as between us and others," meaning, it seems, that our personalities are many-sided. When he says that his actions can be attributed to "my fortune (experience) rather than to my reason," he seems to fit in with the behaviorist school. We are reminded of some of today's best sellers when Montaigne asserts that the secret of a good personality is peace of mind. "Not being able to control events, I control myself; and I adapt myself to them." By following this philosophy, we could probably "stop worrying and start living" more readily than by reading Dale Carnegie's book.

Montaigne's reaction to the horrors of religious persecution is similar to the shock people today express towards Nazi and Communist atrocities. He is several centuries before his time when he appeals for humaneness in capital punishment. He seems to get at the heart of the present (perhaps ever-present) materialistic attitude when he asks, "Who is there that will not readily exchange health, tranquility and life for reputation and glory, the most useless, worthless and false coin in use?" The latter part of the statement indicates that he shows the same reaction as many do today.

Perhaps this is stretching a point, but there seem to be some of the thoughts of modern linguists who stress the transitory quality of language and who do not believe in absolute standards of grammar. Two quotes illustrate this: "Those who would oppose grammar to usage are queer people," and "At Paris I speak a language somewhat differing from that I speak at Montaigne."

In his emphasis on the individual, his readiness to debunk the great, his concern with human nature, his ideas on love and sex, Montaigne takes the modern viewpoint. Perhaps this essay has used false reasoning or twisted logic to apply the term "modern" to some things. But few will dispute that there is much in Montaigne that has appeal today because it has a contemporary ring.

Red Crescent

(From page 5)

but, unaided, Earle brought the frog—dripping with water, blood, and entrails—to the sack and removed it from his "trident."

As we progressed downstream the water grew deeper and chilled our thighs. The many slippery rocks strove to send us splashing into the sandy water. Although we had seen no snakes, the thought of being crawled upon always plagued us, for in the water we found ourselves in a more or less precarious situation. The fact that each of us had his favorite snake tail and was more than eager to relate it made the circumstances no more pleasant.

But our minds abandoned snakes—for the moment—when another fine

frog was sighted, sitting, waiting to be stabbed. With gig in hand Julian moved silently as we blinded it with our lights. Then suddenly he jabbed the gig through the frog and drew it up to be better seen in the light. Bulging on its hideous green head glowed two black bead-like eyes. Still kicking, the frog joined its fellow amphibians in our bag.

When we were quite a distance downstream, disagreement arose as to whether we should continue. A short way ahead across the stream was a fallen tree. Julian pulled himself forward and sat to rest upon the log.

"Won't you have a chair?" he laughed.

"I certainly shall," I replied as I flashed my light for several yards along all sides of the log.

"What are you doing?" Julian inquired.

"Just seeing if this chair is occupied," I answered, and R. V. joined me on nature's sofa. He was disturbed about the amount of water in his boots, and without considering the consequences he lifted his leg high into the air to drain the water. The water drained—all the way up his leg.

"Hell!" R. V. ejaculated, most appropriately. I laughed and admitted that I had been about to do the same thing.

On our way upstream conversation prevailed, and we forgot about the frogs for which we had come. But the water was just as deep and the rocks as slippery. Soon we found ourselves again at the bridge and faced with the primary problem of removing our water-soaked, water-filled boots. We aided each other and soon, arranged in a long row on the bridge, was a weird spectacle of foot gear.

Next problem: The separation of the legs from the frogs. To accomplish the ordeal, the first cutter was armed with an extremely dull knife. Leg removal is a messy business; thus, everyone was ready with suggestions. Two legs lay together on a piece of paper, but the body still remained to be disposed of.

"Well, throw it off the bridge," Julian advised. R. V. with two fingers caught the front foot and flung the dripping frog to the sand below. It hit with a loud thud which brought laughter to the morbid operation.

The next victim was still very much alive and kicking; even without its hind legs it sat upon the worn boards of the bridge and then with a great effort dragged its body several feet by utilizing the two remaining legs.

"Damn it! Throw it over," pleaded Julian.

"Aw, wait, I want to see how far it can go," R. V. laughed. Julian seized the frog and sent it flying through the air, but it struck the wooden railing of the bridge and bounced back.

After all the frogs had been prepared, the jeep was brought and reloaded with boots, gigs, rifles, and frog legs. I stood alone on the bridge and looked down into the darkness. With a flick of the switch my lantern cast a strong beam to the sand and water below. . . . In the center of the circle of light floated the mangled, legless body of a frog. Its clean, white body beamed back at me. . . .

We rode in silence except for an occasional joke followed by polite laughter. Soon R. V. leaned against the canvas side of the jeep and lowered his head.

"I believe he's asleep," Julian smiled. R. V. rose up suddenly:

"Asleep! . . . Hell!"

THE MOON FOR SEASONS

Sam Williams

Otis looked up from his tattered Bible he had been reading. Through the open window he saw the full moon, rich and golden against the black sky. He looked at the noisily ticking old clock. Nine o'clock. He turned out the kerosene lamp beside him, tenderly closed his Bible and placed it on the table. Then he looked down at his dog sprawled in a puddle of moonlight on the almost threadbare rug.

"C'mon, Dan'l. Time for our walk."

Daniel started, lay with head raised, alert.

"C'mon, boy."

Daniel rose, barked cheerfully and trotted out the door after Otis. The brisk atmosphere kindled some fire within Daniel. He barked, ran ahead of Otis, then would return, barking eagerly at Otis to play with him.

"Law' me, Dan'l, you knows I'se too ole for that kinda goings on—me what's a sebemty-five year ole

nigger. Run 'long by yo'self—I'se comin'."

Off Daniel went again, up the bumpy country road. Otis hobbled along, laughing whenever the dog came barking back to him. A short space ahead, Otis saw the light that lit up the porch of the store. He felt in his pocket, found a quarter, and decided to spend it on tobacco. Daniel was walking beside him now.

"Dan'l, we'll jes' stop in the store a while, so's I kin git some 'bacco. You wait out here for me."

"Hello, Otis. Something for you?" Mr. Hunt asked as Otis came through the door.

"Yessir, Mr. Hunt. A quarter's worf' of chewin' 'bacco. How come you open so late tonight?"

"My wife went to see her mother today and I'm waiting for her to get back before I close up. By the way, Otis, has your dog been after Mrs. Horsely's chickens again?"

"Now, Mr. Hunt, you knows Dan'l wouldn't go chasin' Mrs. Horsely's chickens. I'se raised him better'n that."

"Well, Otis, she was in here buying some lard today and she said she was going to put some poisoned meat in the yard from now on to stop whatever was chasing her chickens. Thought I'd tell you."

"Thank you, sir. I knows it ain't been Dan'l, but I'll watch him anyway."

"Anything else, Otis?"

"Nawsir, this is all."

"Otis, you think Daniel is a mighty fine dog, don't you?"

"I knows he is, Mr. Hunt. He's 'bout all I'se got left since my ole woman died last year. Me 'n' Dan'l, we makes out fine."

"Sometimes I wonder whether you think more of him or God."

"Mr. Hunt, for me there's jes' Dan'l and God and all three of us gets along fine."

"Well, goodnight, Otis. Call again."

"We'll be back, Mr. Hunt."

Outside once again, Otis found Daniel waiting for him.

"Let's go home, Dan'l."

Daniel barked and started off at a trot.

"Come back here, Dan'l, I want to talk to you."

Daniel came back and walked beside his master.

"Dan'l, I knows you ain't been after Mrs. Horsely's chickens, but jes' the same, I'se gonna keep you inside tonight. She's done put out some poisoned meat, and I ain't takin' no chances. You'se all I got left, Dan'l, you and the Lord, and if it wan't for that, I'd jes' be a lonesome ole nigger. Now we'se home. You come on inside, Dan'l, we'se got to have our Scripture lesson."

Daniel trotted obediently in after his master. Otis struck a match and relit the kerosene lamp. He sat down in his chair and picked up the Bible.

"Now, Dan'l, you lay right down there and lissen. I'se gonna read you the Ten Commandments."

With a reverent voice Otis read the scripture. When he had finished he said,

"Now, Dan'l, it says right here in the Lord's Word, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now, Dan'l, them chickens is Mrs. Horsely's and if you eats them, that's stealing. And the Lord don' like that. I knows you ain't been after her chickens, Dan'l, but with that poisoned meat, I ain't taking no chances, 'cause I don't want you to get no fool notions. Now, I wasn't gonna let you out, Dan'l, but since I knows I can trust you, I'm gonna. You'se all I got left, Dan'l."

Otis opened the door and let Dan'l out. Then he turned the lamp out and went to bed. He lay thinking about the Ten Commandments, and wondered if he didn't sometimes break the first one. He thought of how much Dan'l could be trusted, and was proud of him.

The next morning Otis went to the door and found Daniel lying on the porch.

"Get up, Dan'l. Ain't no sense in you layin' 'round doin' nothin' all day long."

Daniel didn't move. Otis saw a chicken feather around his mouth.

Then he went in the house and fell on his knees.

"O Lord, Dan'l didn't mean no harm. He didn't know no better. I tried to teach him, Lord, and if you'se got a place in your heaven for dogs, please let Dan'l stay there 'til I can get there."

Otis rose and went to his Bible. With tear-filled eyes, he read from Exodus:

"For thou shalt worship no other God for the Lord, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God."

Otis prayed again. This time it was for himself.

Editorial

(From page 4)

though this is not true in all cases. We have pointed out that cynicism in the work of a realist does not necessarily indicate this.

Throughout this editorial we have overlooked one point, and that is whether or not the cynical outlook on life is the correct one. Perhaps life is composed of only futility and disappointment, but if it is, we may be sure that the cynic will find little happiness in proving his point. We should not be unduly critical of the cynical, for he may be attempting to wake us up to the truth. If this is the case, he is to be praised rather than criticized.

In Plutarch's account of Antigonus I, the following incident occurs. Thrasyllus the Cynic asked Antigonus for a drachma. "That is too little for a king to give," was the reply. "Well, then," continued Thrasyllus, "give me a talent." "And that," replied Antigonus, "is too much for a Cynic to receive."

The question of whether or not Antigonus was right is an interesting one for contemplation.

BOOTLEGGER'S REVENGE

Tom Lowe

THE sky was all aglow and the scent of burning pine straw and oak leaves hung in the air like an eternal shroud which had come forth from its habitat to haunt the inhabitants of the earth.

It had been a very beautiful spring season, the trees had put forth an array of the most magnificent leaves that one could hope to witness on this celestial planet. There was only one thing that marred the beauty of the woods which mother nature had nurtured so tenderly and cared for so well. This one thing was man. Man, who had been created by God, created just a little lower than the angels, had now turned into one of the disciples of Satan. He had brought Hell to a part of nature's creation. Through an invention of man, which we call a match, he had destroyed in a matter of minutes what God had given us over the years. Mother nature had nurtured these woods, these trees and the grass with her everlasting goodness. These woods, which had been a part of a crime, because the evil man had seen fit to use God and His creation as a means to his own selfish end.

Because mortal man had not put on his robe of immortality, he saw fit to destroy in a few minutes a part of God's wonderful creation. He saw fit to destroy this because he had been caught in an act that our society frowns upon. He was not man enough to take the punishment which he knew would be put upon him.

In a moment of anger he destroyed the lives of many animals, as well as the trees and grass of God's beautiful green earth. The next day one could walk around and see the burned woods and the carcasses of burned animals which had previously lived an unmolested life.

Because a man had been caught in the act of violating a State and Federal law, he decided to infringe upon the rights and property of another man. He had been released on bond pending trial, and at this time, in a moment of bitter anger he sought revenge. He ruined property, destroyed lives and caused the community to rise up against him and rebuke him.

This man destroyed a sanctuary, a Holy Shrine which had meant so much to so many, both man and animal. He had destroyed this shrine where man could go and see and know God. Where man could feel the presence of God and know that he was near. This place where man could see the goodness of a God whom he had worshiped all these years. Where nature had reached its highest point of expression. No more could these things be held high and looked up to. Why? Because this man had been caught in his own evil scheme—he had failed in his own sight. He did this because he was weak—not strong enough to formulate good plans that would bring honor to him rather than shame.

This man, perhaps, did not think about what he was doing, for if he had he would have seen that he could not win.

But justice triumphed, as it always does. He was brought to trial for two charges, one for operating an illegal whiskey still and the second for willfully destroying the property of another person by setting the woods on fire. When the judge pronounced the sentence we learned that this man was innocent. Due to rotten and corrupt politics the evil doer was free. It seems that the Federal men did not catch him operating the whiskey still, they merely found him in the woods in the vicinity of the still, which was not sufficient evidence to convict him, and he had an alibi that would seem to free him of the charge of setting fire to the woods.

Drama

(From page 16)

to establish character, and the effects which he uses to impress his audience are more in keeping with the calibre of a cheap movie thriller than with that of good theatre. The play moves irritatingly slowly most of the time. This is particularly noticeable in the first act, which might more profitably be cut to half its length. Mr. Sherwood seems unaware of the fact that conversation does not make good drama, and his characters sit and talk for a good hour, doing little more than giving superfluous background. The second act wavers between sheer melodrama and sensationalism. One forms the impression that Mr. Sherwood is serving an apprenticeship under a poor master.

Though there is more to be blamed than praised in the writing of the play, the reverse is true on the part of the Little Theatre. Kitty Carson was excellent in the role of Gabby Maple, the daughter of the proprietor of a gas station and lunchroom at a lonely crossroads in the Arizona desert. Miss Carson was playing a role of alternate boredom and enthusiasm, and one felt extremely annoyed that Sherwood had not handled the role more competently. In the hands of a more skilled dramatist the role might well have become a memorable one. Miss Carson's talents were far beyond the role of Gabby. Allan Willis, playing opposite her as Alan Squier, turned in a fine performance as leading man. Exactly what Sherwood had in mind when he created the role is at best highly uncertain. Squier emerges as a writer with a peculiar attraction to Nature which colors his thought and his philosophy in a terribly puzzling manner. Sherwood wavers between creating a limp, dish-raggish character and creating a manly one. Mr. Willis, by his performance of the role, proved that he can more than do justice to a role, which is far more than Sherwood did in the writing of it. David Reid as Gramp Maple did one of the finest pieces of acting this writer has yet seen in Spartanburg. Ed McGrath as Duke Mantee turned in as fine a portrayal as one could wish. He was convincing at all times. Evelyn Bolonkin as Mrs. Chisholm was also excellent. *The Petrified Forest* calls for a large number of supports and these roles were quite well handled by the remainder of the cast.

David Reid's directing called from the cast their finest talents, and the staging of the play was admirable. The work calls for some rather extraordinary stage business and theatrical effects. These were handled well by the cast and had the play itself been a better one, the performance would have been a great success. Ed McGrath and Jim Hobbs are deserving of high praise for their work as scene designers. The sets were highly realistic and impressive. The lighting effects, by Harry E. DePass III, were also excellent.

On the whole the only outstanding fault was in the choice of the play. Mr. Sherwood is best left in the history of the theatre, and it is our hope that his work enjoys no more revivals.

Pilgrimage

(From page 6)

to feel that maybe we all have something in common together. We become aware that *every one of us* loves, works, plays, hurts and is hurt, hopes and gives hope, and then dies to discover our common finity and infinity. We realize that we are all traveling a road toward the same destination. At a time like this, it's not so hard to think of each other as stumbling children having one Father. Stretching out our legs and viewing the magnificent landscape of God's country, we are a little ashamed of our impatience, and come to the conclusion that this is a pretty good old world to be living in after all.

IMPROVISATIONS ON A THEME

Bill Duke

INTRODUCTION

If only with the memory of you,
Come,
And let me be the instrument
For the pale hands of thought.
Let the theme be what it will,
I only want your memory.

ANDANTE

I hear more than silence,
The overtones of what once was here,
When there was more than silence,
But no noise.

I think more than thoughts,
Trying to regrasp something holy
Before it turns profane.

Eyes roam somewhere
And look for response.
Birds sing somewhere,
And look for a mate.
Angels wear halos somewhere,
And look for a heaven.
I wait for a hope.

Things change . . .
Snowflakes to water,
When out of their element . . .
Larvae to butterflies,
When they are ready for beauty . . .
Love changes when it pleases.

There are people outside,
Hid in blackness. . . .
People outside the barrier of my
walls.

I can think them,
And hear them,
Busy doing nothing,
Hurrying nowhere,
Like me—
Only I sit alone.

I like the silence,
When it is only silence,
And when I can have my memories
The way I want them.

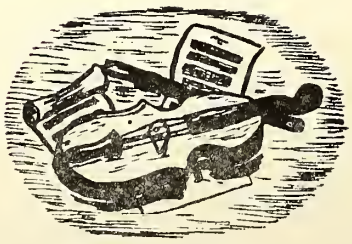
IMPROVISATIONS ON

ALLEGRO

Do you remember me?
How do I seem to you?
I wonder,
Yes, I remember you . . .
Too much.

Or rather, I remember what I thought
you were,
I care not to remember you for what
you are,
That would be foolish.
How do we remember each other?
How could we remember each other?
It is hard to decide
Which you is which.
They got confused somewhere along
the way.
I think that I am the same,
Maybe not to you.

Pity "forget" for being only a word,
And pity me for being human.
No,
I want no pity. . . .
Just remember that I am.



NOCTURNE

There's a golden moon tonight,
Stuck out against the sky,
In relief.
There is a sting to the stillness,
The pleasant momentary sting of
sharp chill.
There is the discordant euphony
Of many sounds merged in the night.
The loneliness of isolation
Is stealthy,
When premeditated.
Loneliness there is,
And pleasantness,
And a golden moon.
Is this the moon of harvest?

A THEME (cont'd)

CAPRICCIOSO

Let's go, Thoughts,
Take a walk somewhere together,
Maybe see someone we know.
Let's go away from walls and wood,
Out into the night.
While twilight is descending.

Leave all this here,
And let memories go on talking
To themselves,
Forever.

Let's go, Dreams,
And look for other subjects.
The old one is monotonous,
And futile.

Leave all this here,
And let dreams argue with memories
forever.

Let's go, Hopes,
And let's seek something new to hope
for,
Something not as vain as this.

Leave all this here,
And let memories and dreams and
thoughts
Sing their discordant trio forever.

What in God's name are you hesi-
tating about?
Here it comes again,
That tragic overture
To the opera
That has been trying to get
finished.
Very well, stay.
I shall go alone.

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THE TESTING OF

(Parody on "*Danny Deever*," by Rudyard Kipling)

"What are the bells a-ringing for?" the new professor said.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the learned senior said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" the new professor said.
"I'm dreading what I got to wateh," the English professor said.
"For they're testing all the freshmen, I have heard them moan and pray,
The upper classmen strut and gloat—they're testing them today,
They are stripped of high-school honors, and letters took away,
And they're testing all the freshmen in the morning."

"What makes the fellows breathe so hard?" the new professor said.
"They're in an awful fix, I guess," the learned senior said.
"What, Wofford men afraid of tests?" the new professor said.
"You've got a lot to learn, my friend," the learned senior said.
They are testing all the freshmen, they are marching them around,
They have halted all the freshmen, who are looking at the ground,
And they'll start in half a minute, and they'll gulp their hearts back down,
Oh! they're testing all the freshmen in the morning.

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THE FRESHMEN

"They wasn't such a stupid lot," the new professor said.
"We'll see when they get through with them," the learned senior said.
"I've heard them talk a score of times," the new professor said.
"They's talking in their beards today," the learned senior said.
They are testing all the freshmen, you can watch them in the race,
For they've got to learn their lesson—you must look them in the face—
While they're testing all the freshmen in the morning.

"Who's that got up and run?" the new professor said.
"It's one who put down all he knew," the learned senior said.
"What's that that flutters overhead?" the new professor said.
"It's freshmen's souls a-passing out," the learned senior said.
For they're done with all the freshmen, you can see them turning gray.
You can hear their teeth a-gnashing, and they're marching them away;
Oh, the juniors' knees are shaking, and they'll want their loans tonight,
After testing all the freshmen in the morning.

—Walton N. Bass

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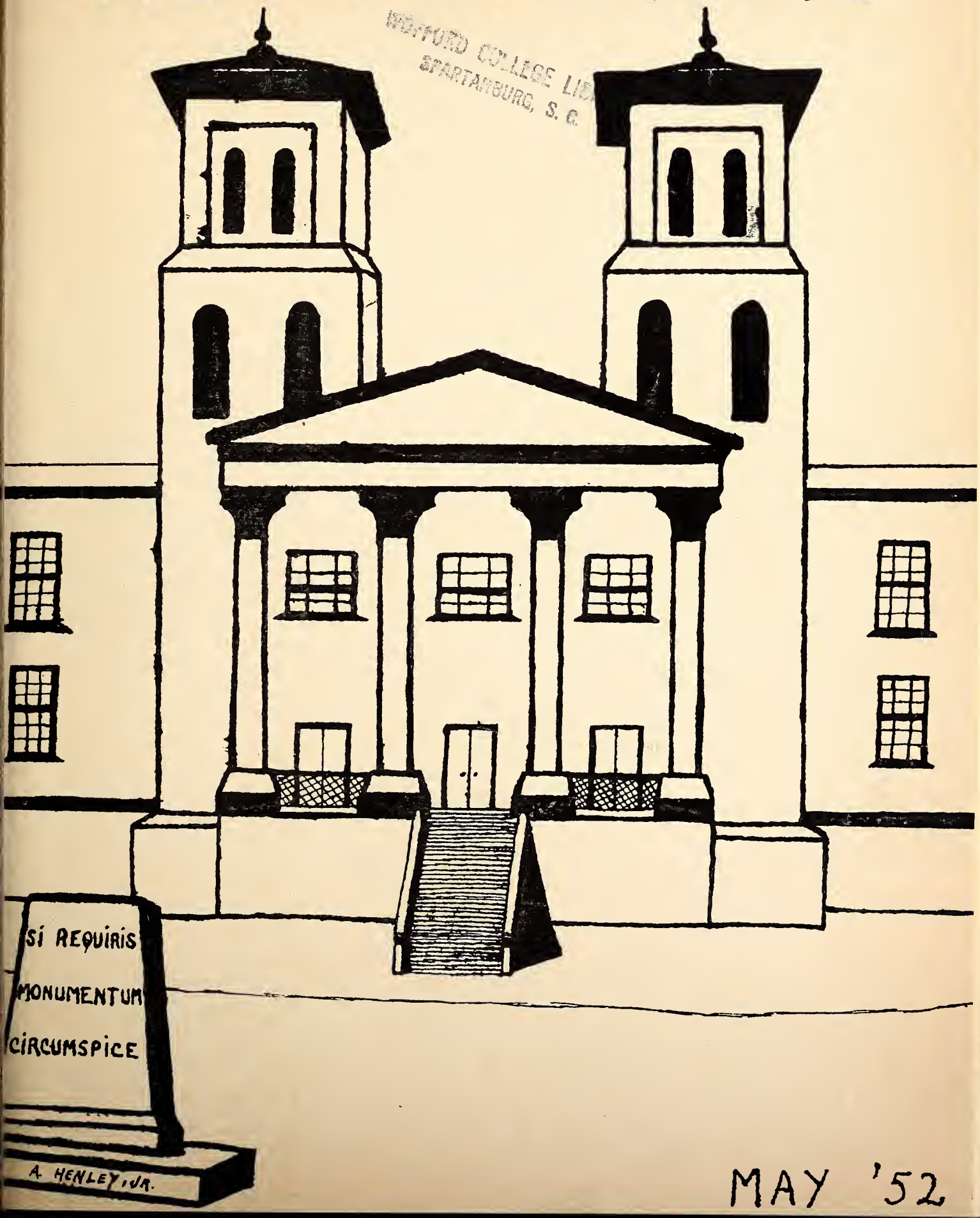

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COVER BY ALLEN HEWLEY

A Word of Appreciation . . .

Far too frequently the editor of a magazine receives much more than his share of credit for whatever success the magazine may have attained. This year your editor has served in a minor capacity. For whatever success we have attained this year, the following are due the credit. My sincerest appreciation to—

Ralph Lowrimore, without whose efforts the magazine would have been impossible;

Mr. William Altman, for excellent printing and cooperation;

The Publications Board, for help whenever it was needed;

Our advertisers;

Tommy Jones and Don Bundy, assistant editors;

Contributors;

The typists;

The entire Journal Staff;

And finally, to you our readers.

Bill Duke
Editor

TO BE A MAN

Ed Berckman

THE breezes blew softly, rustling the leaves. Roger sat back against the tree and relaxed. He pulled out a handkerchief and soaked up the sweat on his face and head. It was awfully hot pushing that lawn mower under a May sun—especially for a boy of thirteen.

Mowing the lawn was one of the few diversions Roger had now since the Communists had come to Ningpo. Before, he used to ride his bicycle all around the town and out into the country; he'd played tennis and basketball and soccer with his Chinese friends. Sometimes they'd even gone mountain - climbing and visited the Buddhist temples in the hills.

But now the boys were afraid to play with their friend who had become a "decadent American imperialist," although they didn't know what the words meant. And Roger's father, who was a medical missionary, thought it would be wiser if his son stayed inside the hospital compound. "Accidents" could easily happen to him.

Now Roger's activities were limited to the schooling his mother gave him, reading the old books in the attic (mostly some exciting mystery stories), and whatever other interests he could find around the house and hospital property, which included a nurses' home, clinic, and three other residences for missionary and other doctors.

There were not very many things to find. There was the garden that he worked in occasionally, the fishpond to mess around with. There were trees to climb, but he was getting too old for that kind of stuff. And then there was the basketball court. That was the source of Roger's chief pleasure and it was on this that his eyes were focussed as he sat in the shade resting.

To be sure, it was a cement court and the backboards were a little crooked. And you couldn't play when it rained, it being an outdoor court. But the countless hours Roger spent on it during fair weather indicated just how much it meant to him.

Before the Communists came, Roger never had much time for basketball, since he was always riding around somewhere and exploring new places or fooling around with his friends. But now that he was confined to the compound, basketball was his first love.

The boy was already tall for his age and with constant practice he had become as good a player and better than his older brother, Bill, and Jerry Thompson, also thirteen, who lived in one of the other hospital residences. They all played together often but Roger stayed on the court by himself many times perfecting his old shots and experimenting with new ones.

Almost every evening before supper, Roger's father, and two of the other men would play a game. Now that hot weather had arrived this was the only time that any of them played —except Roger, who was to be found on the court every morning after breakfast and sometimes in the afternoon, if it wasn't too hot.

So life under the Communists was not so bad—not for Roger anyway. Basketball had replaced many of the activities which formerly occupied his time. He did miss the bicycle rides but basketball furnished him plenty of exercise.

Roger was thinking about all this as he sat there letting the breeze cool him. The buzz of a wasp nearby brought him back to reality and he got to his feet. He noticed the usual slight stiffness in his limbs, resulting from the rest.

As he picked up the handle of the mower, he felt again the strong heat of the sun's rays on his bare back. He began pushing the mower; soon the monotonous whirl of the blades lulled his mind into a contemplation of the game coming up that evening. Thus the task became a pleasant chore.

It was fortunate that Roger was content with his way of life. His father, Dr. Whiting, had hoped to return to America the previous summer. But his applications for exit permits were consistently turned down, accompanied by various sorts of excuses and apologies. It became evident that he and his family and the other American families as well, were to remain in Ningpo until the Communists wanted them to leave—or until some other unforeseen event occurred. So Dr. Whiting and the others had resigned themselves to their uncertain existence of an indefinite duration. Although their own lives were far from pleasant, they at least had the satisfaction of knowing that their children seemed to be happy, and Roger especially.

Roger was wondering, as he mowed, whether boys in the States had as good a time as he did. Of course they could go to movies and watch television and see ball games. Sometimes Roger wished for those things and sometimes he got lonely and wanted to go to a big school where there would be lots of boys and girls.

But then he thought of all the fun he had and was having out here. He'd always had interesting things to do and, while he didn't know very many people, they were all friendly and nice to him.

The mower came to a sudden stop and Roger almost fell over on it. He had been so absorbed in his thoughts

that he hadn't noticed a chip of wood which had clogged the blades. He laid the handle on the ground and knelt down by the blades to take out the chip.

At that moment he heard a pounding on the compound gates, followed by a shout to open up. A servant hurried to the gate and pulled it back. As Roger watched, several Communist soldiers marched into the compound. Something unexpected and unusual was happening.

At the officer's command the soldiers stopped when they reached the basketball court. Then, before Roger could move or say a word, the men brought out axes and began to chop down the posts which held up the backboards.

An expression of horror came over Roger's face and then he ran at full speed towards the court.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "You can't do that!" And he threw himself at one of the soldiers who was swinging an axe.

The officer ran up. "Get away, boy," he shouted in English. "You will get hurt."

But Roger still tried to wrench the axe from the soldier's grip. "These are *our* backboards. You can't do anything to them."

The officer and two other soldiers pulled the struggling boy away.

"Roger! Come here, right now!" It was his father's voice. Roger reluctantly quit fighting and the man let him walk to his father, who with several other hospital officials had come out to see what the disturbance was.

Dr. Whiting, with his son at his side, walked up to the officer. "What's the meaning of this, Lieutenant? I can see no reason for such an act as this."

"Sorry, sir," replied the officer in a voice that seemed to say, "I'm doing you a favor to even answer you." "Sorry, but we have orders to destroy all basketball equipment. Can you tell me where your basketballs are kept? We will then not have to search the houses."

Vexed not only by the answer but also by the tone in which it was given, Dr. Whiting returned to his original question. "But why? What is this all about? There's nothing wrong with basketball."

"Sorry, sir, but basketball is now illegal. We ——"

"Illegal? But ——"

"Yes. The penalty for playing basketball is now death."

"But ——" and Dr. Whiting stopped, hardly believing what he heard.

"If you must have explanation," said the officer, "the People's Commission on Athletics has discovered that the game of basketball was invented in America by an American capitalist doctor. It was started only so that Americans, who are tall people, can unfairly beat shorter teams from other nations. Basketball represents an example of American greed. So by a new proclamation, basketball will no longer corrupt the Chinese."

Dr. Whiting lapsed into silence. He had never dreamed that the Communists would go this far, to such an utterly stupid deed as this.

Roger pulled at his hand, drawing

(Continued on page 20)

Musings on Human Limitations

I

I climbed a mountain high.
From the peak I looked out
At the world, thousands of feet below,
Stretching out for miles and miles.
My being throbbed with the vastness,
The magnificence of the scene.
I longed to hurl myself out and
Experience the ecstacy of the freedom of falling.

"Why not jump?" I said to myself.
"Space is relative."

II

Alone in the woods of the West
I ran across a pile of bones,
Skeleton of some prehistoric monster.
Thoughts of mammoths and dinosaurs
Excited my imagination.
Oh, to see such monsters fight!
The sound of bushes being trampled came to my ears.
Without turning my head, I wished:

"Why can't that be a dinosaur?
Time is relative."

III

In my dreams sometimes
I fall and fall and never hit bottom.
They say it's an evidence of heredity.
A feeling inherited
From our former ancestors in trees,
Who swung from limb to limb.
I long to be as they and fling
Myself in reckless abandon.

"Why can't I?" I ask myself.
"Has evolution regressed?"

—Ed Berckman

COMPANY "U" YARNS

—from The Journal, 1921

I.
THE SILENT SERGEANT'S STORY

It was a Saturday night in the early fall of 1918. A few of us had gathered around the Fourth Platoon stove, in the rear end of Company "U" barracks, to smoke and growl over the hard luck of not having a pass to leave post. Tonight we were especially gloomy. Orders had just been received at Headquarters Officers' Training Corps, Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., that the camp should continue on its present status and that student officers should continue their intensive training for another period of two months. Need I say why we were disappointed? Visions of leather puttees and ten days' leave faded into the hazy future.

Outside, nature herself seemed in league with the War Department to make a dismal night of it for us. The wind was blowing a gale from out of the Green Mountains across Lake Champlain, and the usually placid surface of the lake was being whipped into a seething mass of wild waste, which thundered on the rocky shore within a stone's throw of Company "U." A cold, drizzling rain was beginning to whip in at the open windows.

Only five men, besides the orderly, were left in quarters. The others either had week-end passes or had midnight leave and were seeing the attractions of Plattsburg, a dreamy little town of quaint old houses and peculiar French names.

The five of us sat around the glowing wood stove in silence, each the nurse of his own thoughts. We were all college men from widely separated parts of the country. "Shorty" Wall, a stubby, good-humored Virginian, somewhat of a philosopher, with large rimmed spectacles and a briar pipe of Herculean strength, was from Hampden - Sidney. Ferdinand Delapenha, a slim, dark-skinned, cynical chap of Spanish birth, was from Harvard; Bill Howard, the burly Pittsburg tackle, were the only other privates present.

The other member of the group was our platoon sergeant, a man older than the rest, named Harold Holt. Before enlisting, he had been a coach at Yale. He was known to have traveled extensively, and could speak French and German fluently if an occasion offered itself. Holt was tall and muscular, with a thick thatch of brown hair and glittering black eyes, which flashed fire when aroused. His jaws had a way of setting like steel traps when training was hardest and bayonet work most strenuous. A peculiar red scar over his right eye had aroused our curiosity, but no one had dared ask him about it, and, of course, he never told us; in fact, silence, almost a morose reticence, was the predominating characteristic of Sergeant Holt, who rarely spoke except to give commands.

As Holt blew rings of blue cigarette smoke that night, the stern set of his jaw seemed to relax a little, and several times he seemed on the verge of speaking.

The silence was broken by "Shorty": "I don't see why I didn't hear from my girl today," he growled. "Guess some other fellow is loving her now."

We laughed. Holt smiled sarcastically.

"What business has a fellow with a girl in this man's army, when he can't even get a pass on Saturday night?" complained Delapenha.

The sergeant thumped his cigarette in the stove and surprised us by joining in the conversation.

"Better get that girl out of your system, Wall. Do you think any girl will wait for you till we lick the Boche? Hardly!" he sneered. "The first chap that blows into town with a pleasing personality, a smooth tongue and pompadour—then, goodbye, my dear!"

Now that he had started talking, he seemed to gather momentum.

"Do you suppose I would still be merely in a training camp if it hadn't been for a woman? Why did I have to endure the reputation of being a slacker?"

He hesitated, as if considering whether or not to say any more.

"Well, after I finished school, I determined to see the world and have my time. From Paris to Tokio I blew in my father's money, until finally tiring of knocking about, I drifted into Honolulu in March 1914, and settled down to a life of clubs, dances, surf and all that goes to make life lively there. Everything would have been well if I hadn't had the ill-luck to meet a girl."

The sergeant, flushed with having said so much, stopped to light another cigarette. Outside, the wind, whistling around the corner of the barracks with rising fierceness, blew smoke down the stove pipe.

"Yes, I was fool enough to think she was 'Queen of Hearts.' I had traveled a lot and lived in gay Paris, but I had never thought I would really love any woman. Her name was Marie Sinclair. She was one of those black - haired, brown - eyed beauties, with a soft, liquid voice, and lips—oh, boy!—the kind that men have fought over since creation. Her father was some sort of geology bug, studying the volcanic formations, he said, and she was very often alone at their fashionable apartments in one

of the suburbs, while the old man was off on some geological expedition.

"Oh, well. No use to go into details; we were the talk of the town—'the stunning Miss Sinclair and that wealthy young Holt.' Miss Sinclair, my Stutz roadster, and I went the rounds of all the dances, dinners and surf parties together. Boys, I had it bad!

"The news of the great war dropped like one of those F-1 grenades among my set. Feeling was divided at the Pacific Club. After the news of Belgium's invasion, several of my adventurous cronies sailed for Australia, where they joined the Anzacs. I was as anxious to go as any of them, as I then looked on war as rather a lark. Finally, one of my pals and I decided to join the Canadians, and had made arrangements to sail for Vancouver in a couple of weeks. We hadn't let it be known that we were going, and intended to surprise our friends.

"Of course, I had to tell Marie. We had motored out to Waikiki Beach late one evening to a dance, and had walked up a deserted stretch of beach to watch the moon rise out of the Pacific.

"I started to explain my plans, when she interrupted, 'You fight against Germany?' She gave me a hard look, but all at once her attitude changed. She threw her arms around my neck, and begged me not to go. Could I refuse? Those pleading eyes and that moonlight finished me. I promised that I wouldn't."

From out in the lake the wild, eerie laugh of a loon was answered by the futile howl of the gale. Holt nervously thumped the ashes from his cigarette and continued:

"The next day a German steamer dropped anchor in the harbor and was interned. Officers and passengers were allowed free shore leave, and then my troubles began. A young Prussian reservist lieutenant, named Freidrich Scholze, forced his way into the best set there; for at that time, October 1914, there were quite a few who openly sympathized with Germany and did all they could to give the interned officers a good time. Many social functions were given in their honor. I met Scholze at a dinner, and noticed that he seemed to be very friendly with Marie. He was a handsome, haughty blonde, with all the arrogance of his class, but he seemed to have a strange fascination for Marie.

"On the night of October 15, I was trying out a new car in Kapriolani Park, when I broke a gas pipe and started to walk in. I thought I heard voices under a large koa tree in front of me, and as I drew nearer what did I see? That damned German swine, with his arms around my Marie, kissing her passionately. My foot turned on a pebble. Scholze dropped his hands and snarled, 'Eavesdropping, it seems.' I drove a small wrench I had brought from the car straight at him. He ducked and fired at close range, the bullet grazing my skull just over my right eye. When I recovered consciousness I was being helped out of Scholze's car by the porter at my hotel. Marie didn't seem the least concerned over my condition. The next day I received a note from Scholze saying that if I cared to make a fuss about the incident of the night before, why of course he would be forced to prosecute me for assault and battery, and that Miss Sinclair was ready to testify against me. One week later I sailed for 'Frisco. If that eye had passed the medical officer's examination I'd have been in the service long ago. Only three months ago did I pass for active service. Maybe I'll meet Friedrich Scholze some day, and then"—his eyes flashed—"he'll have one — or more — widows to mourn him."

The fire had died out. Between the gusts, we heard the bugle sounding "taps" from regimental headquarters. Sergeant Harold Holt's jaw shut and he snapped:

"Every man on his own bunk. Lights out in five minutes. Shake a leg, there!"

II.—AMONG THE MISSING

Across Lake Champlain the rising sun was painting with purple and gold the hazy Green Mountains of Vermont. Every ripple of the now placid lake glittered and sparkled like diamonds. Nature was doing her best on that morning of September 4, 1918, to make it seem good to be alive. The pleasing odor of freshly mown clover hay greeted one's nostrils, and on all sides the landscape was blotched with white squares of the blossoming buckwheat fields. Trees loaded to breaking with rapidly reddening apples added a touch of color to the scene, and from a distant pasture came the musical tinkle of a cow bell.

But a disturbing element entered the scene of simple pastoral beauty. The steady, rhythmic tramp of hundreds of armed men broke the early morning stillness as they swung down the old Lake Shore Road in a long khaki column. The candidate officers of Plattsburg Training Corps were on a hike; or, more properly speaking, the First Regiment had been sent out to capture an important railway center at Chategeauy Junction.

The last strap had been adjusted, the last fleck of dust had been wiped from the glistening bores of our rifles and now, under full field equipment, Company "U" was leading as the advance guard for our outfit. Though the task ahead was a hard one and the packs were heavy, the exuberance of our spirits showed itself in the snap of our marching songs. We were far from hostile territory, and the crude refrain echoed from the distant woods:

"Good morning, Company U—U—U;
But, gee, you're looking fine.
"Good morning, Company U—U—U;
You're leading all the, leading all the line."

As we settled to the steady swing of a long march, the members of our squad, the redoubtable Eighteenth, noted for its smallness of stature and its efficient but unpopular corporal, joked about the weight of their packs and made bets as to who would be the first man in the company to join the "Hospital Corps," as we facetiously called the ambulance for any who had to fall out.

Being number two in the front rank, I was next to the corporal, Max Heinrich, with my pal, "Shorty" Wall, on my left. Corporal Heinrich, as his name indicates, was of German extraction. His father and mother were both Bavarians. He was not a blonde of the North German type, but had black eyes and hair, with an expressive, mobile countenance. Small but of wiry build, Heinrich had wonderful endurance, and made a good soldier. He was, however, unpopular with the men of the company. Owing to his German name and parentage, he was the object of countless jokes and was bantered constantly about "Der Vaterland." Being of a proud, impetuous disposition, although intensely loyal, he resented the slurs at him and made biting retorts to his tormentors. The members of his squad, however, liked their corporal and sympathized with him. Heinrich seemed to look on me especially as a friend. I learned that he had been engaged to a girl in Washington when war was declared. Finding that his friends were deserting him, and that even she doubted the sincerity of his professed loyalty, he had left his college course to join the army and prove his willingness to serve his country. I afterwards learned that the girl's name was Mildred Mason, and that her father was a Congressman from a Southern State. Several times I had seen my corporal furtively looking at a girl's picture which he always carried in his shirt pocket, and he read and re-read the few letters he received from her. Too proud to mingle with the men, who he realized distrusted him, he kept away from the others in lonely aloofness when off duty.

But on the morning of the hike even Heinrich seemed to have lost a great part of his usual proud reserve, and laughed and talked with the rest of us.

"Here's hoping gold bars will be in sight in another couple of weeks. I believe, too, leather puttees will be becoming to my style of beauty," remarked "Shorty" Wall, as we halted for a short rest at the end of the first hour's march.

"Yes, I hope so, too," Heinrich answered. "In fact, the top sergeant told me that my rating in the orderly room was extremely good, and that if I did nothing to mar my record I had my bars cinched."

"It's remarkable how the girls fall for the lieutenants," the philosophic "Shorty" informed us. "I've lost three in the last month to second lieuts."

A shadow crossed Heinrich's face, and he replied, "Oh, they're all that way."

The sharp command, "Fall in!" interrupted the trend of our thoughts, and we were on the march again.

After hiking until about 2:30 in the afternoon at route step, we received orders to make a forced march without a sound, as we were in hostile territory, until we reached a certain farm, where we were to camp for the night. With only the muffled tramp of the men in the soft, gray dust of a country by-road, we toiled under the weight of pack and rifle through the warm September afternoon with all of the grim determination of actual conflict. Not a man dropped out from fatigue, for this was an endurance test and the officers were closely observing the men. Twice Lieutenant Stein, who seemed to have formed a dislike for Corporal Heinrich, bawled him out in an undertone for allowing some imagined noise in his squad.

We reached our camp site late in the afternoon, and pitched camp without an attack from the enemy. Our camp was located at the foot of a small, pine-covered knob, isolated from the rest of the Adirondacks. After mess, we were ordered to stay in the vicinity of our company and be ready to fall out at a moment's notice.

Sitting in front of his shelter tent as the shadows of twilight deepened into darkness, with the stillness broken only by the sharp challenge of a sentry or the swish of a bat's wings close at hand, Heinrich seemed inexpressibly lonely and gloomy. I knew that the reprimand of Lieutenant Stein had hurt his pride, and probably accounted for his moodiness.

"Stein seems to have his eye on this squad every time we make a move," "Shorty" bluntly commented.

"Yes, just when everything depends on this hike, too," the corporal answered.

As soon as "Shorty" had moved out of hearing, Heinrich turned to me and said:

"My whole career depends on whether I get my commission here. I can't go back into civilian life without being called a slacker."

"Oh, well, if we don't get to wear gold bars, we will be non-coms, and that beats being a private," I suggested cheerfully.

"Humph! Some honor to be a sergeant," he sneered. "And then, there is a girl in my case. I am engaged to be married to the prettiest girl in the world—when I get a commission in the United States Army."

Just at that moment the command was given to fall in under arms at once. We were told that a strong

detachment of the enemy had been located in a wood about two miles north of camp, and that we were to make a surprise attack on them that night. Our platoon was sent ahead for reconnaissance, and Heinrich was given four men from our squad and sent out as a "point" for the advance party. We hurried across fields and through swamps as noiselessly as possible, keeping a sharp lookout for enemy outposts. In a small ravine I noticed the glow of a carelessly lighted cigarette end, on closer investigation, discovered a platoon of the enemy halting apparently for a short rest. The corporal sent Wall back with the information, and we were preparing to beat a retreat when we ran into an outpost. A body of men closing in on our rear made retreat impossible, and we were forced to surrender. We were taken before the officers and questioned in approved military style. As soon as the maneuvers for the night were over, bugles sounded recall, and the prisoners were allowed to return to their respective units. However, the incident was not closed for at least one of our party.

The next morning we were on the move again, conducting a running fight with our slowly retreating foes. This time our battalion was in reserve and had frequent halts, with nothing to do but listen to the crackle of the rifles on the firing line far ahead.

Of course, the Eighteenth Squad was the object of the entire company's jokes about our capture of the night before, and at one of the frequent halts Corporal Delapenha, of the Seventeenth Squad, commented significantly: "Look who's corporal of that bunch."

All of them laughed, and Taylor, a husky Irish sergeant from Boston, added:

"Sure, you couldn't expect much more from a Heinie, though."

Heinrich bit his lips, but for a wonder made no reply.

"You'll take your platoon over to Fritz in fine style when you get to France as a platoon commander," continued Taylor relentlessly. "I believe all you Dutchmen have cold feet, anyway."

That was too much for my corporal.

"We've got it on you Irish slackers, anyway. The Germans are as brave as any of you, and as any American, for that matter."

He little realized his words or the full import of what he had said. Overcome with anger at their jeers, he continued to answer to the taunts at his parents' nationality until we were ordered ahead to relieve a weak point.

The maneuvers continued all day. We captured the supply train, which had been our objective, and returned to camp as hot, tired and dusty a bunch of lads as ever sang "The Last Long Mile." The incident of the morning was forgotten by most of us, who little dreamed what would finally result from it.

The following Sunday, I ran across Heinrich seated on a log down on the shore of the lake. He was looking as forlorn and dejected as only a lonely soldier can in such surroundings.

"What's the trouble, corporal?" I asked.

"Why, nothing," he said. "It's simply all up with me, that's all. I was called up to Headquarters yesterday. They found out about those accursed fool remarks of mine and gave me a reprimand for my 'disloyal utterances.' Suppose they will discharge me next. How is a man to prove what's in him? All because my parents were born outside of the United States. I wouldn't mind if they would give me a chance to prove my worth, but as it is I am done for."

On September 15, an official list of those men in our company to be commissioned was posted on the bulletin board. Heinrich's name was the only non-com in the company missing from the list. Only about one-fourth of the men in our company received commissions, but we had the consolation that after our discharge we were to be re-enlisted as non-coms and sent to our respective colleges as instructors. Later we no doubt would be commissioned. But no man had worked harder than Heinrich, and no one had reason to be more bitterly disappointed than he.

Everyone—it seemed—was in the best of spirits on the morning of September 17. We were about to entrain for New York City, where we would disperse to leave for all parts of the United States. The newly made lieutenants, resplendent in their new uniforms, the rest of us in the faded khaki of a summer's service, were all happy over the prospect of going home. In a few short days we would once more be cogs in the gigantic machine which was helping to push Kultur back towards the Rhine, but now we were tremendously elated over our short freedom. But there was one in that body of men to whom life looked as dark as the realm of Pluto.

Skirting the shores of Lake Champlain, through the beautiful Adirondacks and past spots made famous by the exploits of Hawkeye and Chingachook, our train sped. Few of us, however, were thinking of this American Switzerland through which we were passing, but our thoughts were of home and perhaps of some brown-eyed "ideal" whom we were soon to see.

At Troy, many of us took the night boat for New York. Walking on upper deck that night, I found Heinrich leaning against the rail, gazing into the swirling black water below. He looked years older, and seemed to have absolutely lost his nerve.

"Hello, corporal! You look like you have lost your last friend. Don't let a little thing like a commission bother you." I tried the best I could

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COLLEGE HONESTY

—from The Journal, January 1916

SEARCH wherever one may, there will be found no truer saying than "Honesty is the best policy." It concerns human life from the street-scavenger to the skilled statesman. This being true, it vitally concerns the career of the college student. However many phases of the college student's life honesty may concern, there are those particular phases upon which it especially thrusts its pungent message—his relations with his fellow students, his classroom work, his activity on the athletic field, and his behavior during examinations.

Does honesty concern the college student's relations with his fellow student? Assuredly yes! The Good Book says in substance, "Walk uprightly before your fellow men, lest ye be a stumbling block in his way." As a whole, college students observe this rule. But there are those — few in number, however—who always spoil things, just as the affected apple seeks to destroy eventually the whole barrel of apples. They go about seeking those they might pollute. They aren't honest with their fellow men, not even with themselves. They use dirty slang and profane language where a pure English word would suffice, thus not only indelibly soiling their own characters, but also those whom they touch, and depositing a "moral slime" upon the campus that perhaps a generation cannot efface. Actually, some students so warp and distort their language and manners that they are embarrassed among people who speak pure Anglo-Saxon language. They often corrupt and defile their own persons so that after life is a young hell, and pass on their miseries to the next generation. Some don't mind taking for their own use their fellow students' electric globe, book, pencil, lyceum ticket, or toilet article. Oh, no! That's a small matter. It doesn't even cost the scamp his standing on the campus. Is this honest treatment of your fellow student?

There are those students who don't mind saying, "Unprepared, professor; sick last night," when he either packed the streets, played pool or went out calling, and could almost digest wire nails. When he is reported for absences in society, he uses no scruples in saying, "Sick, confined to my room," when he was seen on the street corner that very night; or he says, "Out of town," when he merely got in a car, rode out and back, and actually was heard boasting about it. Often he is prompted by the fellow next to him, and when the instructor mentions it, says, "No, sir, professor; he did not tell me."

In a game of football, he maliciously and knowingly "slugs" the poor fellow opposing him, who is trying with all his might to play a clean, sportsmanlike game; and when accosted by the referee, swears he didn't touch him. In baseball, he often vows that he put a man out on first base, when he knows he didn't touch him. He thinks it a small matter to "ride" a man down in basketball to win a point.

Then, sad is the time when examinations come around. The indolent, loose, careless fellow is face to face with a serious proposition. He knows he hasn't been studying much. He thinks of the many, many hours he wasted loafing. "If I could just call those hours back, I'd use them preparing for my examinations," he thinks to himself. And then he thinks of father, whom he has treated dishonestly. He asks himself the question, "What will father do and say if I don't pass these examinations?" Pure reason tells the poor fellow that he cannot pass them honestly. He thinks in his mind, "Will I pass them dishonestly?" He becomes blue, discouraged, nervous, and says repeatedly to himself, "Life is all a muddle for me." While the poor fellow is agonizing over his fate, his chum, John, comes in and upbraids him for being so blue over the matter. John, too, is worried, but has planned how he and Jack can pass everything.

"Oh, Jack, you're a soft fellow, anyhow! Those examinations are a small matter! You and I will sit together on the very back seat. We will tear leaves out of our books, make extracts of important things, and read that old Latin out of the translation. Besides, what I don't know you can tell me, and I'll do the same for you. We can write that difficult declension out on the cuffs of our shirts. We'll pass all right, don't worry, Jack. Those professors can't ease anything over on us. Moreover, Jack, what does honesty get a fellow in college, anyhow? Does it pay? No! We'll ride through on our examinations, make brilliant marks, get our diplomas, get out in the world, and get as good jobs as anybody. We'll wear good clothes, smoke good cigars, carry our canes, set the boys up to lots of drinks and picture shows, go to church and Sunday school, and no one will ever know the difference except our close chums, and they'll not squeal on us." Poor Jack brightens up at John's scheme and acquiesces.

And thus it goes! The two little atomic pygmies go on to their fates! They have sold out cheap! They have sold their birthright a thousand times cheaper than Esau did. They have sacrificed one of the most precious

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PHYSICALLY UNFIT

—from The Journal, 1919

"Extra! Extra! War declared!" was the cry uttered on every corner on this April afternoon by the ragged little newsboys.

A large touring car stopped at one of these busy corners long enough to make the exchange of money for a paper. The driver was a tall, dark-haired young man, smartly dressed, and rather handsome. At his side sat a charming young lady. She was attired in one of the latest spring models and held a beautifully trimmed hat in her hands. She chatted incessantly to her companion, who had come from their home town, ten miles to the north, to take her home from college for a holiday. As soon as they were out of the crowded town and had gained the open country, bathed in its first taste of early spring, she read the startling news to him. Yes, war had been declared on Germany, and Uncle Sam was calling for volunteers.

"Of course, you'll go, Ned?" she said, inquiringly.

For some minutes they rode on in silence, until he broke the tension of the moment by his reply.

"Rose," he whispered, "I don't know."

She waited for him to continue.

"I'd go tomorrow if it wasn't for you. I can't give you up. Just think, we both get our diplomas in June, and then in two weeks we'll be married. And I hate to give up my college course when I am so near the end."

"But your country needs you, dear," she told him.

"Yes, and my country must come first, after all. But it's so hard to give you up. I must have time to think it over. It's too sudden."

They talked but little the rest of the journey. It was a serious time for them.

The sun was just setting when Ned Durham stopped his car in front of her home in Lenoir, just at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in South Carolina. Rose's father was Chester Laurens, one of the wealthiest men in the State and president of several large cotton mills, including the one at Lenoir. She was his only daughter, and was a senior at the Woman's College at Colton, the metropolis of the foothills. Her escort, Ned Durham, was an orphan. He was a senior at Lenoir College, and lived alone near the college in the little bungalow he had built for Rose and himself.

No sooner had he stopped than he drew her to him, murmuring:

"No, I can't give you up, little Rose. I can't."

"No, but you must do your duty," she answered. "No matter what the cost."

"I know! I know!" he replied.

"And, after all, you won't have to give me up for long. It will soon be over and you'll be back, and we can marry by Christmas, anyway."

"Rose, dear, I must decide it alone. I'll tell you my decision tomorrow when we go back."

He helped her from the car and stood holding her hands as he looked down into her lovely face. She was of medium height, and the graceful outlines of her perfect figure added to her beauty. The last rays of a setting sun played yellow and golden in her silken hair, which was blowing in the gentle April breeze. The playful smile on her delicately tinted lips died to a sober attitude of concern as she saw the far-away look in Ned's eyes. He no longer saw her beauty, or even the girl herself —he was thinking of the future.

"I must go, Ned," she told him. And, as she left, whispered, "Be a man, dear, for my sake."

That night was a bitter one for Ned. How he hated to give up his little Rose! She was everything to him. She even belonged to him. In less than four months she was to be his wife. But this tyrannical and scheming Kaiser had interfered. What should he do? Yes, Rose was right. His country needed him and he would go—if it wasn't for Rose. Yes, he would go anyway. But even after this bold decision there were moments of doubt, such as came to every man at that critical hour. But his true manhood, that of so many brave American lads, finally won out. Therefore, when he carried Rose back to Colton the next day he was as happy and gay as usual. They talked and planned their future, after he would come back, in such a joyful mood that when she left he told her:

"Rose, when you see me again I certainly shall be in a uniform."

"I'm so glad!" she whispered, and hastened along the gravel walk and into the dormitory.

As a result of the new inspiration she had given him, Ned was very highly elated when he presented himself before the recruiting officer. But he was absolutely unprepared for the shock he received at the conclusion of the examination.

"Physically unfit!" he muttered as he drove home that afternoon. Yes, physically unfit; but how? To be sure, the doctor had told him, but he had been so shocked that he had not heard. What could be wrong? He had always been in perfect health. He had never thought for a moment but that he could pass the most rigid examination. But he had failed. He wouldn't give up. He had promised Rose. He would try another office, and he did. He tried three others—and all with the same result. Yes,

he had broken a leg years before, and this was causing all the trouble. But what could he tell Rose? Could he tell her he was physically unfit? But, after all, he must or she would think him a sneaking coward. Yet when the time came for him to go to see her the following Sunday, his courage failed him; so he didn't see her for two weeks longer. He just couldn't tell her of his misfortune. He, so strong and healthy—she would never believe it; in fact, he didn't himself. He made a firm resolution that he would go to Washington, for surely he could get in there. So he prepared to go that night. Yes, he *would* get in.

Poor Rose! She was sad and lonely. She didn't know why he didn't come to see her. He wasn't in uniform, she knew, for her father had seen him. Could it be that he didn't have the nerve, the manhood, the courage to go? No! no! she sobbed on her pillow that night, it couldn't be that—he was so brave and a man —yes, a *real* man, too. Yet why else had he been dodging her all day—she *knew* he had. Yes, it was because—because he was a coward. She would denounce him. She would show him up. Even though it was after ten, she called him over the phone, and in ten minutes he was with her.

"Oh, Ned! why did you deceive me? I thought you were going to enlist — you promised me — and you didn't. Are you afraid?" she demanded, walking to the window and turning her back to him.

"I tried," he told her, but she interrupted.

"No, you didn't or you would have been in now. You are afraid!"

"Listen, Rose. Let me explain," he pleaded, as he stood just behind her.

"No, no. You tried to avoid me because you were a—a coward!" she spiritedly told him.

"Rose, you think I'm a coward and you won't let me explain; but listen: I'll do anything in the world for you. Only give me another chance, a chance to redeem myself, and I'll make good. I will!" he asserted, taking her hand in his. "Only trust me, give me the chance," he pleaded.

For a few moments she was cold and stubborn; then she turned and said to him:

"Ned, I believe you do mean it, and I'll give you the chance. You must make good or I shall hate you. Promise me you'll make good by next Sunday.

He promised faithfully, and left for the capital some minutes later.

In Washington, he was examined by the highest examining board in the country, but was doomed to a further disappointment. He was also over weight. Downcast in spirit, Ned returned home on Friday. He dreaded the interview with Rose, for it might be final. He knew her well enough to believe it might be.

But Rose spent an equally anxious week. She was confident now that he would meet her at the station in uniform. Then, too, she had accidentally met Ned's physician on the streets and he had assured her that Ned was in perfect health and could easily pass any examination. Yet at times there were doubts and fears. At one such time she solemnly declared that if he failed to keep his promise, she would never see him again. But, after all, she trusted him.

The first shock to her joyous mood came at the station the following Saturday. He was not there. Yes, he was in town—the cook had seen him that morning—but in civilian clothes. Then he wasn't in the army, and the awful word rang in her ears all night. He hadn't kept his promise. Why? That night she weighed her ideal in the balance. His fine traits far outweighed his bad ones, until she laid this new thing—his moral courage—in the balance. Alas! It outweighed all the rest. Her ideal was gone—he had not stood the test. Yes, he *was* a coward—a slacker! That was her final judgment. The fury of her soul now poured forth unrelented. Her grief and anger were not abated until she finally sought relief in tears and sleep.

The maid awoke her late the next morning to inform her that she was wanted on the phone. She knew it was Ned, and all her anger immediately returned.

It was Ned. He wanted to come over and explain. No, he was not in the service. Then, he needn't explain—she would not listen. She now knew he had broken his promise—that he was a coward. His pleading only enraged her the more. Finally she blurted out:

"Go! you traitor, go! Do you think I could love a slacker? Go forever! I never want to see you again—no, never, never, never!"

"Rose," his broken voice pleaded, "you are all I have in this world—you can't send me away like this. I love you. I will always love you—"

But the sharp click of the receiver told him she was gone—gone forever! For nearly an hour he sat there stupefied, with the receiver still in his hand.

Thus it happened that when the continual buzzing of the phone awakened him, he thought it was only central calling his attention to his carelessness, and snapped it into place and stalked out of the house. Had he only known that it was his Rose trying to tell him that she did love him, after all, and forgave him!

Late that afternoon the maid again appeared in the doorway of Rose's room, announcing:

"Mr. Ned left this for you, ma'am, but wouldn't wait for an answer."

It was a little volume of poems he had borrowed from her weeks before. Instinctively she ran to the window. Her heart sank within her as she beheld that scene. There was Ned in his car mounting the hill a quarter of a mile away, and at the top he stopped and gave a farewell look at the window of the girl he

loved, but the trees kept him from seeing her. As he sped out of sight, these words escaped her lips:

"Gone, gone forever!" and she fell on her bed and wept until she was so exhausted that she fell asleep.

* * * * *

It was a few hours after commencement. She was trying to be happy with her classmates, but her heart was laboring under a heavy burden of sorrow. She was packing her trunk, and as she threw one of her books in, a piece of note paper fell out. She threw it in the wastebasket, thinking it an ordinary class paper. Then, upon recognizing the book as the little book of poems Ned had had, she rescued it and, upon opening it, read:

Dear Rose,

I am leaving forever at your command. My farewell present to you is the little bungalow that was to be our home. I built it for you, so take it. I have no use for it now. The key is under the door mat. Rose, dear, you are all I have in the world, and I'll always love you as I do today. And, with a broken heart, I must say

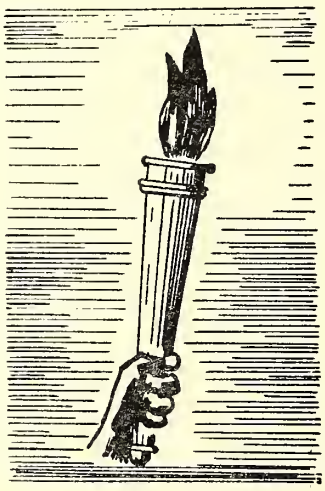
Good-bye forever,

Ned.

* * * * *

Weeks slipped into months, and the months seemed years to Rose. She had mechanically passed through the beautiful summer, the glorious autumn, the gloomy winter, and now it was spring once more. Her heart was heavier than ever. Her life was a sad, automatic drudgery. This morning she was scanning the columns of a number of daily papers, as she always did, for news of her lover. She didn't expect her efforts to be rewarded; they never were. But this time she found what she hunted. In one corner there was a short article that interested her. Some one had given a fine car to the Y.M.C.A. It was to be auctioned off in Atlanta for the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Fund. From the description, it was Ned's car. She was sure of it, and on consulting an auto directory she found that the number given in the paper was his. But she saw with disappointment that his old address in Lenoir was given. She decided to go to Atlanta and search for him. Her father went with her, but they could find out nothing except that it was his car and that he had gone away a few days before and had left no address.

Summer passed and fall was just beginning, when one day a letter came from Washington which was addressed in Ned's own handwriting.



She tore it open in feverish haste and drank it in. It was short, but, oh! how sweet:

Dearest Rose,

I thought perhaps you would regret your hasty action, for I am positive you love me. I have always loved you and always will, so if you still love me and trust me and want me to come back, write to this address. I have set aside my pride this last time, my dear, so won't you do the same and call back your own

Ned.

She was too happy for words. It was hours before she could calm her joy enough to answer. She finally wrote him a long letter, pleading for forgiveness and begging him to come back to her. But she didn't mail it that night, and it was never mailed. By morning her old pride had returned. She couldn't send it. For months she had longed for and prayed for that very address, and now that she had it she wouldn't use it. What would he think of her if she yielded? He wouldn't love her if she went to him. Was her love stronger than her pride? He had said he loved her. Surely he would come to her anyway. Her pride won, so the letter was destroyed.

Then in about two weeks there came the great celebration of the signing of the armistice. She would have been absolutely happy today—if Ned had only been there. In her joy, she overcame her pride and wrote him to come back. But she was again doomed to disappointment. The letter was returned. Across the front was the bold hand of a postal employee: "Moved away—forward address not known."

* * * * *

It was the twenty-third of December, and she was doing her Christmas shopping in busy Atlanta, when her attention was arrested by a dirty newsboy announcing the explosion of a munitions factory. She secured a paper and hastily scanned the article about the horrible accident. Among the missing she found the name of Ned Durham. This was too much for her. She must go to him—he might be lying there in the awful cold under the wreckage, dying. She telegraphed her plans to her father, and a few hours later was speeding northward.

About sunrise two days later she arrived at the Virginia munitions town. As she stepped from the train, there was only one man waiting to board the train. He was clad in big, rough shoes and very dirty overalls, with a slouchy black hat half covering his face. He was evidently one of the laborers at the plant. As she

(Continued on page 21)

A FATHER'S REVENGE

—from The Journal, 1919

"Look, Rube, there's a girl climbing the mountain, and she is on the trail that leads to our camp, too!" exclaimed a stout young man to his companion, as they stood on a mountain side.

"By Jove! There sure is! Do you suppose she has seen us? Let's go tell Olga of our early caller." replied Ruben, as he made his way back to their tent.

"I say, Olga, prepare dinner for four. We'll soon have a caller. Come and see her, and ——"

"A caller? Dinner for four? Rube, have you gone crazy? We have just got here," said Olga, "and I came here for a rest. Who is it that has come to distrub us?"

"That's what we don't know. Come and see," said Rube, as he dragged astonished Olga through the tent in time to see a beautiful girl coming up the trail.

"Oh, how charming! A regular butterfly, she is! A mountain fairy! Who can she be? And so graceful, too!" exclaimed Olga.

"And dressed so fine, too!" said the sincerely color-blind Rube, for the stranger was dressed in calico.

"She's my ideal girl! I love her already!" Rube's modest companion said, as he almost buried himself in pillows that lay in a seat before the door.

"I am sorry to trouble you," began the stranger, as she drew near the tent, "but you have placed your camp on my father's land, and he does not allow any one near. He has sent me to tell you this. I know his nature, and I would not advise you to remain longer."

"Well, listen, dear stranger. Do not rush off. Stay a while and tell us of your father and yourself," Olga said, as the stranger turned to go.

"My history is a sad one, and I am afraid I will trouble you," said the stranger, seating herself and glancing at the young man among the pillows.

"We are so glad to have you with us, and you may be brief with your story," Olga replied cordially.

"I was born in a mountainous section of Virginia," the stranger began sadly. "And when I was very young my mother died, leaving an older sister and me with a very cruel father. He knew no God, and loved nothing but money and seclusion. After our mother's death, sister and I found it hard for us to stay at home. Father had promised he would send us to school. We studied and worked hard, until at last we were ready for college."

Here the speaker paused, for she had noticed how Olga had sunk back pale in her chair.

"After a great deal of argument, begging and worry, we were sent away to school. Our first college session slipped by very fast for us, for we were in a world we had never known before. Soon vacation came, and we went back to our secluded mountain home, hoping to change our stern, hardhearted father by what we had learned. But vacation rolled by, and he was worse, flatly refusing to send us back to school, also."

Here the speaker paused, for Olga was weeping bitterly.

"However, father kept all our money in his room, and we decided to take it and leave him forever. But when the opportunity came for us to get the money, I was very sick, and my poor sister took it, telling me to follow her as soon as I was able. I became seriously ill, and papa's rage, when he missed the money, made it worse for me. He got his sister, who is almost a witch, to guard me day and night. Then we moved down here. I cannot begin to tell you how I have suffered for the last four years, and I suppose Olga has suffered, too, but I have never heard from her since she left me."

"Oh, Louise! Louise! I am your long-lost sister, Olga Oglethorpe, and I have suffered, too; but not for the lack of anything. I cannot tell you of my life in college and marriage to Ruben Montag. Louise, I deserted you! Will you ever forgive me?" Olga cried, as she rushed into the arms of her sister.

The meeting of the long parted sisters was very pathetic. Ruben wept softly, and his companion examined all the sofa pillows, as he swallowed great lumps that rose in his throat.

"Come, Louise, meet my husband, Mr. Montag, the best man on earth, Mr. Mark Black, a dear friend of ours," said Olga, becoming reconciled. "Now, do come on. If we can see your home from the rock ledge, we must go and see it, then leave this place."

"Oh, Olga! Don't go near the cliff; it is so dangerous, and I feel so strange," Louise replied sadly.

"Then we will go down to see father, and ——"

"No! no! He has declared vengeance upon you and your husband."

"Well, we will go to the cliff," said obstinate Olga, leading the way up the cliff.

As the group stood on the rock ledge projecting over a deep ravine, Ruben held his arm protectingly around Olga, and Mark held Louise's arm as they gazed silently at the hut in the valley.

While they stood thus, they did not see or hear a bearded, fierce-looking man creep up on the ledge. He looked blood-thirsty. An evil light shone in his eyes. Then he groaned,

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CONCERNING THE ADJECTIVE "TRITE"

John Penick

BECAUSE the adjective *trite* has become an everyday term on the Wofford campus, I would like to express my humble evaluation of *trite* as a disqualifying modifier from the standpoint of true worth of its noun.

The trite, as we speak of it here, is any belief, thought, artistic creation or expression which has been used or stated often enough for it to lose its originality and freshness. This does not mean anything which is used improperly, indiscreetly, or incorrectly. It does mean that if the thing had never been used before, it would be good, valueful, beautiful and excellent in the eyes of the critics.

To begin with, aesthetic requirements of fineness for any human endeavor toward beauty demand originality and lack of subjective imitation. (Objective imitation is almost necessary to the maintenance of good form.) It would be foolish to try to defend triteness in most cases from aesthetics. Beauty is very important to human life, for beauty in all its forms and mediums is that quality of experience which makes the life of man rich, full and complete if other requirements of living are not lacking. This becomes a challenge to the artistic creator which he sometimes wishes to avoid: This beauty and richness should be available for *many* persons—even those who were not so fortunate as to be blessed with the mental capacities of the artist. I say "hats off" to all those musicians, painters, men of letters, architects, sculptors, et al., who work and strive to make the lives of *other people happy*. To me, this is a most worthwhile undertaking for any individual of exceptional ability. The person who is not concerned with the happiness of others needs a good psychiatrist and an earnest communion on his knees with his Creator (who made others as well as He did him, and lets His rain fall on them, too!) Mental capacity is not half so important as the manner in which that capacity is used.

I believe the purpose of beauty determines the style of expression to be employed by the artist. If art is not only for the isolated few hiding in their segregated white-washed caves, but is also for the stumbling masses who haven't gotten around to white-washing their caves yet, then beauty must be made intelligible for these common people if it is to be worth much to life in our time. Therefore the original demands of aesthetics must be made subordinate to the purpose of art itself. In other words, art is for men, not men for art; art should be the servant of the human race, not the human race the servant of art. If triteness provides a clear communication between the creator and the appreciator, then it seems foolish to discard this usefulness and effectiveness for a manner of expression which few but the artist can enjoy. (Trite, as meant here, does not include usages which make for obscurity of meaning.)

The preceding has been concerned with manners of trite expression in the realm of pure "art for art's sake," but communication in more practical fields is no more than a method (or means) to a goal (or end). In this case, the method of expression *must* (for clarity) always agree with the purpose (or motive) and the desired result. The method must also be compatible with the environment in which it is to work. In practical discourse, if triteness is clear, then triteness is best.

There are those who would condemn an *idea* for being trite. But is there such a thing as an ideology which is undesirable because it is trite—whether it be a thought, idea, belief or any other intangible reality? The "original" demands of aesthetics obviously do not apply to purpose, hope or love; neither to values, ideals or ethics. That which is, is—beautiful or not. That which would be better, would be better no matter how old or overused the hypothesis may be. It is true that beauty makes things pleasing and "fun," but suppose the higher values of life would not include pleasure among them? What, then, of artistic requirements? I cannot see how any intangible reality of value (other than beauty) could be either blessed or cursed by the affixation of the word "Trite!"

Such an act seems usually to be caused either by a blind surge toward novelty, or by an affort to disqualify or hide that which might change the critic's life and thinking — for good at his expense. Some people take the attitude (I'm afraid all of us do sometimes): "It is well to think, but not to let our thinking hurt us or cost us anything we want." Thought, to many of us, is merely an instrument to satisfy culture-veneered instincts to live on the biological "dog eat dog" level of existence. As long as ideas are kept under control in this manner, improvement of man and personal and social progress will never be allowed a hangman's chance.

As a final comment, let me say that some of the oldest and most overused things in the world and in life are the most valuable and important factors of our existence: eating, sleeping, breathing, walking, conversing with others, seeing the sun "rise" in the morning and "set" at night, your mother's love for you, your own ability to think and appreciate and enjoy life to its fullest. The list is almost

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CANINES AND VEILED CANDIDNESS

Rover

EDITOR'S NOTE: The pen-name Rover seems to have been one of the most looked-for contributors to this year's *Journal*. It seems only fair that Rover emerge from his secrecy and take a well-earned bow. To Jack Wilson, our congratulations and appreciation for the department CANINES AND VEILED CANDIDNESS.

COLLEGE campuses all over the nation are faced with a serious threat to the well-being of their students. It is a danger that may well wipe out all we know to be "college life." Since it is as great a threat to us here at Wofford as to other campuses, I think we should seriously consider all its implications and then act. The terrible monster that is slowly digging its claws into us with the intentions of devouring us is known as "scholastic work." By that I mean class work and all that is connected with it. The danger is that this hideous monster is taking up too much of our time—time that could be well used in extra-curricular activities, both on and off the campus.

I have heard students say apologetically, and with tears in their eyes, that they couldn't attend the weekly meeting of the Student Christian Association because they had to study for their classes the following day. Of course studying doesn't seem to interfere nearly so much with one's going to the movies, but I guess that's only natural in this modern era.

I have heard men excuse themselves from International Relations Club, Blue Key, Pi Gamma Mu, Fraternity meetings, Future Teachers of America, Pre-Chemical Society—yes, and even the Glee Club and other extra-curricular activities for this same reason.

The importance of extra-curricular activities can't be stressed too much. They teach leadership and teamwork. Because one must always work with others in these activities, they are constructive methods of teaching one to prepare himself for post-graduate situations. There may be, however, one fly in the ointment. In the recently published and much talked-about book, *They Went to College*, statistics point out that the number of extra-curricular activities one participates in while at college are not significant in helping to make a successful person in the "outer world." I was never very good at statistics though, so I don't place very much value on that judgment.

We have been told on numerous occasions since we entered Wofford that a few extra-curricular activities would be good for us. They say that if one tries to enter into too many activities, one cannot be able to give one's best to any of them. "They" say many things. I say — join as many extra-curricular activities as you can. Think of all the friends you will make and the number of times your picture will appear in The Bohemian. That will make quite an impression on people browsing through our annual.

Of course your scholastic grades may suffer a bit from all this activity, but if you're smart, you'll get by.

Take, for instance, the fraternities here at Wofford. They are doing such magnificent work, and really can consume a good portion of your time. Then, there is the Glee Club. Of course it does a great deal to advertise the schools in towns and cities throughout the state, but I'm thinking about all the fun you can have "With a Song in Your Heart" practicing at least three hours a week and missing numerous classes to go on tours and one-day stands. The amount of classwork you can miss is startling.

And the other organizations too—all add greatly to your enjoyment of college life, and can really consume the time you should—oops! I mean, could, spend in study.

Men, it all boils down to this. If we are to have our rights, if we are to be able to put our complete selves, undivided, into extra-curricular activities, we must rise up in righteous indignation and demand that we be given less scholastic work so that we might be able to attain recognition on the campus and in later life. To arms, men!

MOVIES

Sid Fulmer

1952 will go down in Hollywood history as the year in which movie producers finally awakened and realized that television was definitely a menace to the movie industry. As a result more top-flight pictures came from Hollywood during 1952 than for any year since the beginning of World War II. Definitely trying to live up to the slogan "Movies are better than ever," the movie companies released such outstanding achievements as "A Place in the Sun," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "An American in Paris," "Quo Vadis," "Detective Story," "The Red Badge of Courage," and "The Greatest Show on Earth." Such pictures as these have added considerable prestige to the movie box-office.

Just recently Spartanburg moviegoers had the choice of seeing "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Quo Vadis" both in the same week.

A comparison of the two movies is hardly feasible due to the totally different subject matter of each film. Of the two, however, "Quo Vadis" had the best story, while "Streetcar" had the best acting.

"Quo Vadis," meaning "Whither Goest Thou?" dealt with the persecution of the Christians in Rome during the reign of the fanatical Nero. But while all the grandeur and spectacle of this most expensive of all films was definitely impressive, the highlight of the movie was the completely dominating portrayal of Nero by Peter Urskinov. Every word, every movement of Mr. Urskinov's role was played with equal importance. He captured in near perfection the sinisterness, the madness of Nero, while still being able to create a character that you could not help feeling sorry for. Who could forget that gleam in the eye of the madman as he explained to Petronius (Leo Glenn) his plan for destroying and rebuilding Rome, his lustful episodes with the women of his harem, and his final scene with one of his wives who thrust a dagger into the emperor as angry mobs of Romans descended upon his house. These were just a few of the many memorable scenes in which Nero appeared.

The roles of Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr, which were supposed to be the major ones, were decidedly minor ones in comparison to that of Mr. Urskinov.

Mr. Taylor was suitably cast as the unchristian Roman warrior who was later converted to the ways of Christ by the love of a Christian girl (Deborah Kerr). Miss Kerr, however, seemed to be decidedly miscast. There seemed to be a shallowness in her acting, and she looked much too pale and anemic for her part as a crusading young Christian. Elizabeth Taylor was originally scheduled for this part and it is a pity that previous commitments forced her out of the picture.

As for sheer bigness, "Quo Vadis" is unparalleled in movie history. The burning of Rome, the mob scenes at the Coliseum, the march upon Nero's palace were all expertly filmed.

The largest single fault of the picture, as this reviewer saw it, was the technicolor. The color of the sky and flames in the burning scene were entirely overdone, while in other instances, such as the arena scenes, the coloring was much too drab and unappealing.

Also the three-hour running time of the picture could have been shortened considerably and still not have destroyed the powerful message which "Quo Vadis" was trying to give.

But all in all "Quo Vadis" was an excellent picture and well worth the admission price.

As for "A Streetcar Named Desire," one word is sufficient to describe it — "electrifying." While many would contend that Tennessee Williams' story was much too sordid, they cannot deny his genius for creating characters. Those who went to see "Streetcar" just for a good story were indeed disappointed, for the greatness of Mr. Williams' play lies in each individual character.

This is the only picture ever made in which three of the players were given academy awards for their performances. Vivien Leigh for her Blanche DuBois, Kim Hunter for her role as Blanche's sister, and Karl Marden, who played Blanche's suitor. But why did the academy exclude Marlon Brando, whose performance as Kim Hunter's husband was in many respects the best acting of all?

Brando, who also created the same role on Broadway, was made for the part. Big, lustful, vulgar, and overbearing, Brando yelled and bellowed in a terrifying way. Yet, in a flash of an eye, his wildness could be conquered by the passionate love of his wife.

Vivien Leigh, while not equaling her acting as Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind," gave her usual polished performance. As Blanche DuBois, she played a woman who at one time had had wealth, position, suitors, all the world could offer, but who was nothing but a lost soul. Desirous of love, real love and not the cheap love which she had experienced, she plays up to an eager suitor (Karl Marden). Some tender scenes follow, but before the tragic end of the movie Blanche has suffered insult and abuse at the hands of Brando, who succeeds in wrecking any chance of happiness she might have had with Marden. As the movie ends, Blanche is

BOOKS

Ralph Bailey

THE CAINE MUTINY, by Herman Wouk, has made a continuous climb of success since its publication late last year. It is one of those gripping stories told simply, yet artistically, that the reader can feel himself a part of and can easily lose himself in the feelings of the characters that the story portrays.

The story itself is a mixture of action, romance, comedy and intrigue. Although very interesting and suspenseful, the plot takes second place in the book. The primary concern of the book is its characters.

Willie Keith is the person through whose eyes the reader sees the mutiny and other incidents on the Caine. As the story begins, Keith is just an average boy with average interests and abilities who has been accepted as a V-7. The author gives the impression that Keith is a "mother's boy" and the reader goes with Keith through his navy experience with interest, seeing how he eventually comes from under his mother's protective care and becomes a man.

Then there are Tom Keefer, the author aboard the destroyer-minesweeper, whose great concern is his novel rather than the war and his job on the Caine, Stilwell, the navigator, who is concerned with his wife back home, who is not faithful to him while he is away; Maryk, the lieutenant aboard who relieves the captain of his duty as commanding officer and faces court-martial.

Above all the characters is Lieutenant Commander Philip Francis Queeg, the ship's captain. Before you finish the book, it is only natural that you feel a little nausea over this man after the author goes to lengthy (sometimes too lengthy) discussions and explanations about Captain Queeg's behavior aboard ship as a tyrant.

Queeg is both a comic and a tragic character. Some incidents that he insists on carrying out justify this—such as the time he almost turns the ship upside down looking for a quart of pilfered strawberries.

It all happened during a typhoon miles away from dry land, but the author of *The Caine Mutiny* reserves the mutiny for page 339 in the novel —so you can see that characterization is important.

Not only is the novel a suspenseful story and an interesting work of character study, but also it is a good study — although indirect — of psychology of men under tension at sea.

The court martial of Maryk offers the reader excellent food for thought as it is proved that the captain is a paranoiac.

Interesting to note, Hollywood is venturing to film the story, but is meeting with some opposition from the Navy.

Information Chief Rear Admiral Hickey wrote to Producer Stanley Kramer: "I believe your production would plant in the minds of millions the idea that life in the Navy is akin to confinement in a psychiatric institution." (*Time*, April 7, 1952.)

The Navy has suggested that Hollywood do several "repairs" before the actual filming (if there is one), namely, to drop the word "mutiny" from the title, clean up the ship and the men, not to show Queeg as the coward he is in the book, give the crew a better I. Q., and not to call the officers "damn morons." (Why should the Navy worry if it is all fiction? Or does propaganda still hold weight?)

For those men who have experienced war and service, and also to those who have it before them, this novel will prove worthwhile reading. We class it as a "must" for leisure reading.

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led away to an asylum, now completely insane.

Besides some of the most excellent acting that has ever been in a Hollywood production, "Streetcar" also was excellently photographed. The sets were superb and helped to create the moody sordid atmosphere which prevailed during the movie.

"Streetcar" was produced by Charles K. Feldman, who ranks foremost among Hollywood producers.

Life Magazine reports that Hollywood seems to move in cycles. First Western pictures, then war pictures, then psychological dramas are dominant in studio outputs.

Now since "An American in Paris" met with such popular acclaim, many more musicals have been scheduled.

One of the freshest new musicals to come to Spartanburg in a long time was "Singing in the Rain," starring Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor. Kelly and O'Connor are old hands in the film business, but Debbie Reynolds makes one of her first star appearances. A good-looker, a good dancer, a good singer—Miss Reynolds is all three.

Of course Gene Kelly was excellent, especially in the special number in which he danced during a rain. In all his pictures Mr. Kelly is his own choreographer for his dance numbers. Not to be forgotten was

his wonderful sequence in "An American in Paris."

A pleasant surprise of this picture was the dancing of Cyd Charisse. As a partner for Mr. Kelly, a more desirous one could not have been found. It is hoped that Miss Charisse will now be given bigger and better parts due to her success in this film.

Donald O'Connor, who more recently has turned to television, proves that one with such a vibrating personality cannot be rstricted to such a small area as the TV screen affords.

* * *

The heroic life story of singer Jane Froman has now come to the screen in the film "With a Song in My Heart." Starring Susan Heyward as Jane Froman, the picture includes over 32 songs which Froman made famous during the war years. Although Miss Heyward does the acting, her singing voice is that of Jane Froman's. From all advance reports the picture is an excellent one.

In Atlanta, Georgia, the picture is the first to be held over at the huge 4,500 seat Fox Theater in many years.

Hollywood has gone all out in declaring war against any and all subversive and communistic influences. One of the leaders of this movement has been Howard Hughes, president of RKO Radio Pictures, and whose company has had its share of troubles in this respect. Hughes recently shut down all production on his lot and announced that not another picture would be made until his studio was cleared of all Communists. He added that this would be done if he had to fire everyone on the lot.

This stern and positive action by Mr. Hughes makes one want to stand up and shout "hurray!" Any organization such as the movie industry which holds such a powerful influence over the populace of our country must never allow any group of people whose plan of action is to undermine our way of life to get a stronghold on its activities. Other studios are following Mr. Hughes' example and are dismissing stars and writers who have been proven members of the Communist party.

Among prominent personages who have been mentioned as one-time Communists are Elia Kazan, famous producer; Charlie Chaplin, Judy Holiday, Glenn Ford, Florence Elridge, and Frederic March. When the spotlight was placed on many of these personages, they tried to cover it up by saying that they were one-time party members but that now they considered it all very foolish. Very foolish, indeed, upon the realization that their one-time solid box office was not so solid after all.

Be a Man

(From page 6)

him away from the soldiers. He whispered, "Daddy, let's hide our ball. We can put up another backboard and they'll never know."

His father shook his head. "I'm afraid that wouldn't work, son. They would soon find out, with all the spies they have—even in the hospital staff. We'll just have to let them do it."

The soldiers had resumed their work. Dr. Whiting stood with his arm around Roger's shoulder as they watched.

"Daddy," said Roger slowly, "I hate those men."

"No, Roger," replied his father, "they can't help it. They're just following orders."

There was a sharp sound of wood cracking. The final blow had been struck to one of the posts. The backboard toppled and hit the cement with a crash.

Roger shook his head as though stunned by the noise. He stared at the fallen board and then at the post stump. A look of terror came to his eyes. Suddenly he burst into loud sobs, tore himself away from his father, and ran, as if blinded, away from the scene.

College Honesty

(From page 11)

jewels of their lives—honesty. What will their college courses and after lives mean? Absolutely nothing!

They will go through life with diseased and blighted consciences. They will carry their diplomas around with them only as reminders of their black dishonesty—that's all.

All this within itself is bad enough; but it is not the worst. It touches and stigmatizes the vital fundamentals of human character! They've sown habits to reap corrupt characters later. They have bent the twigs, and thus the trees will be inclined. Too often college students say, "We will do these little evils in college, and quit them when we are out in life." It is possible, but highly improbable. The thoughts and habits of man can be counted as the years of his life. And the yoke a man creates for himself by these wrong doings will breed hate in the kindliest manner.

The experiences of great and good men who have gone before us prove this worthy old maxim of honesty. Happy is that man who, when his college career is ended, can say honestly, "I have fought a good fight; have finished my course; have won my diploma honestly; have endeavored to do as much good as possible; and am going out into the world with clean hands and a pure heart."

The ideal college man, the square man, measures the same each way. He has no cheap lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap, and will not warp. He is clear stuff; and it matters not what he is worked up into, he will neither swell nor warp. He is to men what good seasoned lumber is to carpenters. Approach him from whatever side one may, he is the same each way; and the only way to get at him anyhow is to face him. He knows he is square, and never spends any time trying to prove it.

—G. W. Palmer, '16

Physically Unfit

(From page 14)

passed, she gave him a casual glance, then a second, for something had caught her attention; then uttered:

"Oh, Ned!" and fell into the strong arms of her lover.

"Rose! my own Rose!" he murmured repeatedly, as the train rolled out of sight.

After the first joy subsided, she freed herself from his embrace and asked shyly:

"Ned, where is the uniform?"

Then, as he dropped his eyes and half turned away, she hastened to add:

"Never mind, dear. I don't care. I love you. I would love you even if you were a slacker. But I have treated you cruelly. You can't forgive me now. You can't love me after all that ——"

"I do, my little Rose. You are my life—my all. I do love you.'"

And she realized that he forgave her all by the look of tenderness and forgiveness in his eyes as he pressed her once more to his heart.

—A. Y. D., '19

Father's Revenge

(From page 15)

for he had recognized his daughter Olga. His groan startled the silent gazers, and they turned in time to see him quickly draw a stiletto. But she was too late. The stiletto had then left her father's hand and gone deep into her side. With a scream and a death agony on her face, she sank to her knees. By this time both Mark and Ruben were wrestling with the wild mountaineer. In the struggle that followed, Ruben slipped and fell with him into the deep ravine far below. Mark turned in time to catch the fainting form of Louise in his arms.

The last rays of the setting sun darkened the blood that had flown from Olga's death wound, for it was dripping, dripping, dripping from the ledge into the upturned hand of Ruben, who lay cold in death in the ravine far below.

—Herbert Wrenn, '19

"Trite"

(From page 16)

endless, and they're *all* trite because they're old as the hills and indulged in by every soul on this planet, but *they are things neither you nor anyone would want to do without.* An honest, open mind to truth and value demands that neither age nor use is ever allowed to disfigure an evaluation of the intrinsic value and potential worth of *any* subject under consideration.

Company "U" Yarns

(From page 10)

to cheer him up, but it was useless. Finally he said:

"It's no use for me to go back to college in Washington. I'll be looked upon as a slacker if I am not in service, and that service is barred to me. I did not receive even a recommendation as a non-com. The personnel officer told me that I could enlist, but would probably be given some non-combatant assignment in the United States because of my open 'disloyal utterances.' It's hell! I can't stand the disgrace of having 'proved a failure.'" He said this with peculiar emphasis on the last three words. I could do or say nothing to help matters, so with a "Good night. See you in the morning," I turned in for the night.

A drizzling rain whipped me in the face when I walked out on deck the next morning. The river was wrapped in fog as we entered the greatest harbor of the world, and only the shrieks of the tug whistles seemed to cut the gloom. A cry from the lower deck attracted my attention, and, rushing to the rail, I saw to my horror my former corporal, beyond reach of possible rescue, sinking for the last time. A battered hat, around which the faded red, white and blue hat cord still clung, bobbing there on the seething water in our wake was all that remained to remind us that Max Heinrich had once existed.

The stately palisades looked down unmoved, the tugs continued their shrieks, a launch hovered over the spot a few minutes, a few curious persons asked questions, and the world moved on. Only an infinitesimal cog had slipped in the great machine.

In the stateroom of Max Heinrich I found two letters, one addressed to his father and one to Miss Mildred Mason, Washington, D. C. On the floor was a crumpled note on which was written: "You have proved yourself a failure and have proved your disloyalty, long suspected by many. I have considered you a stranger since the receipt of your last communication. Mildred Mason."

—L. B. W., '21

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Harry Gall

A Drama in Three Acts

Act I, Scene 1

(*The scene is laid in the living room of a middle class German home, poor but neat. There is a table and several chairs drawn close to the fireside. A man, aged and stooped, paces back and forth in front of the roaring fire. A girl, tall, blond, and very pretty is seated near the hearth at the right of the fireplace.*)

Ilse: Father, what's the matter? You've hardly spoken a word all evening and you scarcely touched your dinner. What's wrong? Is it Karl?

Franz: Of course it's Karl. It's always Karl. When I think of my son lying dead in a lonely, unmarked grave somewhere in France, my heart grows sick, Ilse—sick of life and sick of living, and I suddenly realize what I am—a lonely, broken-hearted old man kept alive only by a few tender memories of what used to be, but can never be again. And now, as if all this is not enough they add insult to injury.

Ilse: What do you mean, father? What has happened? Why do you talk this way?

Franz: The Americans, not content with butchering your brother, have requisitioned our house. Their commandant, Major Claymore, establishes his offices here tomorrow.

Ilse: Then we must move!

Franz: No, no, my dear, we don't have to move. The good major has graciously alloted us the living room and two bedrooms on the ground floor for our own use.

Ilse (*Very sarcastically*): Oh, father, how generous of him! Tell me, are we still to be allowed to breathe or is that asking too much of the murderers of my brother and of the desecrators of our fatherland? Why did you submit to this outrage, father? You! The burgomaster of this town and its most respected citizen. Ah, if only my Erich were here! He would know what to do.

Franz: You mean, you still believe Erich Von Richter is alive after all these years without a word from him? My dear, I have talked to officers back from the Russian front who saw him die—who saw his plane disintegrate under machine gun fire into a flaming mass of twisted wreckage from which it is beyond hope that any human being could have escaped alive. You must realize, Ilse, that your Erich, like our poor Karl, has been swallowed utterly in the horrible cataclysm of war.

Ilse: Erich will return, father. I know he will. Sometimes I seem to hear his voice whispering to me across the miles and within my heart, and through the tears, I know that Erich, my Erich, will come back to me.

Franz: You're insane, girl. The man is dead and you'll meet again only in death and the vastness of eternity. And now, Ilse, I think I shall retire. For who knows, perhaps I can dream of happier days and the sparkling hours when we were all together. Good-night, Ilse.

Scene 2 (*same setting*)

Two men in uniform stand near an open door at one end of the stage. Standing, facing them, are Franz Kletzman and his daughter Ilse.

Major Claymore: Herr Burgomaster, permit me to introduce myself. I am Roger Claymore, Major in the United States Army. The gentleman with me is my orderly, Sergeant Klotski. I trust you have been fully informed as to our coming.

Franz: Indeed we have, sir. Permit me to introduce my daughter, Ilse. She will show you to your rooms. We will try to make your stay here as comfortable as possible.

Claymore: Believe me, sir, no one regrets this inconvenience more than I do. I assure you it will only be until the completion of our new headquarters very shortly. And so, Fraulein, if you'll lead the way?

Scene 3

(*Upstairs bedroom. Present are the major, standing in the center of the room and Ilse, standing by the window, facing him.*)

Ilse: This room is yours, Major. You'll have to forgive the lace and the frills, but this room is—or was, mine.

Claymore: As I told you and your father downstairs, Fraulein Ketzman, this arrangement is only temporary. You'll be in full possession again in no time.

Ilse (*turns her head slightly away toward the window and speaks very sarcastically*): We understand perfectly, Major.

(*The major walks to the opposite side of the room, faces the bureau, and begins to examine two photographs upon the dresser. He turns once more to face the girl who is moving gradually toward him.*)

Claymore: Those wouldn't be the men in your life, by any chance

Ilse (*She moves to the dresser and picks up the photographs*): This one is my brother, Karl, who was killed in France in 1914. The other is Baron Erich Von Richter, my fiance. He was reported missing in action on the Russian front, three years ago, tomorrow.

Claymore: Oh, I am sorry. My question was impertinent. Please forgive me.

Ilse: Never mind, Major. You're right. Those are the men in my life.

I live constantly in memory of one and in prayer for the safe return of the other. And now, Major, if you will excuse me ——

Claymore: You hate us, don't you?

Ilse: I have not said so.

Claymore: You don't have to. I can see it in your eyes. Ilse, you must believe me. We're here as friends, not conquerors. We're not here to destroy, but to build a new Germany founded on the cornerstone of peace and liberty.

Ilse: You talk of friendship! Was it friendship that killed my brother? Was it your precious love for Germany which sent my Erich's plane plunging into the icy waters of Lake Ladoga?

Claymore: No, it was not friendship which sent Erich to his death. It was hate, the man-hate of one man against the world, who sought to destroy us. That man was Adolph Hitler. Thank God for civilization that he failed. And yet the all-consuming devouring fire of his hatred did not fail to claim its victims. Von Richter and Karl were two of them. The girl I was going to marry was a third.

Ilse: You mean ——

Claymore: Yes, you're not the only one who has seen a loved one swallowed up in the vortex of fury which war brings. I was stationed in London the early summer of '43. She was English and I met her at a USO party. We knew almost at first sight that we were meant for each other—she and I. We were planning to be married at her mother's home in Devonshire sometime in late August. And then one hot night the bombers came dropping their loads of death and destruction. A stray bomb struck an air-raid shelter and Ellen, my Ellen, was dead!

Ilse: You must have been heartbroken.

Claymore: I was. For a long while my existence was aimless, without rhyme or reason. I was drifting into a sea of despair which grew ever deeper with each endless day. But they say time heals all wounds and the bitterness gradually faded from my memory. And yet, sometimes, even yet, in the spring of the year, something inside me gives a little twitch and a lump comes into my throat as I think of her.

Ilse: Why did you tell me all this?

Claymore: I don't know. Perhaps it was because somehow you remind me of her, but with a difference. There is about you a certain latent fire that blazes brightly beneath that quiet surface. And then you have lost someone near and dear to you, a victim of man's inhumanity to man.

Ilse: Somehow your words bring comfort to me. Thank you. Now I must go. Father will begin to wonder.

Act II, Scene 1

(*Same setting. Major Claymore is seated before a mirror, shaving. Klotski enters and gives a smart salute, to which the Major, absorbed at the mirror, pays no attention.*)

Major: You know, Klotski, for the first time in nine years I'm a happy man.

Klotski: If the Major will pardon my saying so, I think he must be slap-happy. Major, you are brushin' your teeth with shaving cream and you got toothpaste all over your face.

Major: It's her eyes.

Klotski: Huh! Who?

Major: Maybe it's her smile, or the way she carries herself.

Klotski: Major, ain't you feelin' well? Kin I gitcha anythin'?

Major: Nothing, Klotski. You are looking at a man thoroughly and completely in love.

(*The Major reaches for a towel and wipes off the toothpaste.*)

Klotski: The burgomaster's daughter!

Major: You are so right—the burgomaster's daughter.

Klotski: Well, I don't blame ya' for bein' in love with her. She's a swell-looking dish. But that old man of hers is strictly from hunger and he hates our guts. And he can't fool me with that phoney courtesy of his.

Major: Right again. But, say, what did you come in here for?

Klotski: Oh! Good Lord, Major, I nearly forgot it. Lt. Ransom is waiting outside to see you. He says it's important.

Major: Well, don't just stand there, Klotski, show the Lieutenant in. (*Exit Klotski.*)

Major (*to himself*): One of these days, I'm going to have that fellow busted for rank insubordination and negligence of duty. (*Lt. Ransom enters at the right of the stage on the Major's last words.*)

Ransom: Sir!

Major (*Turns to face the Lieutenant*): At ease, Lieutenant. What seems to be the trouble?

Ransom: Sir, about an hour ago three men tried to blow up the Friedrich Ebert Railway tunnel just outside of town. Fortunately for us, a sentry spotted one of the men lighting the fuse, reported him, so that we succeeded in preventing a disaster.

Major: Well, what happened? Why wasn't I notified immediately?

Ransom: We couldn't locate your new headquarters until a few minutes ago, when we ran into one of your couriers on his way here. I took it upon myself to detail a squad of constabulary to the scene in the shortest possible time. There had been some shooting and one of our sentries had been hit. One of the saboteurs, cut down by machine-gun bullets, had fallen into a pool of his own blood at the entrance of the tunnel. One of them got away, but we trapped the other one, the ring leader, in the tunnel itself. He acted pretty tough at first—had a Thompson sub under his arm, and two Luger 45's in his belt, but he came out fast enough when we closed off the entrances and started pouring in the tear-gas.

Major: Anything further, Lieutenant?

Ransom: Yes, sir! The man we

captured wouldn't tell us a thing, not even his name. We searched the dead man and found identification papers sewn into the lining of his coat. Here they are.

Major (*Takes the papers and for a long moment peruses them carefully*). Let's see. H'm. Inspector Nikolai Platki - Renkoff — Polish Secret Police. Well, you can rest assured Frankfort will hear about this. Is this other fellow a Pole too?

Ransom: No, sir, a German. But his clothes were tailored in Moscow.

Major: This may well cause an international incident. Ransom, I want that man brought here to my quarters, and placed under double guard. I've a lot of questions I want to ask him and his answers had better be good. That's all, Lieutenant.

(*Exit Lieutenant, after saluting smartly.*)

Act II, Scene 2

(*A book-lined study. Claymore sits at his desk poring over his correspondence. Suddenly a knock is heard at the door.*)

Major: Yes, come in. (*Ilse enters bearing a tray.*)

Ilse: I fixed some coffee, Major. I thought you might like some. (*Ilse crosses the room and puts the tray on the desk. The major looks up.*)

Major: Thank you, Ilse; but my friends call me Roger. I know this is sudden, but, you know, since the first moment I met you, life seems to have taken on a new meaning for me. For the first time since Ellen's death, I can see beauty and joy in the world around me. I'm just a soldier, Ilse. I don't know how to use the tender words and phrases that I want to say, but I've got to tell you what is in my heart. I love you, Ilse. I've known it since the first moment I saw you in that room at the head of the stairs, with the wind blowing your hair in the sunlight. Oh, I know you're bitter, but who has the right to be more bitter than I? You at least still have your father. I have nothing. The war is over—finished, my darling, and broken lives like broken limbs will mend in time, if we only let them.

Ilse: No, Roger, this is wrong. You're wrong. I'm beyond love. I'm beyond hate. I'm beyond bitterness. There is only the numbness left now —the loneliness. The icy wretched loneliness of a shattered life. I can't love you, Roger. I mustn't! There can never be anyone for me but Erich.

Major: But, Ilse, Erich's dead, or he would have come back to you by now. I'm alive, and I need you, dearest. I want to marry you, and take you home with me to America out of all this—away from this ruined country. Ilse, I want to take you out of the darkness and to the sunlight again, where a man can raise his family in peace and plenty under the banners of right and liberty. (*Ilse in tears rushes from the room.*) Ilse, where are you going? Where are you going, Ilse?

Act III, Scene 1

(*The Major's study. The Major stands in the center of the room, a lighted cigarette in his hand. A man, tall, dark and of disheveled appearance is seated at that officer's desk, his hands bound securely behind him. A guard stands stiffly at attention behind him.*)

Major: Talk, Man, talk! What's your name? By whose orders did you plant that dynamite? Talk now, or I'll guarantee that you'll talk later under less pleasant circumstances.

Stranger: I have nothing to say. I have done nothing, and you have not the right to hold me.

Major: Is it or is it not true that you were commissioned by a certain foreign power to sabotage the Friedrich Ebert Railway tunnel? A hundred witnesses saw your companion light that fuse and they saw you shoot down that sentry. You tell us that you have done nothing. You say that you meant no harm, why the Thompson sub and the Lugers? Tell me, do you always carry a miniature arsenal around with you, or was this some special occasion? Tell us the truth, and we may be a little easier on you.

Stranger: All right. Take that light out of my eyes. I'll tell you everything.

Major: Now, that's a little better. First of all, who are you?

Stranger: My name is Marius Weber. I'm a cloth worker.

Major: From where?

Stranger: Nuremburg. During the war, I worked at a factory there. We made uniforms for the Wehrmacht. When the war ended I lost my job, and I've been wandering about the countryside looking for work ever since.

Major: How did you become involved in this tunnel incident?

Stranger: I didn't. You see, I spent last night sleeping in the tunnel. I had no money, and there was no place else I could go for shelter. Two other men also spent the night there. When morning came, they assaulted me, pushed two Lugers into my belt, a machine gun under my arm, and then fled.

Major: Stop playing games with me, Weber, if that's really your name which I doubt.

Weber: What do you mean?

Major: What do I mean? Well, now, I'll just tell you. Your story is nothing but a preposterous tissue of lies from start to finish. First of all, you tell me in strong Prussian accents that you're a Nuremburg cloth-worker. You never worked cloth in your life. I can tell by your hands. You say you spent the time since the war wandering around the countryside. Is that how you picked up a suit of clothes tailored in Moscow?

Weber: A Russian officer in Stuttgart.

Major: Did he give you the dynamite too? (*Enter Sergeant Klotski, who advances to the center of the stage, faces the Major, and salutes.*)

Klotski: Major, there's a courier here from General Bartlett's headquarters. He says he has an important message for you.

Major (*turning from Weber*): Very good, Klotski. Tell him I'll be with him in a moment. And as for you, my friend (*turning back on prisoner*), you'd better make up your mind to tell me a story—the right story, or I'll make you wish to high heaven you'd never been born. Sentry! (*Faces the sentry*). Watch this man. Don't let him out of your sight. And keep everyone out of this room, unless they have written permission from me to be here.

(*Exit Major, preceeded by Klotski. The sentry takes his place at the door, standing at rigid attention. Ilse comes to the door bearing a tray.*)

Ilse: I've brought the Major some coffee.

Senty: I'm very sorry, Fraulein Ketzman. The Major isn't here and they're guarding a prisoner in there so I'm afraid I couldn't allow ——

Ilse: Oh, that's all right. I only want to put this on his desk. I will only be a moment.

Sentry: I'm sorry, Fraulein, I have my orders. When the Major returns I will tell him you were here.

Ilse: You mean you would make me carry this heavy tray downstairs again! Have you Americans no gallantry?

Sentry: Oh, very well! It's against orders, but what harm can it do? I'll be watching through the door to see that our man doesn't pull a fast one. Go ahead, but be quick about it. (*Ilse moves across the room towards the desk at which the man called Weber is still seated, bound. Ilse, as she is about to place the tray on the desk, stares into the face of the stranger. A gleam of recognition in his eye is returned by the girl, who almost drops the tray in surprise and consternation. She places the tray upon the desk hurriedly, and then rushes from the room.*)

Sentry: Fraulein, you're pale. Is anything wrong?

Ilse (*As she rushes by*): No, nothing. Thank you.

Act III, Scene 2

(*The living room. Ilse stands pale and shaking at the foot of the stairs. Her father stands clear of the stairway, but clutching the banister, and looks at her.*)

Franz: Ilse, what is it? Are you ill?

Ilse: Father, Erich is here—here in this house.

Franz: Girl, have you lost your reason?

Ilse: No, Father. At this moment Erich is in the Major's study under double guard. I just saw him.

Franz: Impossible! Incredible! Are you sure the man is Erich? Perhaps he just looks like him.

Ilse: I'm positive, Father. I should know the man I'm engaged to marry.

Franz: Ilse, I don't understand all this. You mean ——

Ilse: Erich is alive and here. Come into the kitchen. I must find a way to see Erich and find out what happened. (*Exit Ilse and Franz at the right of the stage. Enter the Major and Lt. Ransom from the left. The Major carries a dispatch in his right hand.*)

Ransom: Bad news?

Major: Yes, bad for Weber. Headquarters is up in arms and Bartlett himself is flying in tonight. As a matter of fact, according to this, he's already on his way here now. I'm sending you with the car over to Freiburg Airdrome to pick him up. So you'd best start immediately.

Ransom: I'll start at once!

Major: Just a moment, Ransom. Send a man over to G-2 while you're in Freiburg and have him give the picture files a once-over. I keep thinking I've seen our friend Weber some place before, but I can't figure out where.

Ransom: All right, sir, I'll see that it's taken care of.

Major: Very good. That's all.

(*Exit Ransom after saluting, enter Sentry, coming off duty.*)

Major: Did the prisoner give you any trouble this afternoon?

Sentry: No, sir. He was very quiet —just sat there at your desk staring down at the floor. Didn't even look up when the girl came in.

Major: What girl?

Sentry: The lady of the house—

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Fraulein Ketzman. She brought up some coffee for you about five minutes ago. The tray was heavy, so I let her her put it on your desk. She left immediately.

Major: Corporal, did I or did I not give you definite and explicit instructions before I left to admit no one to that room under any circumstances without a signed pass from me? I'll have your stripes for this. Are you sure she didn't communicate with the prisoner in any way?

Sentry: I'm positive about that, sir, but, come to think of it, she did seem a little shaken when she left.

Major: What do you mean — shaken?

Sentry: Well, when she saw Weber, I thought she was going to drop the tray. And, Major, you should have seen her when she came out. Her face was as white as a sheet.

Major: You don't say? H'm. Wait! Hold on! I have it! Ah, how stupid can you get? I should have known from the beginning. I knew I had seen that face before, and now I know where.

Sentry: Sorry, sir, I don't understand you.

Major: Never mind! Report to your barracks and stay there. I may want to talk to you later tonight.

Sentry: Very good, sir. (*Exit Sentry. Major stands in the center of the room for a moment, and then walks toward the stairs. At the foot of the stairs, he pauses.*)

Major: Ilse, where are you?

Ilse (*Off stage*): Here, in the kitchen.

Major: Come here for a moment, will you please? I want to talk to you. (*Ilse enters rather hurriedly at the right of the stage.*)

Ilse: Yes, what is it, Roger?

Major: Ilse, the man upstairs is Erich Von Richter, isn't he? Isn't he?

Ilse: No. I never saw him before this afternoon.

Major: Ilse, I love you. Don't lie to me. I recognize him from the picture on your bureau. It's the same man. He's just a little older, and a little grayer, that's all.

Ilse: I have never seen that man before. I swear it. Of what are you trying to accuse me?

Major: Ilse, Erich is in serious trouble. He and two companions tried to dynamite a railway tunnel this morning. The crime is sabotage, and it demands the death penalty. I'm willing to help him if he deserves to be helped. But I can't do it without your cooperation.

Ilse: My Erich would not do such a thing.

Major: Then you admit it. The man is Erich.

Ilse: Yes.

Major: I see.

Ilse (*Bursting into tears*): Oh, help him. Help him! Please! My heart would break if anything should happen to him. I love him so.

Major: I'll do what I can—for your sake, even though I know that in so doing I may destroy my only chance of happiness—the happiness I might have shared with you. (*Curtain*).

Act III, Scene 3

(*The same. Enter the Major and Klotski.*)

Klotski: Sir, General Bartlett is here. (*Bartlett enters.*)

Bartlett: Never mind announcing me. I'm already in. Major, I won't waste time with silly formalities. I'm going to get right to the point. Washington has ordered this whole area placed under martial law. There were three riots in Freiburg early this morning, fomented, we had reason to believe, by the man who got away in that tunnel affair. Well, we were right. A couple of G-2's boys nabbed him about an hour ago, just as he was getting set to plant a time bomb in the town hall over there. He confessed and implicated the man you are holding here in the whole massive business—Weber, I think your lieutenant said his name was.

Major: The man's real name, sir,

is Baron Erich Von Richter, a former Luftwafft officer.

Bartlett: That's interesting, but it's neither here nor there, although we'll look into it later, of course. We know all we need to know. Major, I intend to make an example of this man. He is to be shot at sunrise tomorrow.

Major: But, sir, perhaps we don't know all the circumstances.

Bartlett: Major, this is an emergency. I have given you an order, and I expect it to be obeyed, without question.

Major: As you say, sir.

Bartlett: And now I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed. I trust you prepared a room for me.

Major: Of course, sir. Second door to the right, at the head of the stairs. Sergeant Klotski will show you the way, and take your bags.

Bartlett: Good. And one more thing! Have some one bring me a glass of warm milk, as quickly as possible. My ulcers are killing me.

Major: At once, sir. I'll have my orderly bring it to you as soon as possible. (*Exit Bartlett, followed by Klotski with the General's luggage.*)

Ransom (*Entering from the right of stage*): Bartlett is right, of course, but if you will excuse my saying so, Major, he could have displayed more tact.

Major: I solved this case, Ransom —solved it almost alone—and now I wish I had failed. Maybe I should be happy about it. After all, they're shooting my rival at sunrise — but when they do it, it'll kill Ilse, and when Ilse gives up hope, so will I. She won't know anything but hate—hate for me and all I stand for. No, I can't have her, Ransom, and this rat race we call life just isn't worth living without her. (*Curtain.*)

Act III, Scene 4

(*Some hours later, in the study. Erich is still seated at the Major's desk, still bound. He leans his head wearily against the wall, but starts up when Ilse enters at the left of the stage, and moves toward him.*)

Ilse: Erich!

Erich: Ilse, my darling, at last, after all these years—I've found you again. Found you only to lose you, this time forever.

Ilse: How did it happen, Erich? The Major will help you if you only tell him the truth.

Erich: The American officer cannot help me, Ilse. No one can save me now, but God in his infinite way. Three years—three years in a Siberian labor camp. Those long, endless days, digging in the mines, morning till night, cold, hungry, bitter, and alone—alone, in a sea of suffering humanity. You pray each hour for a death that will not come, to end a life without hope. And then one day they told me that I could have my freedom if I went on this mission for them. It was my only chance for life and I accepted it. All I could think of was that I was coming home—home to you, and the lights, the gaiety and laughter that we used to know, you and I, so long ago. And now here I am, standing on the threshold of death, looking vainly into the blackness of the night for the sunrise I shall never see.

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Ilse: You talk so strangely. What do you mean, you'll never see the sunrise?

Erich: I heard them talking down stairs—the American Major and his commanding officer. This is an old house, the walls are thin, so that I could hear them clearly when they said this man must die at sunrise. This man must be made an example of, they said. Suddenly I knew it was all over, but I would not suffer the disgrace, I bit the capsule concealed under my tongue, as I heard your footsteps on the stairs. Even as I talk to you now, seeing you again after so long a time, I can feel the poison gnawing into my vitals, with each passing moment I grow weaker. With each fleeting second, I draw nearer to eternity. So kiss me now, my darling, for though we may be separated now by death, we'll live again in paradise.

Ilse: Oh, Erich, no, no! I can't live without you. You're my soul, my heart. The hope that you were alive brought me through all the long years of bitterness.

Major (*rushing in at the left of stage*): It's no use, Ilse. He can't hear you.

Ilse: You promised you would save him. Is this the aid you promised me? How could you have turned your back on my tears—on all the laws of decency and humanity—of justice? He never meant you harm. He was forced into it.

Major: Ilse, I wouldn't have had this happen for all the world, if I could have prevented it! But there was nothing I could do. I had my orders. The penalty for sabotage is death, and Erich had to die. Perhaps it's best he went this way.

Ilse: Murderer! Butcher! You killed him as surely as if you had plunged a knife in his back. To think I might have loved you. Yes, reason tells me you are right, but what is reason, when your heart is breaking? (*Major moves toward her.*) Stay away from me. Don't touch me. Don't come near me. (*Bursts into tears.*) Erich! Oh, my darling.

Major: Ilse, I have only done my duty to my country, there was nothing else I could do. You may hate me now—you may hate me forever, but I'll never, never stop loving you and imagining the happiness that we might have had together, in better days. If I have nothing else now, I still have my dreams of what might have been. Good night, Ilse, we'll leave this house tomorrow. God bless you.

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